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High Times

February '79

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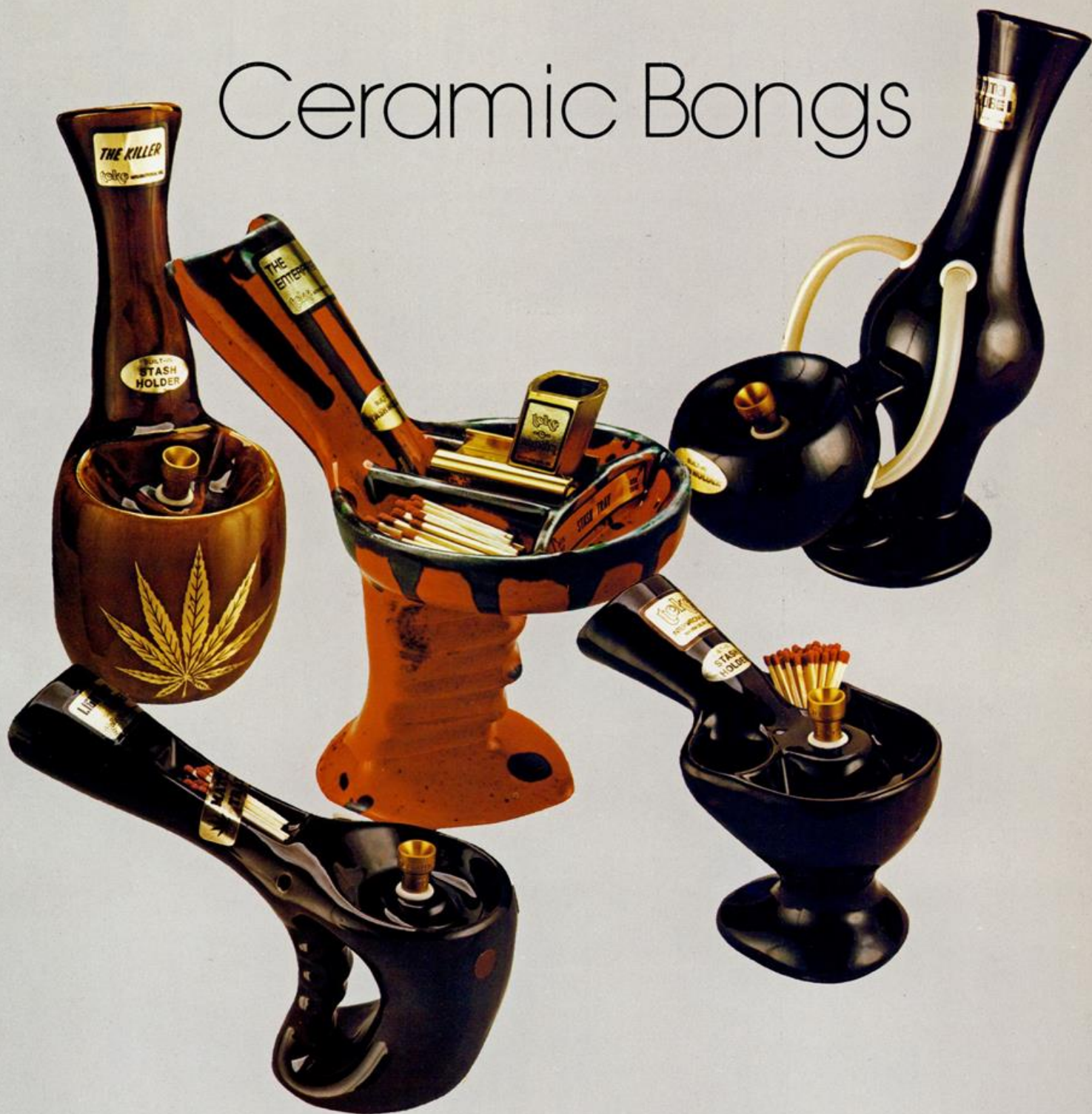
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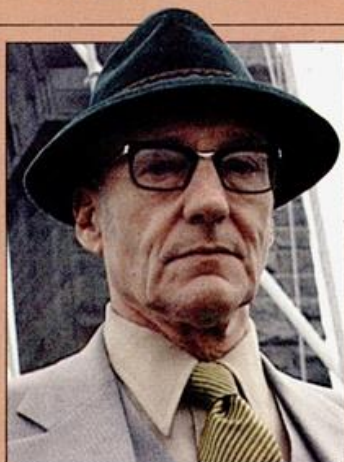
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High Times

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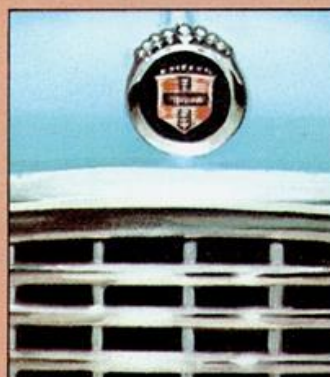
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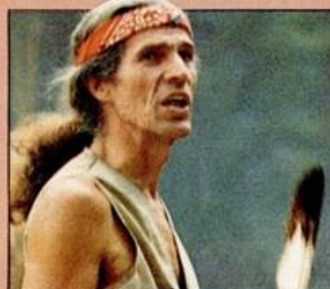
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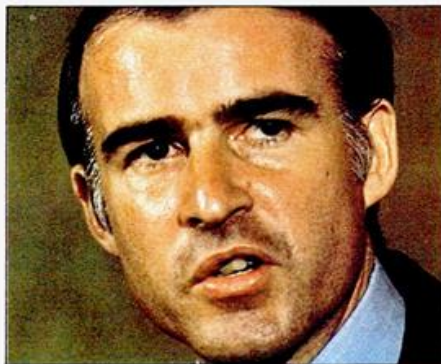
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The Case for the Space Race



Several years ago, some academics wrote a book about the limits to growth, trying to calculate what was possible given geometric expansion in the various economies of the world. And while some of their assumptions have been discredited, the basic question still remains. On this earth, as we deplete our air and water resources, stresses are imposed on our society, on our ecology, and ultimately on our future survival. I am very struck by the limits that press in against us materially, economically, psychologically and politically—and those limits must be respected.

But as I look out into space and as I look at the possibilities that an expanding universe and an expanding exploration of that universe make possible,

I sense in my own mind not only immediate benefits in a practical economic sense but in a far more profound way for the people of this earth. The earth map is drenched in the blood of a thousand, a million conflicts over recorded history.

We're divided among arbitrary geographical lines, separated into ethnic categories and divided along various linguistic groups, but when we look at the earth and the human species from a few hundred miles up we can't help but sense the oneness of the human race and of this species that has been part of the universe for such a limited period of time.

I also think of the closing frontier, the closing of the west, and what that does to the psychology of people. As long as there is a safety valve of unexplored frontiers, the creative, the aggressive, the exploitive urges of human beings can be channeled into long-term possibilities and benefits. But as those frontiers close down and people begin to turn in upon themselves—that jeopardizes the democratic fabric.

I don't happen to think that the frontier is closed. It's just opening up in space. That opening up, that exploration, is first and foremost a discovery of the unknown, a breaking out of the egocentric, man-dominated perceptions that still tie us down here below. As we break out of that narrow perception and see the possibilities, endless and infinite as they are throughout the entire universe, we concentrate the creative energies of the best and most talented of those among us. The byproducts here on earth—whether they be monitoring the oceans, the land, the water, protecting the environment, knitting together the human family through transportation and communication and other scientific breakthroughs, or just exciting the imagination—in space, we summon up more energy and more concentrated human talent than in any other human endeavor.

The mind of man will develop and will expand technologies. Some of them are destructive. Some of them kill millions of people. And some of them open up untold new horizons. That is where space is. You can't limit the mind of science and technology and human beings as they put things together, as they synthesize, as they put together new combinations of thoughts and information that have never been put together before.

Here in this state, where we have witnessed the creation of new industries, where we witnessed the gold rush, the creation of the airplane industry, the movie industry, the record industry, we are also on the cutting edge of space development and exploration, we are going into space as a species.

We will be there whether we are labeled Americans or Russians or Chinese or Brazilians or some other ethnic category; but the human race is going out wherever that space will permit us to go.

So it is only a question of when and who and what kind of leadership will take us there.

You have to keep on going, you have to keep on pushing because that is the human impulse. And instead of fighting it or ignoring it, you have to develop it and respect it, encourage it and celebrate it. That is why we are here.

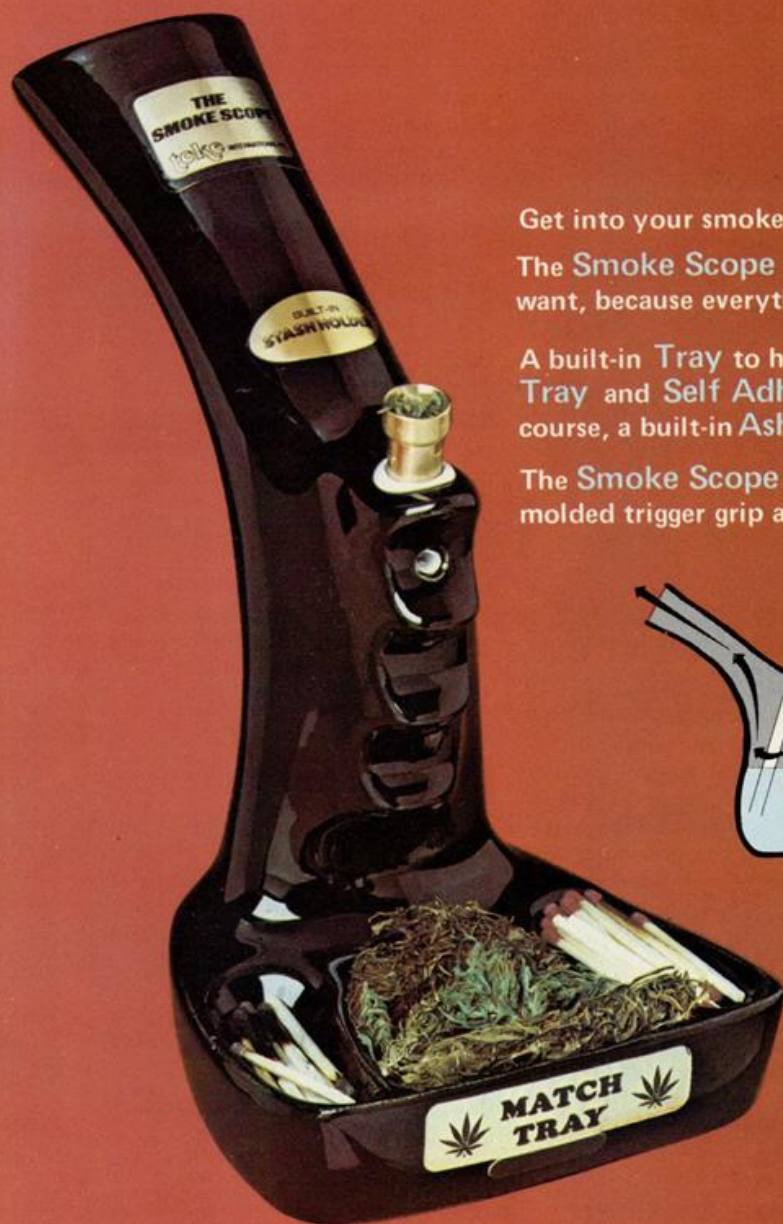
The potential of this state and this country and this species has just begun to be tapped. It is just a matter of courage. It's a matter of investment. It's a matter of work. It's a matter of collective effort and common purpose. That's been the destiny of California, of America, and it's going to be the destiny of this world as those of us in this room and those of us on this planet work together to push back the new frontier, which is the everlasting frontier—space, the universe itself.

— Jerry Brown,
Governor of California

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That Old Feeling

Regarding the letter in the October '78 *High Times* "Adviser" concerning the period of time necessary for traces of marijuana to leave the body and how long one need wait before the next high is as good as the first time one smoked, I thought that I'd pass on the following information.

A Canadian study in 1973, reported in *Nature*, stated that a period of seven to ten days was required for traces of THC to completely leave the body. The study, however, was done with blood levels of THC and after administering a single joint. Since THC is fat soluble, there is no way to assay the amount of drug sequestered off in the adipose tissue. Since very few people smoke only one joint a week, the study must be viewed with a certain scepticism.

It appears that THC and its associated cannabinoids can be stored in the various fat cells in the body, where they reside until these cells are metabolized for energy. Then the cannabinoids are released into the blood and, eventually, destroyed by the liver. Since most folks have been smoking for some time before they decide to quit, they have quite a concentration of THC, etc., stored in their bodies, and it takes some time to metabolize it all.

At least a month is necessary before I've noticed a pronounced change in the quality of the high, and closer to two months is needed in order to get off like one did when one first turned on.

I should point out that the month mentioned was one of no smoking and a lot of rigorous exercise (running, swimming, karate, etc.). Naturally the exercise mobilized the fat more rapidly than simply not smoking would have. I suspect it requires at least three weeks, maybe four, to cleanse the body of traces of marijuana with heavy aerobic exercise. Getting stoned after a month layoff is quite a high no matter what the quality of the stuff you are smoking. Caution is suggested, however, as very little smoke is needed; it is easy to do too much and, since your body is fairly pure, go into THC toxicity with such unpleasant side effects as nausea and vertigo.

So if you want to improve the quality of your high (smoking more, enjoying it less), it is suggested you quit smoking for at least two weeks, four if you can make it,

eat well, exercise a lot and carefully get back into smoking.

—Dr. G. T. Gumbo, New York, N.Y.

I am a 22-year-old dope-smoking GI and have been toking since 1968. I've smoked a variety of dope, mostly Colombo, over the last three or four years.

When I joined the army I was cut off from my supply and couldn't find a joint anywhere. For six weeks I didn't get high. Then the last week of my training I got a nickel bag in the mail from a friend back home. It was regular old Mex, but I didn't give a shit, I was just dying to get high.

So I twisted up a few joints to smoke with a girl named Angie I had met here in basic training. I had quartermaster duty



Black Star

that day and the key to the supply room. So me and Angie walked around the building, opened the doors and sneaked into the back. We sat there and smoked a couple joints. I got off like it was the first time I ever smoked dope. After a few minutes the urge hit me. I was getting horny as hell and figured Angie was too, since it had been about a week since we had made it. I was right. For the next four hours all me and Angie did was lay back on a pile of mattresses and smoke and fuck, smoke and fuck. That was the best experience I ever had with the wacky baccy, and I hope to have many more.

—SP/4 J.C., Fort Stewart, Ga.

Peron's Prison Message

This is Dennis Peron writing from my 5-by-7-foot jail cell in San Bruno. I am in jail ostensibly for running what the media called a pot supermarket. Originally I planned on basing my defense on the "miracle ounce" provision—in California, the ounce you may possess with no more penalty than a fine, so long as you don't buy or grow or sell it. The argument seemed rational to me, but considering I had over 200 pounds of grass and 3,000 hits of acid I figured it was a few more miracles than a jury could accept. So I took a deal for six months in the county jail.

Before my imprisonment I sponsored

and placed on the ballot for November in San Francisco an initiative that went to the heart of Pot Prohibition; it would give the supervisors of our high cities the moral authority to cut off the funds to both the district attorney and the police department, who enforce the archaic marijuana laws. Until the laws are changed, the only option of the people is to cut the funds—leave the laws as they are, just don't enforce them, as many laws are not enforced indeed when enforceable. Even right-wingers agree that their money is being wasted in judges sending their children to jail and protecting us from ourselves.

A battle may have been lost, but the war is not over. Much thanks for your support till the day we may smoke legal weed; I remain a faithful warrior. Watch the light from San Francisco; it will light up the world. —Dennis Peron, San Bruno, Ca.

Coke Rescue Tip

The other day some coke spilled on my rug, and I nearly lost it all. However, I had an inspiration that I would now like to share. Use a balloon and sweater to create static, and the coke will jump off the rug for you! You can remove the coke from the balloon by rubbing it on the top. Then the coke will fall off back onto your mirror, where it belongs. On a good rug with good coke, you may get as much as 75% return. Enjoy! —"Numbskull," Northbrook, Ill:

Blondie Sex Boffo

Dug that opinion on sex by Blondie, "I Wish I Had Invented Sex," in the October '78 issue. That lady really knows how to put it all together. I mean, she really knows that mad spastic urge. When you gotta do it, you gotta do it! Right? OK. Yes, keep printing articles like that and you're going to sell a million copies in 20 seconds.

—Fast Phil, Waterford, Mich.

Sinsemilla "R"-gued

"R." 's "Dope" column in the September '78 *High Times* should have been titled "Talking Cents about Sinsemilla." It is full of flowery adjectives, vagaries and half-truths aimed at lowering the price of the beautiful but dumb sinsemilla flower and discrediting its grower.

First, there is no "artificial alteration of the sexual nature of the resin-bearing bud." In late July and August the first indication of the gender of the plant appears. The males are pulled and the females left behind to mature. They don't drown in their own resin. The frost or the harvest knife kills them. Nor are the seedlings locked away. They are all planted after the danger of frost is past.

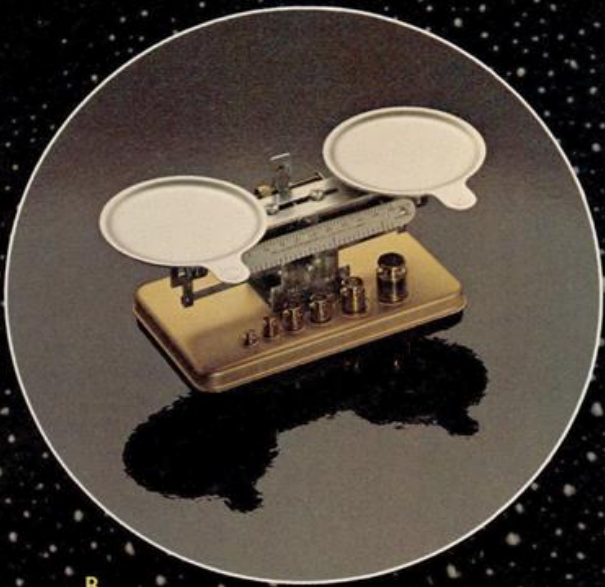
Second, good Colombo costs \$400-plus per pound, and half of its weight is seed and stem. Why does the smuggler think

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that crossing a line with a load is more risky and worth more money than staying in the same spot for eight months tending the crop. Sure the smuggler had his Customs, narcs and plane crashes; but deer, deer hunters, fires and cops hit the sinsemilla cultivator.

Third, the cultivator, under most conditions, can produce only 3-10 pounds per season. This amounts to only a fair wage for a skilled hardworking farmer. Smugglers handle thousands of pounds and get a tremendous markup for their work.

Finally, not all sinsemilla is grown hydroponically. The product I am speaking of is grown in garden plots all over northern California. It's given all the love and care an old woman gives to her roses.

Is "R." pissed off in behalf of his dealer friends who can no longer buy their sinsemilla cheap and then mark it up? In the sinsemilla market, the money goes to the farmer. —Ima Mannwidahoe, Flats, Ore.

Concerning "R."s opinions on sinsemilla, I would like to volunteer a theory other than the equatorial and sexual theories to explain the sense of something missing in domestic sinsemilla. I'll call my theory the Speed Effect Theory.

During my first experience with sinsemilla (which happened to be Kona gold) I noticed there was nothing wrong with its strength—one three-inch bud being almost more than 27 smokers could consume in an entire evening. I was impressed, but I was also disappointed by what I termed the "emptiness of the stone" at the time.

Since that first experience, I have grown sinsemilla from several different kinds of pot. In all cases I have noted a common denominator: an inordinate amount of "speed effect." The tremendous energy unleashed by sinsemilla simply counteracts the effects of the other contributors to the stone.

Sinsemilla growers, failing to calculate for speed effect, mistakenly believe that they can grow the same kind of pot from which they have taken seeds, except that the potency will be increased. Any amount of observation will show that it just doesn't work that way.

Sinsemilla growers should use seeds from the most knock-down, knock-out, lay-back pot that they can find. Many kinds of Mexican pot would be perfect for sinsemilla because of their heavy-lay-back effect and absolute zero speed influence. Strange as it may sound, it is exactly that kind of pot that most of us have been trying to avoid all this time that will solve the problem of something missing in our sinsemilla.

—"J," Pot Connoisseur, Tenafly, N.J.

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Lecithin and Learning

Q. I heard that there's something called lecithin pearls that are supposed to prevent losing your memory and keep you from being absentminded. Is it for real? If so, where can I cop about a hundred thousand?

—J.V., Savannah, Ga.

A. Better cut this answer out and take it with you to the nearest health-food store as a reminder. Lecithin has been used for years by health-food devotees because it aids in the absorption of B-complex vitamins in the stomach. Recent studies, though, suggest that the choline in lecithin is turned into the hormone acetylcholine (ACh) in the brain; since ACh is known to be involved with learning and memory, there's an excellent chance it'll not only help prevent memory loss, it could very likely also help you learn and retain new information. It's sold in health-food stores everywhere. Repeat: It is sold in health-food stores everywhere.

Coke Corrodes Some Metals

Q. I came across a whole pile of bronze and copper tubing at an auction a while back. Do you think I might be able to merchandise it as coke spoons, straws, fluff screens, flake plates and so on?

—Anson Matthews, Opa-Locka, Fla.

A. It wouldn't be a terrific idea. Copper and tin, the principal alloys in bronze and brass, are quickly corroded by any salt, including cocaine hydrochloride. A bronze snort straw, for instance, will quickly turn green on the inside, and before long the very coke snorted through it will be contaminated with poisonous metal particles. With coke, it's best to stick to the noble metals: nickel, gold, silver, platinum and so on.

The Joys of Halothane

Q. I'm now writing you so stoned on Halothane, I can hardly see. I have a buddy who works at a hospital, and he gets it. It's a chemical they use in the operating room, and it's a real spacy buzz like nitrous. Just wanted you to know that the stuff that the docs put you to sleep with gets you off! Have you heard of it?

—Down for the Count, Chincoteague, Va.

A. No, but we looked it up. Halothane is generally administered as an adjunct with nitrous oxide to produce short-term anesthesia. When inhaled in a 3-percent concentration in pure oxygen, Halothane

brings on unconsciousness that lasts about ten minutes; lower concentrations bring on "induction delirium," which appears to be what you're enjoying. Higher concentrations might bring on cardiac failure, so take it easy.

Walking, Talking Honeycomb

Q. A swarm of bees took up residence in an old hollow tree out back of our farm last summer, and I learned how to gather honey from them without getting stung. Now I'd like to know how to make honey mead.

—Bill Proctor, Cashmere, Wash.

A. Simple mead is just honey fermented in water. You crush the combs in some simple sort of press, or run them through an old-fashioned clothes-washer wringer, and soak the mass thoroughly in water until the honey leaches up out of the wax. Then you drain the honey water off into a jug for fermentation; you can add a little yeast to speed it up, but keep the jug loosely stoppered, replacing the stopper whenever the gases blow it out. When the stuff stops bubbling, it's fit to drink.

Simple mead doesn't taste as great as you might think, though. Traditional recipes recommend adding two dozen walnut leaves, or a half-pound of barley, or a quarter-pound of sarsaparilla per gallon of water-mead. Feel free, when serving, to toss in nutmeg, cinnamon, ginger and so on. And then bottoms up.

Fuck Fumes

Q. I've heard that butyl nitrite, which is a legal high, is very popular with gay people. Could you tell me exactly why this is and whether it'd be any good for enhancing straight sex activity?

—Sally Sweetwater, Ph.D., NYC

A. Liquid butyl nitrite gets raves from heteros too, Sally. In fact it has become the number-one recreational drug among organized swingers all around the country, according to the highly heterosexual Screw Magazine editor Larry Wichman, who uses it himself. "Time it just right," he says, "and you can have an orgasm that will put you straight into outer space." He recommends using the bullet-shaped cartridge dispensers: one nostril full during foreplay evidently guarantees instant erection, and another sharp whiff just before orgasm gives splendid results.

Even someone whiffing butyl alone is likely to experience a decidedly sexual sensation. Its relaxing effect on the body's smooth muscle tissue actually counterfeits closely some of the physical effects of orgasm.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

From the ocean comes a notion...

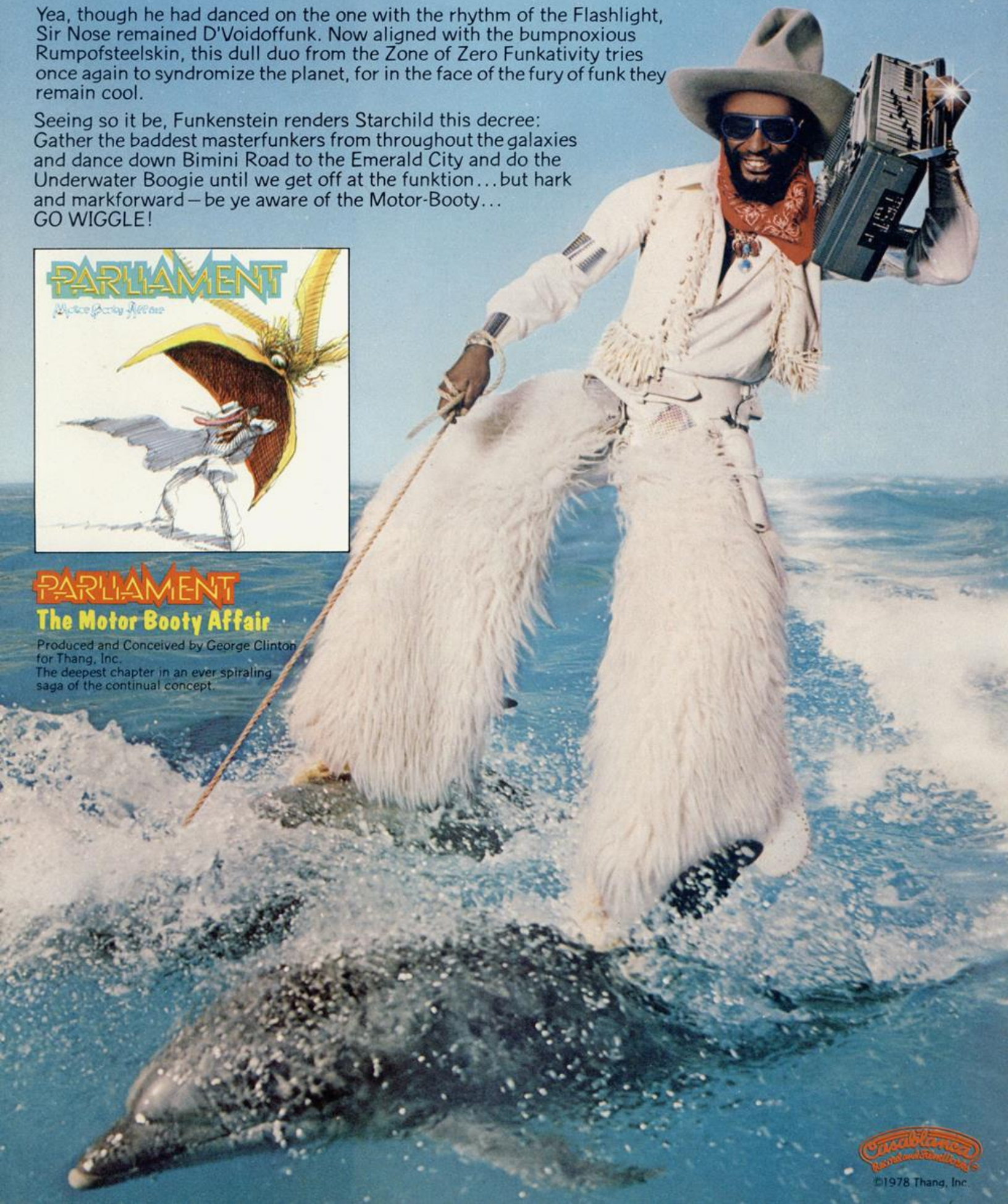
Yea, though he had danced on the one with the rhythm of the Flashlight, Sir Nose remained D'Voidoffunk. Now aligned with the bumpnoxious Rumpofsteelskin, this dull duo from the Zone of Zero Funkativity tries once again to syndromize the planet, for in the face of the fury of funk they remain cool.

Seeing so it be, Funkenstein renders Starchild this decree: Gather the baddest masterfunkers from throughout the galaxies and dance down Bimini Road to the Emerald City and do the Underwater Boogie until we get off at the funktion...but hark and markforward – be ye aware of the Motor-Booty... GO WIGGLE!



PARLIAMENT The Motor Booty Affair

Produced and Conceived by George Clinton
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The deepest chapter in an ever spiraling
saga of the continual concept.





Low and Slow

by Scott Cohen

Low and slow is the way Mexicans drive around southern California. The coolest thing is to get a sled and drive that baby down by the high school goin' about 12 mph with the skid plates shootin' sparks from the back and the cops are tryin' to get through the traffic at you and you got that fuzzy dash. That's class.

You got angel hair, which is like fur, all over the dash, on the ceilin', the floors and the doors. You got custom door handles and custom door knobs made out of mahogany. The steerin' wheel is real small, usually about 6-8 inches in diameter—about the size of a small pizza—and if you're really cool, you get a welded chain for a steerin' wheel. You hang all sorts of stuff off the rearview mirror. There's the typical fuzzy dice, or you can get a plastic Jesus, but you gotta hang somethin' off there. Then you put some pipes in the back dash and you pipe in the music and you put the name of your club in the back window, like the Night Riders, the West-siders or the Casuals.

The classiest car to have is an early '60s Cutlass or Chevy Impala. You take all the paint off and paint it primer gray. You get that dusty finish to it, like if you rubbed it you'd think the dust would come off on your hand. It's like battleship gray, and you keep it that color until you can afford a \$600 candy-apple or midnight-purple 12-coat hand-lacquered paint job. It's like an art object. You build it at home and then you exhibit it. You got yourself a day job and this is what you put the money into. You obviously don't decorate the pad when you're living with the family.

The tires are very skinny. As skinny as you can get. The surfers, hippies and rednecks go for the big tires, and they jack up the back end way up in the sky like a rooster tail. But you can do the opposite and lower it way down and put on the skinniest tires you possibly can. Instead of wearin' a great big diamond ring, you wear a little tiny one. But you can't drive too fast on the skinny tires because they fold. You put air shocks in so you can raise the car when the cops come, and when you stop you just let her drop in the back and if you're cool, in the front too. If you're drivin' along and you see some girls checkin' you out, you drop the car down to the street and the skid plates on



After Image

You go 30 mph and then drop it to see who's got the best spark show. It's screaming metal on asphalt and people cheer on the side of the road. That's the coolest.

the bottom keep you from tearin' the oil pan and all the sparks shoot out. It's an art object. It's people's art because you exhibit it in the streets.

You don't drive on the freeway because there's nobody to see you. On the freeway there ain't nobody watchin' you from the side. You don't drive fast, you drive slow. When you're the coolest, you even walk slow. When you're really casual, you're not runnin' anywhere. You're on the stroll.

You don't drive that way to get your unemployment check, because you got to get there quick.

You never get speedin' tickets. But you're always gettin' popped for the car bein' too low or for the tires bein' too skinny or for an obstructed dash because you got things hangin' on the front and you can't see out the front window or for disturbin' the peace or obstructin' traffic, but usually they can't get to you for obstructin' traffic because there are seven cars behind you.

The coolest place to cruise is Van Nuys Boulevard on a Wednesday night. That's the main drag on the West Side. On a Wednesday night traffic will

back up for miles and there will be hundreds of people on the streets just checkin' out the cars cruisin' down the street, bumper to bumper, at 5 mph, clean car after clean car. It's like a show, a movin' car show.

Everyone's into the sport of the cruise. You're goin' about 7 mph and you pump the brake so the car jiggles as you're drivin' and you see who can bump and grind the best. You see who got the neatest car and who can shoot the most sparks. You rev it up to about 30 mph and then you slow down and cruise and the whole street clears in front of you. You go 30 mph and then you drop it and see who got the best sparks show. It's screamin' metal on asphalt and the people cheer on the side of the road. That's the coolest.

The mark of an expert is never gettin' out of first gear.

If some creep's tailgatin' you because you're movin' too slow, you never want to stop short so he goes into you. You never want to put a dent in your car. What you do is you pull over to the side and as he passes you you slink way down in your seat so just your eyebrows show over the window and you give him a look like



Cheech y Chong: Cruisin' for Oscars?

"Who are you lookin' at?" A lot of people take the back seats out of their cars and put a kind of cushion affair in the back so just a bare eyebrow shows out of the back window and that's cool, because you're in your capsule.

You got a sporty look because the whole name of the game is leisure. You wear a khaki jacket, some khaki pants and some nice shoes (nobody wears shorts), with a sweater that has a little suede on the front and see-through socks. You got to have some see-through socks with maybe some ribs in them, like black see-throughs with a little orange pipin', ribbed.

Usually when you park the car you park in a line down the street. The longer the line is, the better, especially if every car is painted the same. That's the coolest. Then you hang out and open the doors and play the stereo with the Vibrasonic on it, hang out with the girls, smoke a little, drink a little wine and pass the time.

It's pretty important who you carry in the car with you. If you got a girl, she got to be as absolutely close to you as possible in the car. You sit in coach seats. How can you relax in bucket seats? You got to have a six-way couch seat—up, down and side-ways. When the seat is all the way back on the sixth way, you can barely reach the steering wheel, barely see out the front window, barely see out the side one. You can only cruise when you're in the sixth position. So when you're ready to cruise you slow down and let the seat back so you're at the right angle and then you get your chick as close to you as you can. Otherwise you get as many dudes as you can squeeze into the car. There's got to be a lot of hilarity and you got to make sure the music can be heard outside the car, unless you have tinted windows, in which case you put the speakers into the wheel well. You play soul, disco and a lot of Santana. Music is very important because that's the soundtrack. Music makes it go. 📻

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Any smoke is simply incomplete combustion. Marijuana smoke and tobacco smoke are very similar except for nicotine. Burning either marijuana or tobacco liberates many chemical compounds, some of which are proven to be carcinogenic, such as nitrosamines, hydrogen cyanide, carbon monoxide, formaldehyde, and others.

Smoking papers actually worsens the problem by restricting oxygen, thus reducing combustion which increases particulates (smoke).

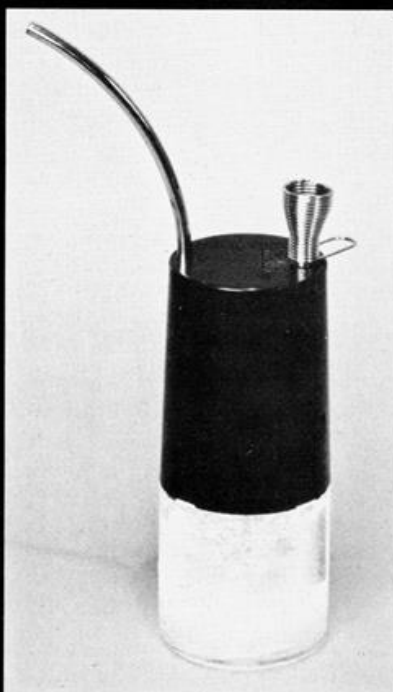
Why Healthbong is a Genuine Health Product Innovation

For years tobacco research scientists have known that a water trap (water pipe, for example) is a somewhat effective way of filtering smoke.

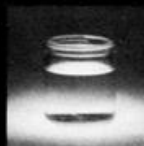
One essential unsolved problem was the "contact time." That is, the actual time the smoke was interfacing (touching) the water. A conventional water pipe or bong has a "contact time" of $\frac{1}{4}$ of a second typically. A second problem was that the smoke bubbles were too large for maximum effective surface interaction.

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Confessions of Mistress Severine

People suffer today from the cheapening of the sexual exchange. I see a number of gentlemen per week for psychosexual disorders. Those I see are the rejected boys, boys who were made to feel unworthy at the foot of their beloved, boys cast out by women and scorned as useless. My slaves are faithful! You may sneer that they are spineless—moral cowards without much choice in the matter. But their fascination with me, not to mention the love I inspire, I know to be devoted and utterly selfless. These boys consider life a very paradise when under my influence. For I accept their subservience. They beg to be used, for whatever purpose. They want to be low, debased; they long for a goddess. How quaint they are; and what rare pleasure, to be deified!

Once every two weeks little Fredericka comes to visit her mistress. "Fredericka" is in his 60s, mildly attractive and congenially crazy. She has fair woolly hair and a rosy, freckled face that scarcely needs the rouge I carefully apply to her cheeks. For when she is crowned with her wig, her eyes radiate a joy I know she feels but rarely. Fredericka is a very fussy girl. She takes forever looking through the pink bureau of my boudoir, examining each pair of panties carefully to make sure they are fresh. She will not put on a bra whose hook is broken. Her fastidiousness tries my patience, but she and I eventually succeed in laying out the particular ensemble she will wear on a given evening.

"You're just too haughty, for being such a slut," I told her one recent night, and she quivered all over with anticipation. Our dialogue had begun. As I made up this trollop, who had just been thrown out of the convent for her lesbian lusts, she furtively caressed my leg. "Fredericka!" I shrieked, slapping her so hard she almost fell off her chair. "I can see you are a reprobate slut, and since you seem to know your destiny so well, we will now proceed to break you in, to train you for your future with your mistress."

She began the long ritual of dressing. Tonight, Fredericka, novice whore, must put on her habit of red nylon stockings, black and red French garters and black satin corselet. She showed no contrition—she fell into the arms of prostitution without a qualm. My manner too



Richard Merkin / Vintage Photos

Fredericka's hands wandered, and I had to tie her to the cross. I cannot endure nervous masturbation—her "pussy" had grown ravenous.

changed, from that of Mother Superior to the madam of the house. "Fredericka, you are glamorous, glamorous, positively!" I threw the ostrich-feather boa over her skinny shoulders. She stepped into her black patent-leather pumps.

I took her moist little hand and led her into the torture chamber, where she could admire herself in the full-length mirrors. Her vivaciousness now waxed positively frantic. She primped, she posed, she murmured endearments to herself. "You're going to work hard for me, aren't you, my sweet," I crooned, pinching her cheek. "Oh, mistress, yes!" She shrieked and threw herself at my feet, kissing my boots and mucking them all up with her lip rouge.

Her hands wandered, and I had to tie her to the cross. I cannot endure that nervous masturbation—her little "pussy" had suddenly grown quite ravenous. Once bound, she lost all control and wrenched at her chains, undulating, writhing, her wig falling cockeyed. "I'm just a tart! A sexy little, no-good, slutty tart!" "Yes, yes," I murmured back to her, stroking her hair in place, "naughty, dirty,

terrible little tart..." "Tarty! I'm tarty!" she cried and cried, wriggling all over, eyes glued to the mirror. I left the room to have a smoke. When I strolled in again, Fredericka's plaint had subsided.

I had changed into a more formal costume: long black leather dress and over-the-elbow gloves. Inside my cape (black velvet, of course, lined in red satin) I clutched my cane, used with Fredericka only for the theatrical effect however. She is such a little chicken, Fredericka weakly strained against her ropes as I stood before her and showed my teeth in a facsimile of a smile. "Mistress... mistress... I'll do anything for you."

I did not deign to reply. I lounged on the sofa and let her go on like that for about five minutes. I would not look at her, nor did I acknowledge her pleas. Then I rose, and Fredericka ceased her supplications in midsentence. I approached her. She was leaning out toward me from the wall, sweating, her makeup running, her "pussy" in turmoil. I slapped her rudely but said in a calm voice, "You'll do anything."

Yes, you are wondering if I ever see a boy who is more than confused, a little too repressed and inconducive to the control my role provides. One evening, a formidable creature came to my door. Claude stood easily six feet, five inches and weighed nearly 300 pounds. He had no idea what his interest was, other than "to be put completely." I was rather new in my role and at a loss, I must admit, after the first hour, from which he emerged as impassive as ever. I hung him upside down, upright, backwards, forwards; I was utterly bored. I invited my confrere in to aid in my inspiration. We tied the beast up and took photographs—he was King Kong and we the cruel and curious crowd. Oh, how little I knew.

My irritation mounted at the sight of his stupid mug. The truth of the matter was, I just wasn't strong enough to faze the brute. I strolled the room, gazed at myself in the mirror. Idly, I picked up his shoe with the idea of bopping him with it. I don't know to this day why I touched the filthy thing; usually I dish it out with my own pumps, if it comes to that. A pair of handcuffs fell out of the shoe. I froze, then attacked him: "So!" His expression was certainly evil. I felt his weirdness coming on. "You had some sick little notion of turning in your mistress?"

"No, no," he lied, "it's my job, I'm a plainclothes cop." This was such a stupid ruse, I swatted him one in the face in a perfect rage. He screamed, "Not in the face!" Coldly, I replied, "O, I am sorry, you ought to have specified no blows in the face at the start." "Please untie me," the monster begged. I stepped out of the room with a "Not on your life." The boy was mad. I gave my hair a good brushing and reentered my role.

(continued on page 19)

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A man had come into his father's butcher shop (oh yes, it would have to be a butcher shop) with a gun and demanded money. When Claude's father refused to comply, he was shot to death by the maniac. Then the man swung around and took a shot at Claude, who was not aware that half his face was blown off until he woke up in the hospital two days later, after, of course, having taken hold of the fellow exactly as he would a side of beef and throwing him down, again and again, across the butcher block so that the intruder was reduced to a broken pulp. "Then, I spread him all over the store."

As Mr. Kong prepared to go, I suggested he forego the services of a mistress and see a psychiatrist. "It's no use, I've tried everything, I just can't get the vent I need." Valiantly, I returned his hand cuffs. At the door, I pressed him once more to seek out a doctor. "No..." he mumbled, staring at the floor. "I know I have to see..." and he was whispering, I had to lean forward to hear "... a dead person." In horror, I chirped, "Perhaps we could arrange for it, a young lady could impersonate..." This compliance took him entirely off guard, and he almost laughed. I opened the door for him and smiled, *professionally*. "No... I think..." He was out in the hall. It was like a game, his frightening me, and he all at once understood. "Yes?" I inquired, daring him, standing there. "I have to look at a dead person and know I did it." I gave a tinkly little laugh and waved bye-bye. "So sorry, we can't oblige you there."

We invite you to tell us your latest erotic and sensual adventures, opinions and stories. If your submission is published you will receive a free one-year subscription to High Times. Send letters to Sex, High Times Magazine, P.O. Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003. 

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Why Dope Gets You High

by Ed Rosenthal

I would like to clarify and expand the statement that "R" made in the September '78 *High Times* "Dope" column regarding the "equatorial theory," potency and the cannabis high. *High Times* readers should know that aside from set and setting, the main factors in determining the high are the amount and particular ratio of cannabinoids that are found in the material.

The Cannabinoids

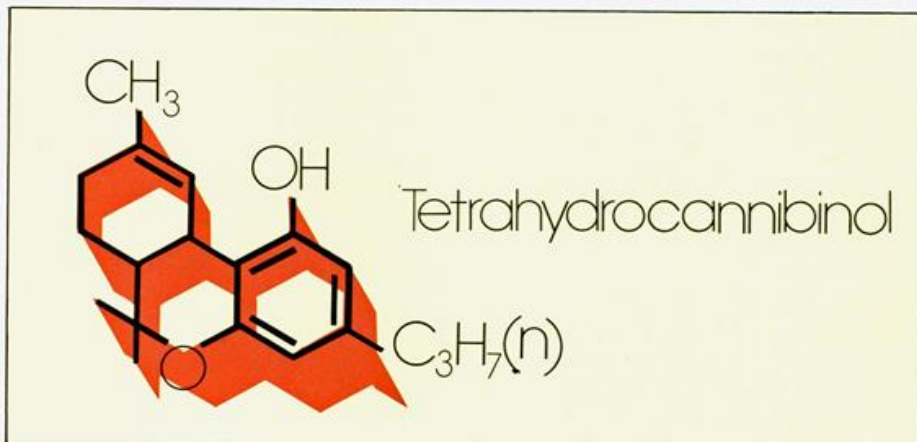
There are more than 40 known cannabinoids, but most of these substances occur in very small amounts and are not considered important to the high. The cannabinoids that are found in the greatest quantities are THC, THCV, CBD, CBN and CBC.

THC (tetrahydrocannabinol) is the main psychomimetic (mind-bending) ingredient in marijuana and accounts for most of the high. Actually THC is found in four or five variations with slight structural differences. The variations have similar activity. THC occurs in all varieties of cannabis in concentrations that vary from traces to about 95 percent.

THCV (tetrahydrocannabivarin) is closely related to THC and has been found in some varieties of Asian and African grass. Colombians have not yet been tested for THCV, but some varieties are likely to contain the substance. THCV seems to be much faster in onset and quicker to dissipate than THC, but its activity appears to be somewhat less than THC. THCV is usually associated with extremely potent grass.

CBD (cannabidiol) also occurs in almost all cannabis varieties in quantities that range from traces to 95 percent of all the cannabinoids present. It is not psychomimetic in pure form, but it does have sedative, analgesic and antibiotic properties. CBD contributes to the high by interacting with THC to potentiate or antagonize certain qualities of the high. It appears to potentiate the depressant effects and antagonize its excitatory effects. It also delays the onset of the high but makes it last considerably longer. Terms such as "knockout," "sleepy," "dreamlike" or "contemplative" are often used to describe the high from grass with sizable proportions of CBD.

Through natural selection the quality of Mexican has improved over the years, as Colombian and Southeast Asia seeds were introduced.



The molecular structure of THCV: only one of 40 known cannabinoids.

CBN (cannabinol) is the degradation product of THC. Fresh samples of marijuana contain very little CBN, but curing, poor storage or processing can cause much of the THC to be oxidized to CBN. When grass is pressed for shipping, the resin glands that hold and protect THC are sometimes ruptured, exposing the cannabinoids to air and increasing the rate of oxidation. CBN in its pure form has at most 10 percent of the psychoactivity of THC. CBN seems to potentiate THC's disorienting qualities, making one feel more drugged, dizzy or generally untethered but not necessarily higher. With a high proportion of CBN the high may start well but may feel as if it never reaches its peak, and it does not last long. Colombian grasses sometimes contain half as much CBN as THC.

CBC (cannabichromine) is inactive in its pure form but is suspected of potentiating THC. Some tests made for CBD might actually have measured CBC.

The Equatorial Theory

The ratios of cannabinoids found in different varieties of cannabis differ greatly. Generally, at the equator, marijuana contains mostly THC, CBN and THCV, with only traces of CBD. As the distance from the equator increases, the amount of CBD in relation to THC increases. At the 30th latitude (northern Mexico, Morocco and Afghanistan) amounts of CBD and THC found in adopted varieties are about equal. Above the 30th latitude cannabis plants are usually considered hemp.

But this is not a hard-and-fast rule. Within any macroclimatic area there are many microclimates that may have extreme variations in environmental conditions. Since a patch of plants is adapting to the conditions in just the area where the patch is located, there may be major differences in the quality of adapted marijuana from several nearby stands. In

the American Midwest, samples of escaped hemp had a range in CBD and THC content from traces to 7.1 percent and traces to 2.3 percent respectively. The high range of THC indicates that there is potent marijuana growing "wild" in the Midwest. On the other hand, samples of hemp from India and Iran, two countries usually associated with marijuana, contained .11 and .18 percent THC and 2.4 and 1.63 percent CBD respectively.

What all this means is that over many generations each population of cannabis adapts to the particular conditions it faces. But cannabis grown from tropical seeds will resemble its parents in growing habits and potency. First- and second-generation descendants will also reach a potency close to their tropical ancestors.

Evolutionary theories are predicated on the process of natural selection, that is, that the more fit (for a particular environment) will be the most likely to survive and reproduce. Just why this change in THC-CBD ratios occurs is unknown. However, America's marijuana growers, through selective breeding, have developed high THC varieties adapted to the temperate environment.

The serious consumer faces the twin problems of determining where marijuana comes from and the variety of seeds from which it was grown. Much of the grass now being imported was grown from top-quality seeds given to the grower by the dope exporter. For instance, the quality of Mexican has improved in recent years as Colombian and Southeast Asian seeds were introduced to the area. Fifteen years ago there was virtually no grass grown in Hawaii. Today, almost all of the grass grown on those tropic isles is descended from seeds imported to the islands recently. This becomes apparent when buds from different Hawaiian growers are compared. They differ in color, shape, size, as well as potency—factors determined in part by genetics. ■



Reading with the Rich

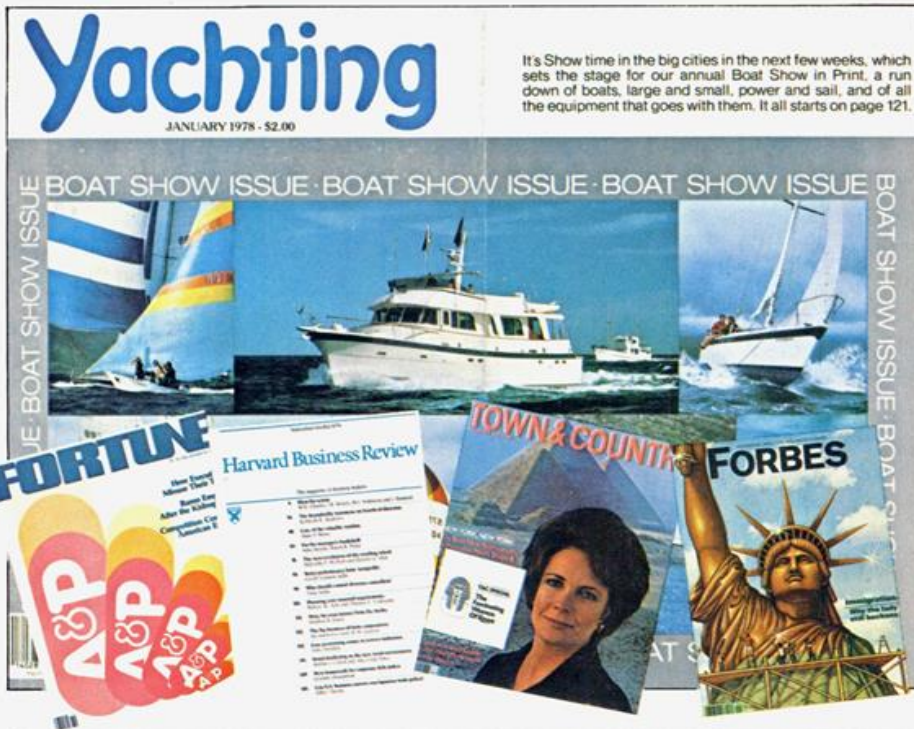
by Glenn O'Brien

The rich are not like us. For one thing, they've got money—which often means they can buy anything they want, including books, magazines and newspapers. Of course the rich have their problems too. And that's one of the reasons that they have publications of their very own.

But before we deal with the magazines actually geared to the rich, high-society, jet-set swells who control the means of production and distribution, let's deal with the general reading habits of *homo pecunius*. It is a widespread misapprehension that the rich and glamorous lead an ivory-tower existence, walking around with their noses stuck in the New Yorker. In fact, in most cases these people could not maintain their great wealth, influence and social position without keeping in constant touch with the less fortunate. It is estimated, for example, that the very well off comprise about 20 percent of the readership of such magazines as *Sepia* and *Ebony*, for although these publications are certainly aimed at a different audience, the rich are able to vicariously dig the values these 'zines put forth.

As far as magazines produced exclusively for the rich are concerned, there is a surprising array of wealth-oriented periodicals today. Some are about the rich getting richer. Obviously the rich read magazines dealing with money—*Forbes*, *Fortune*, *Harvard Business Review*, etc. But in a way, all business magazines are for rich people. No, the interesting part of being rich isn't in the earning. How many of the rich actually earned it? The fun is in spending, and that's what the best rich mags are about. *Lucre* porn, plain and fancy. Generally the best way to tell if the magazine you're reading is for the rich is by the ads. Many rich people's magazines are little more than disguised containers of advertising. And even some great books, like the *New Yorker*, are most often bought for the ads.

Probably the greatest rich people's magazine of them all, *Homes for Sale*, consists entirely of ads for homes that range from exotic to palatial. It is housing pornography. It makes people plan escapes. At the moment, the best deals on palaces seem to be in Mexico, although homes are going cheap in southern Africa, and Nicaragua should be much cheaper



Rich people's magazines are about what poor people's magazines are about—goofing off.

by the next issue. If you're unsure about how to get there, you might pick up a copy of *Used Planes*, although for learning about traveling society-style you'll probably want to read *Yachting Magazine*, which will help you locate a suitable vessel.

Actually most rich people's magazines are about exactly the same sort of thing that poor people's magazines are about—goofing off. Except that instead of *Wrestling* or *Street Chopper* you've got *Town and Country*, which defines the basic lifestyle difference between rich and poor. For the poor, it's strictly town or country. *Town and Country*, an American institution, is about goofing off at the highest level—paying huge sums to lose weight, etc. The most recent issue contains a perfect rich person's article pointing out the dangers of drinking tap water.

But *Town and Country* isn't really what it used to be—as society in this country has acquired a considerable middle-class veneer to prevent excessive publicity—so the rich and stylish often have to turn to foreign publications for the latest developments in luxuriant idling. England's *Country Life* is similar in conception to *Town and Country*—although obviously it's a lot more about country than town—but it seems to have been frozen somewhere in time, somewhere at least 50 years back, but maybe more. Sometimes it seems like centuries. *Country Life* features art direction that looks like 1930 and is filled with fascinating articles like: "Why the Dutch Are Buying in Britain," "A Neo-Classical Dilemma in Liverpool" (to demolish or not an 1802 building!),

"Making the Best Use of Ice," and much, much more.

There is no American equivalent to *Country Life*, although we do have *Yankee*. *Yankee* is like a New England version of country life, except that it's not just for rich people. But it is for WASPs, and often rich WASPs prefer to be thought of as just plain rich folks, after their Puritan heritage; so in effect *Yankee* is a rich-folks, or at least upper-middle-class, magazine that explains how to let Early American furniture run your life. Speaking of antiques, the old furniture business accounts for many of the rich people's publications. If you're rich and you want to impress people, you buy things; and what better way to impress people than with art or antiques. In a way, almost all art magazines are for the rich, as are almost all antiques magazines except the do-it-yourself ones; but the most exclusive of these rags are *Antiques*, *Connoisseur* and, from Britain, *Apollo*, all of which deal with decorator items owned by the rich for at least generations and often centuries.

Speakin' of fixin' up the pad. The rich don't do it with *Better Homes and Gardens* alone, and they don't read *Apartment Life*. They do read *Architectural Digest*, which is not about architecture at all, really, but all the stuff that you fill it up with, or that some slimy catamite fills it up with for you.

But don't fool yourself, kiddo. *Architectural Digest* isn't a society magazine. A lot of people say that society, like God, is

(continued on page 25)

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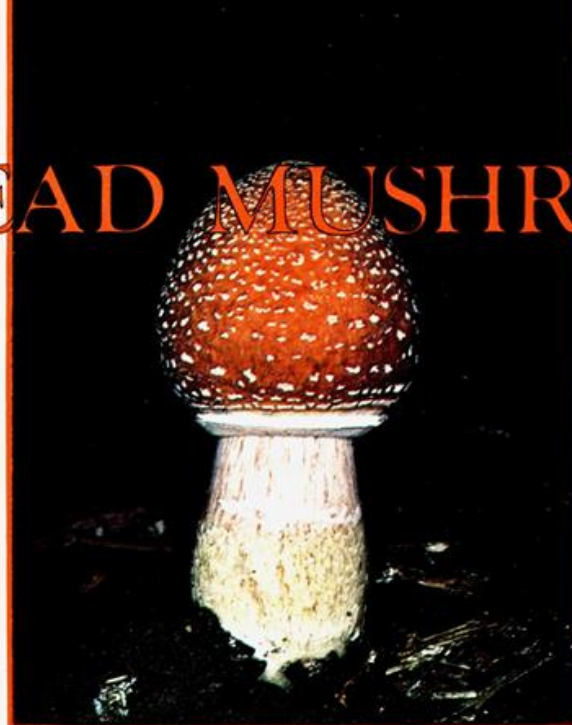
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(continued from page 22)

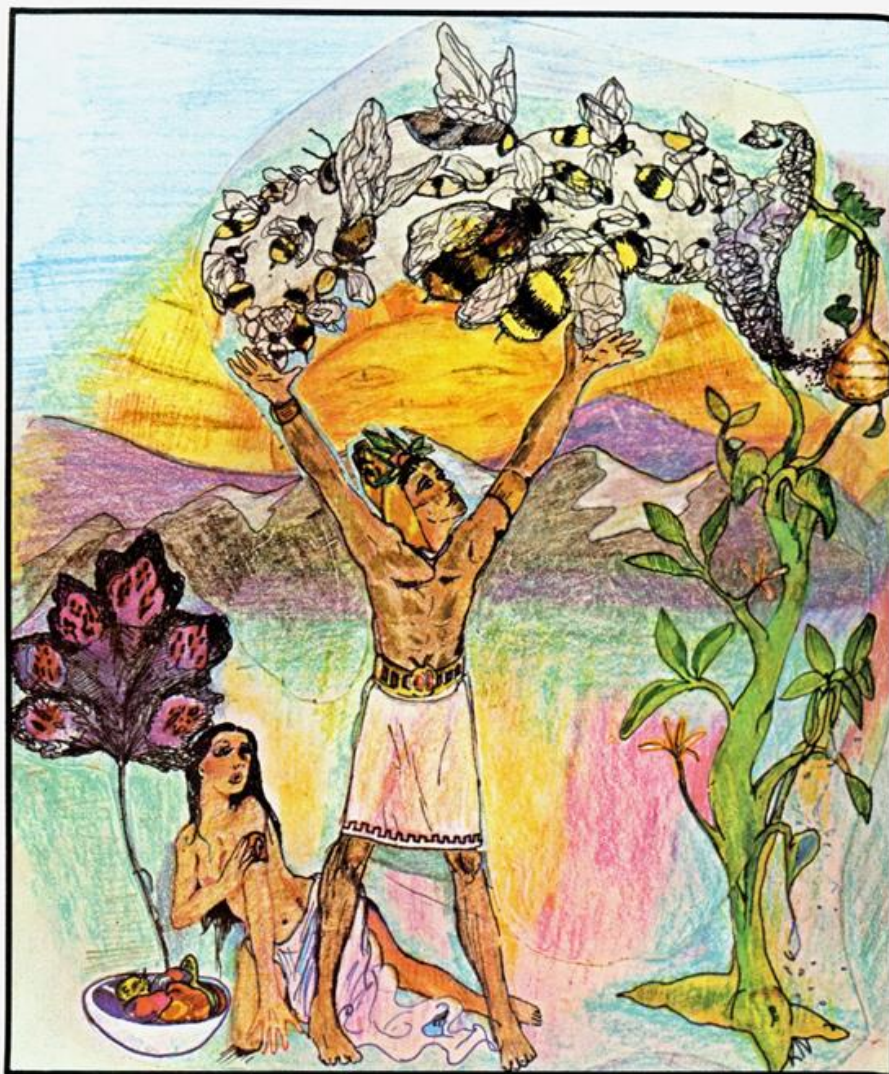
dead. That may be, but there are still some people who refuse to recognize it. And a few publications. Like the Palm Beach Pictorial, which depicts the endangered, arcane loafing habits of the idle rich and the bored ruling class. Some people still know how to have a ball. And New York still has its Park Avenue, which deals with the tattle and prattle of select ninny elements of the military-industrial complex. Classic magazine deals with thoroughbreds on thoroughbred horses in places like Pennsylvania and Virginia, which were among the 13 original colonies. These magazines aren't just about wealth. Maybe blood isn't talked about much anymore, but why do you think they keep it in banks?

One good way to become rich is to be beautiful. This is okay if you are beautiful already, but if you're not, getting there is tough. If you're already rich, one of the best things you can do with your money is make a desperate attempt to become beautiful. Study does help. Vogue and Bazaar are good, but even secretaries read them. Real esoteric fashion information is to be found however in the foreign editions of these publications, particularly Paris Vogue (at \$9-\$12 a copy), Italian Vogue and England's Harper's and Queen, which rather justly bills itself as "the world's most intelligent glossy magazine." (Accent on glossy.) This Harper's is worth picking up, if only for the pop-culture essays of their regular contributor Peter York, who is sort of a Tom Wolfe in aspic. For the farther out, there's Mode International, which covers the more decadent and trashy elements of coutureland out of Paris. And 18 Karati—which is just pix of luscious dames in gold bijoux. In the same field, but different, are L'Uomo Vogue (not Homo Vogue) for men from Italy, from the company that brings you Casa Vogue (House Vogue), Uomo Mare (Vogue at Sea) and Bambino Vogue (Vogue for Tots), all of which are absolutely essential for up-to-the-minute livin'.

Also let us not forget Little Richie Rich comics and Uncle Scrooge.

Remember, it's not a bad thing to be rich and to be famous. It's a hard thing to carry off, but not impossible. Remember what Jesus said: It's about as tough for a rich dude to enter the gates of heaven as it is for a camel to pass through a needle's eye. Jesus knew that it'd never walk through, but if you hold the needle up to your eye, you can dig it. And today camels are born by artificial insemination.

Rich can be beautiful. It might be silly. It might be bad sometimes. Remember what Crazy Kat said: "Still Beauty walks with Evil." Reading French Vogue or those magazines for rich kids, Bailey and Litchfield's Ritz out of London and Warhol's Interview out of New York, might not compare with Scientific American, Astronomy or Bronze Thrills, but that's the point, right? ■



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Space bassist **Bootsy Collins** (the Funkadelics, Bootsy's Rubber Band) was taken off the road and hospitalized in restrictive confinement in Cincinnati. His doctors advised him to remain in complete seclusion with no contact with his band, fans or the entertainment world in general until a complete recovery is evident. Bootsy had just finished an international four-month tour and was working in the secret P-Funk Labs recording studio developing ideas for his new album, *These Boots Is Made for Fun*, when he was taken with severe headaches, dizziness and temporal distortions.



Charlie Frick

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Dave Patrick

Feds from the Internal Revenue Service have confiscated the bank account of **R. Crumb**, the da Vinci of underground cartoonists, because of \$28,000 they claim he owes in back taxes. Crumb had won thousands of dollars from lawsuits against unauthorized users of his copyrighted "Keep On Truckin'" drawing, but he lost the copyright after allowing Print Mint prez Robert Rita to use the drawing on his business cards without a copyright. At that point, Crumb's income stopped, and he discovered that his lawyer hadn't paid a penny of taxes on it. Thanks to a groundswell of financial support from his multitude of fans, Crumb only has \$7,000 to go on his debt.

"I could never afford coke," says **Martin Mull**, songster, comedic wit and host of Norman Lear's "America Tonight." "so I snorted Boraxo. Not only was it a great high, but it really cleaned out my system."

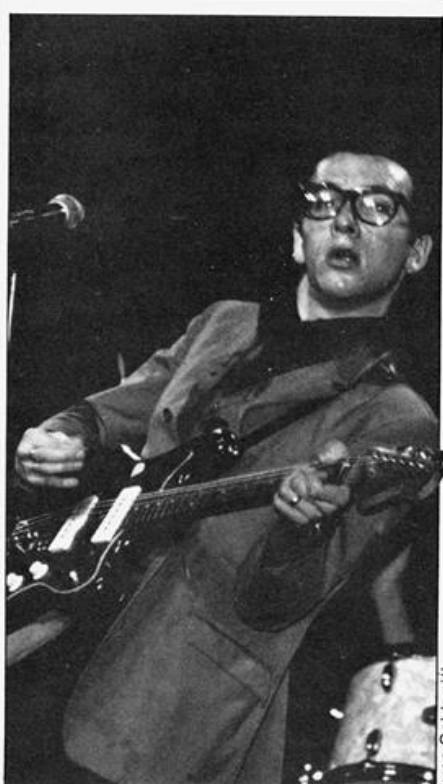
Opium eater and absinthe sipper **Edgar Allen Poe** will have his sordid life story immortalized on the silver screen. **Peter Fonda** and **Keith Carradine** are vying for the lead.



Lynn Goldsmith

Ex-Wailer and reggae songster **Peter Tosh** claims he smokes so much marijuana that he's never been sick. "Smoking herb makes you healthy," says Tosh. "Builds resistance in your system, and if you keep building resistance in your system, you don't have to go to doctor. I never go to doctor. Herb was made illegal by the philosophers of Jesus Christ philosophy and the fantasy world and the doctors world so as to keep the people sick."

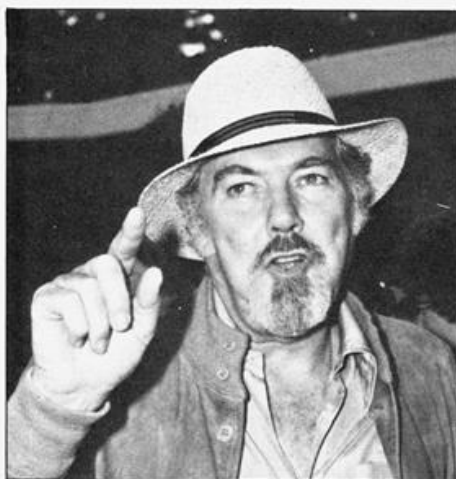
Director **Robert Altman**'s *M*A*S*H* and *Nashville* were nicknamed *S*T*A*S*H* and *Hashville* by Hollywood insiders privy to rumors of dope smoking by those films' cast and crew. But Altman himself denies this ganja gossip, claiming the only times dope was ever smoked on his set were during the making of his latest flick, *A Wedding* ("That was probably real pot being smoked" in the controversial reception-party scene), and his hip, '70s update of the Raymond Chandler mystery *The Long Goodbye* ("**Sterling Hayden** did the same scene twice, once drunk and once stoned, and he was great both times"). Altman's next movie will be about three days in a hotel, starring **Lauren Bacall** and **Desi Arnaz Jr.**, among others. ☐



Lynn Goldsmith

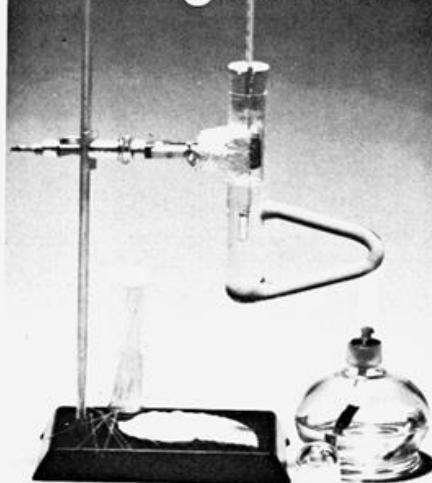
Cryptorocker and Stiff recording artist **Elvis "Miracle Man" Costello** played in a recent anti-Nazi concert rally in England. The concert, sponsored by a coalition of members from Rock against Racism and the Anti-Nazi League, drew a big crowd. From there, Elvis jetted back to the States to put in an unscheduled stage appearance at the Big Apple's only country-western watering hole, the Lone Star Cafe.

Voidoid leader and punk poet **Richard "Don't shoot till you see the whites of his eyes" Hell** was recently arrested for drunk driving and double parking on a Washington, D.C., street. He was parked on the sidewalk after knocking down several street signs. What looked like a sure bust (he was holding some alleged cocaine) was somehow turned into a simple \$50 traffic violation.



Tony Korody

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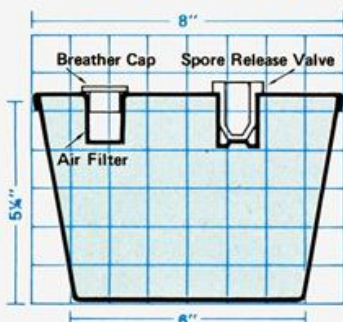
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HIGHWITNESS

Feb. '79 No. 42

Colombia Restricts Travel in La Guajira

by Segundo Sombra

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—All air, sea and land traffic in the department of La Guajira, this country's major dope-exporting province, has been put under strict government control. Inhabited mainly by Taino Indians who support themselves by growing top-shelf Santa Marta gold, the province has for years maintained a kind of *de facto* autonomy, enjoying minimal interference from government troops or police.

"The airports and aerodromes of La Guajira have been used in illegal activities such as the trafficking of weapons, marijuana, cocaine and other drugs or substances that produce psychic or physical dependence," declared the ruling Council of Ministers in Bogota, in passing the barricade bill under President Julio Cesar Turbay Ayala's signature. The thrust of the bill is against airborne dope smugglers: the emergency measures, to be carried out by the Department of Civil Aeronautics (DAAC), were cleared beforehand by the International Organization of Civil Aviators. All planes flying within La Guajira will henceforth need special permits and must keep constantly in



radio touch with DAAC stations in Valledupar or Riohacha; those who fail to do so risk interception by Colombian Air Force jets. The air force is also empowered to stop and check any marine or land-based vehicles for special papers required to enter La Guajira.

The new La Guajira quarantine measures were enforced only days after the appointment as attorney general of Guillermo Gonzalez Charry, a

former Supreme Court justice with a record for incorruptibility. In Bogota, it is speculated that Gonzalez's appointment is an effort by President Turbay to clear his own name of dope-smuggling charges leveled in the United States. Other observers predict that the Turbay government is moving to gain effective control over La Guajira's multi-billion-dollar fume industry, with an eye toward legalizing it for export in the long run.

Sheriff Orders Lie-Detector Tests for All Officers; More Arrests Seen

Florida Narcs Nabbed in 7½-Ton Bust

by Mack Dryden

KEY WEST, FLORIDA—Four Key West policemen—two of them members of the Narcotics Strike Force—were arrested in connection with a 15,000-pound pot-smuggling operation this fall, and a state marine-patrol commander said it is "very possible" other law-enforcement officers will be linked to the smuggling ring.

The four cops were charged with acting as lookouts, communicating by walkie-talkie from unmarked cars, while the marijuana was being unloaded at a fish dock near Key West. "It was a great cover," cracked Key West Customs-port captain Fred Long. All four officers, whose annual salaries range from \$10,000 to \$14,000, posted \$100,000 bond after being in custody only three hours.

Another law-enforcement officer, who said he was recruited by the policemen to be a lookout, blew the whistle on the operation, officials said. Pedro (Chico) Ruiz, the Florida Marine Patrol officer who tipped off authorities, is now "on vacation," according to his commander.

Monroe County sheriff William (Billy) Freeman recently caused an uproar when he announced that he would require annual financial statements and polygraph tests for all members of his department "to determine if they have ever helped a criminal evade the law or benefited from

unauthorized sources of income."

Last summer, long after it became apparent that the volume of drug trafficking in the Florida Keys is too big for Customs and the marine patrol to handle alone, the city of Key West and Monroe County (which takes in all the keys) pooled resources to form the Narcotics Strike Force to help combat smuggling. Soon after the force was organized, one of its leaders announced that an agreement had been reached with certain smuggling rings that would minimize the possibility of violence during drug raids.

"I think they created more problems than they solved with the strike force," said a Key West attorney who prosecutes many drug cases. "They worked out a deal with the smugglers not to carry weapons so nobody would get hurt during busts. It seems to me that it's not that big a step to making other deals with them once you've made contact like that."

Three of the four policemen charged have had previous run-ins with the law as officers. Detective Sergeant Carlos Zarate was indicted in 1976 for soliciting a bribe but was found not guilty. Patrolman Ray Morales was dismissed from the Opa-Locka Police Department in 1975 for departmental violations and for allegedly applying for workmen's compensation benefits while still on

the job. Patrol Corporal Alfredo Vasquez was fired earlier this year when it was discovered that he didn't have a high-school diploma as he had stated on his job application. A shrimp boat belonging to Vasquez was seized in a pot raid last January, but the state attorney's office dropped the case. Detective Lieutenant Robert Santana has no previous violations.

If convicted, the four face a maximum five years in prison and a \$10,000 fine.

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U.S. Ready to Import Legal Dope

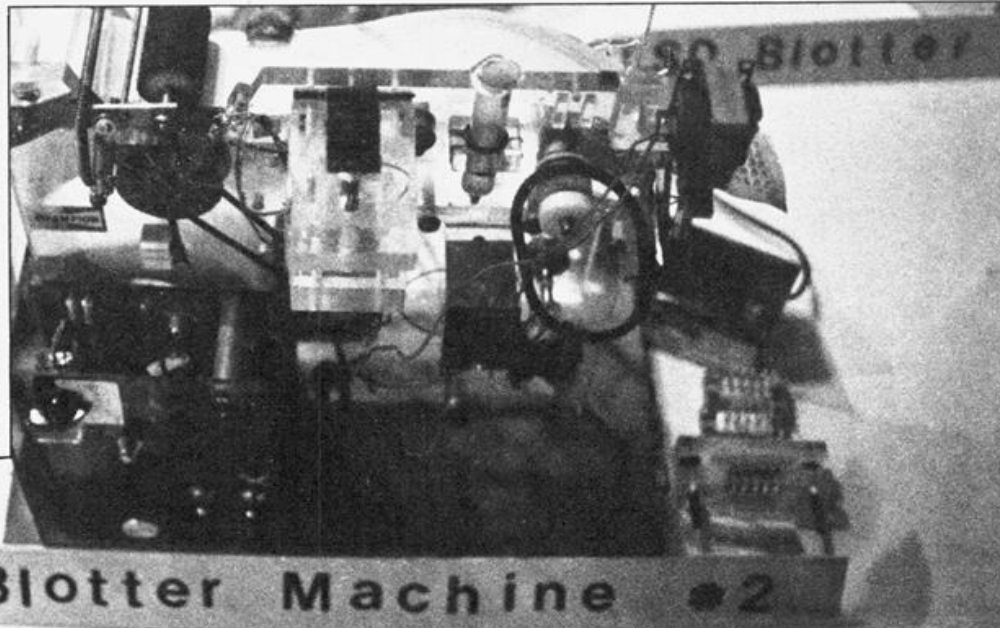
The U.S. ambassador to Colombia, Diego Asencio, has hinted that the United States has already drawn up plans to regulate the importation of foreign marijuana when legalization occurs.

Asencio, whose comments issued from the Colombian city of Cali, the cocaine capital of the Southern Hemisphere, said that "one might consider the legalization of the sale and consumption

of marijuana in terms of science fiction, assuming that in the future Man might wish to live permanently drugged, withdrawn from reality."

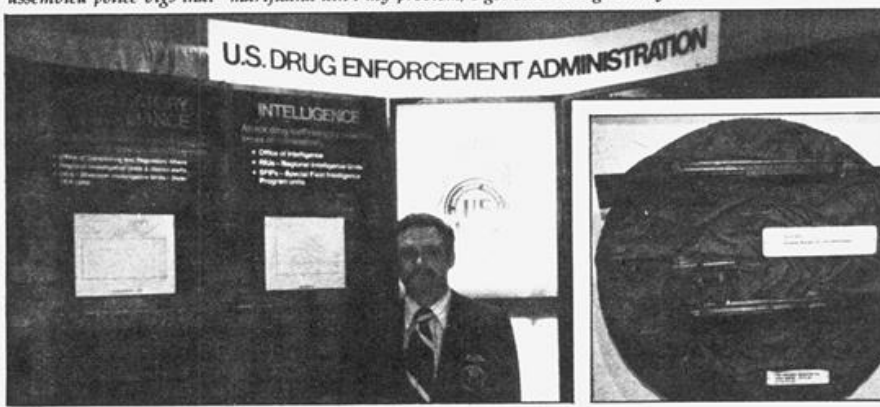
"But," added the ambassador, emphasizing the point with his fingers, "it [legal marijuana] will not be an economic solution for Colombia, since we [the U.S.] will have laws to protect our national production."

This is the first time a member of the Carter administration has addressed the possibility of tariffs and strict domestic regulations on the importation and sale of foreign marijuana. Asencio's statement should not be taken lightly, since he is considered to be a "futurolgist" by the State Department. He lectures and writes regularly on the problems faced by future generations.



A. Craig Copetas

New York City recently hosted the annual International Association of Police Chiefs convention, where handcuff makers, bullet salesmen and heavy-arms dealers display their wares to the nation's top cops. Here (below) a Drug Enforcement Administration agent strikes a pose in front of a display depicting the DEA's might. Confiscated LSD-making machine (above) put in years of glorious service printing out rolls of acid-dappled blotter paper. Attorney General Griffin Bell (above left), chain-smoking cigarettes, told the assembled police bigs that "marijuana ain't my problem, I got other things on my mind."



Japanese Heads Pick Speed as #1 Dope

TOKYO, JAPAN—While 413 people around Japan were busted for cannabis, 48 for opium, and 31 for heroin in the first half of 1978, there were almost 13,000 busts involving amphetamines and other stimulants.

Speed has traditionally been Japan's preferred drug of abuse, and last year nearly 100 kilos of powdered methamphetamine were confiscated by National Police Agency (NAP) narcs, along with some 400,000 cc of liquid speed. In one case, a Himeji man was charged while in the Osaka jail for dealing speed to at least ten other cons there:

the dope had been sent into the jail stitched inside a sport jacket, and a modified ballpoint pen was used to shoot it up.

Most Japanese speed is imported from South Korea, according to NAP narcs. Last year three Japanese bus drivers were nailed at Osaka International Airport with 830 grams of meth; one driver had made 16 trips to Pusan in the previous year, and from him NAP cops obtained the location of a huge speed-processing lab. Korean narcs, however, failed to move on the lab before the chemists disappeared.



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The American dollar might not be worth much in Geneva and Bonn, but in Colombia the American greenback is worth more than ever before. Devaluation of the Colombian peso against the dollar is accelerating. Before the new Turbay government assumed power in August 1978, devaluation had been running at a monthly average of 13 centavos against the dollar, but for the last quarter of 1978 it almost doubled to 24 centavos (1 peso equals 100 centavos).

The dollar rate closed the year at 40.22 pesos, a devaluation of 5.9 percent. At the beginning of 1978 the dollar was worth 37.96 pesos. What this all means is more dope for the U.S. dollar, especially in multi-ton loads.



Narcs found 20 of these metal cans in Montreal Customs—stuffed with a total of 660 pounds of Lebanese blond.

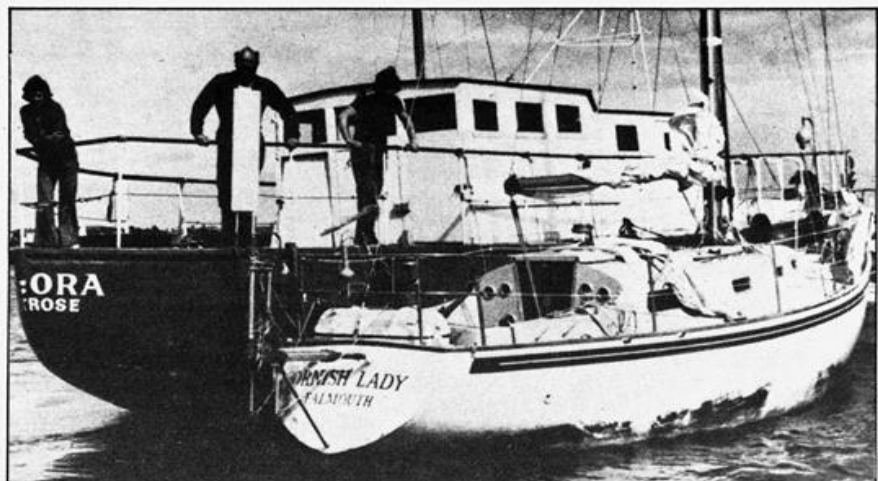
Three Yank Dopers Held in Red Gulag

MORDOVIA GULAG, USSR—Three Americans are currently incarcerated here on drug charges, the only Yanks currently imprisoned by the Soviets. The three—from Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York City—were nailed last year at Moscow Airport with 71 pounds of brown heroin in their luggage and sentenced to terms of five to eight years in Russia's only prison for non-Russians.

Mordovia Gulag, situated on an open steppe 300 miles southeast of Moscow, is regarded as a veritable showcase prison compared to most Russian jails. Called the "Intourist Hotel" by inmates, compulsory labor here mainly consists of carving chess pieces and crystal for chandeliers. Cell barracks are aluminum military-style quonset huts, and prisoners are permitted to play soccer regularly. Prisoners can earn spare money for tea and tobacco, and even 72-hour conjugal visits from wives are technically permitted—though none of the prisoners' wives has been allowed a visiting visa.

Besides the three Americans, five Britons and a small number of Italians and West Germans are held at Mordovia—all on drug charges. Most of the prison population consists of Asiatics, Turks and Siberians, who committed crimes on Russian territory. A vicious "Korean Gang" formerly terrorized the rest of the prisoners but have been isolated recently.

The most grueling Mordovia routine for the Westerners is the weekly indoctrination lecture on Marxist-Leninist principles—delivered in Russian, which none of them understands.



British Customs nailed a total of 450 pounds of hash aboard these two yachts recently. Both were intercepted off the southern coast of England near Exmouth.

Gov't Troops Rout Jamaican Guerrillas

by A. Craig Copetas

KINGSTON, JAMAICA—Government troops operating in the Wareika Hills east of here discovered a large guerrilla encampment allegedly planning an overthrow of the regime of Michael Manley, according to a source close to Government House.

The guerrilla group, part of the 5,000 member Rastafarian Assembly for Progress and Security (RAPS), has been conducting guerrilla war against the Manley government for the past two years. Diaries and documents confiscated by government troops allegedly outline intricate plans for a coup d'etat as well as mention the name of "a well-known politician being called as an active

leader in the revolution," said the source.

At least four guerrillas were killed in the early-morning raid on the mountain camp in East Kingston. Police and army officials claim to have confiscated five revolvers, four shotguns, 86 rounds of ammunition, several sticks of dynamite, detonator caps, walkie-talkie radios, government uniforms and a book on Stalin. Possession of firearms in Jamaica is punishable by life in prison. Although reports neglected to mention the number of guerrillas arrested in the raid, the four men killed were escaped political prisoners wanted for their vocal opposition and threats against the Manley regime.

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Nabilone—Funless Dope Substitute

Drug Giants Push Fake THC

by Malu Halasa

The giant pharmaceutical company Eli Lilly will mass-market within two years a THC "substitute" called Nabilone to be used by glaucoma and cancer chemotherapy patients. The synthetic pot, a fine white crystal, supposedly achieves all the pharmacological effects of THC except for the

euphoria; though, in fact, there are studies indicating that it does produce euphoria. Thus, while Lilly promotes Nabilone as an acceptable alternative to THC, others suspect it to be a methadone-type sham—a synthetic drug with the identical effects of the original dope that is politically

acceptable to the antidope establishment.

Marijuana's properties of reducing intraocular pressure in glaucoma and vomiting in chemotherapy have resulted in its legalization for clinical use in Florida, Illinois, New Mexico and Louisiana. Drug companies have been reluctant to conduct research with real pot, however, particularly when the results might show THC to be beneficial. One researcher who recently submitted a grant request for a marijuana research proposal explained, "Most of the money in the early '70s went to studies that made THC look bad—under its effects people drive funny and go crazy. Even now, those are the sorts of studies expected."

Nabilone circumvents the politics of regulation, even though the head of Lilly's cannabinoid program, Dr. Paul Stark, admitted that the drug did produce euphoria and low blood pressure in some subjects. "The euphoria depends on the drug's dosage. With a low dose, there is no high; with a large dose, there is one, but the percentage is markedly below that of THC."

Other problems contribute to marijuana's unpopularity in pharmaceutical circles. The main one is the generic nature of the weed, which makes it a substance private industry cannot trademark. Also hurting marijuana's status are the available ways of administering it. Absorbed unevenly by the body, oral THC produces varied effects in subjects. Physicians are squeamish about having patients smoke marijuana, which is acknowledged as the best way of administering it. And encapsulating the resinous THC, a messy process, causes even more complications.

Unlike THC, Nabilone, being a white crystal, is water soluble. Its chemical structure as a cannabinoid derivative resembles tetrahydrocannabinol, differing only in the C ring with a ketone instead of a methyl group. Totally synthetic Nabilone cannot be derived from or converted to THC.

The four agencies that study marijuana use and abuse, the National Institute on Drug Abuse, the FDA, the National Institutes of Health and the Drug Enforcement Administration, have yet to really begin conducting research on the therapeutic potential of THC. Although the National Institute on Drug Abuse has paid \$1.5 million for 14 studies on marijuana's medicinal potential and the National Eye Institute has spent \$265,000 on related research, these monies hardly compare with what private drug companies spend to research, patent and market a new drug. Currently, 24 studies are being sponsored by the federal government. And while Nabilone is in its last phase before FDA review, some government programs are now beginning clinical trials with human subjects.

The government is currently experimenting with eye drops prepared from the cannabis plant. Because of THC's insolubility in water, the ophthalmic solution is prepared in light mineral oil. Only one-tenth of 1 percent is actually psychotropic substance.

In a study published by Lilly, "Clinical Pharmacology of Nabilone, a Cannabinol Derivative," Dr. Louis Lemberger and Howard Rowe of Indiana University School of Medicine found that, with increased dosage of the drug, subjects experienced a marijuanalike euphoria and also developed a tolerance against these effects after daily doses of Nabilone had been administered over a period of one week.



Coast Guardsmen's mouths water when they spy this handsome vessel plying the azure Caribbean. But alas, in nautical parlance the term "reefer" only refers to a fully refrigerated transport ship.



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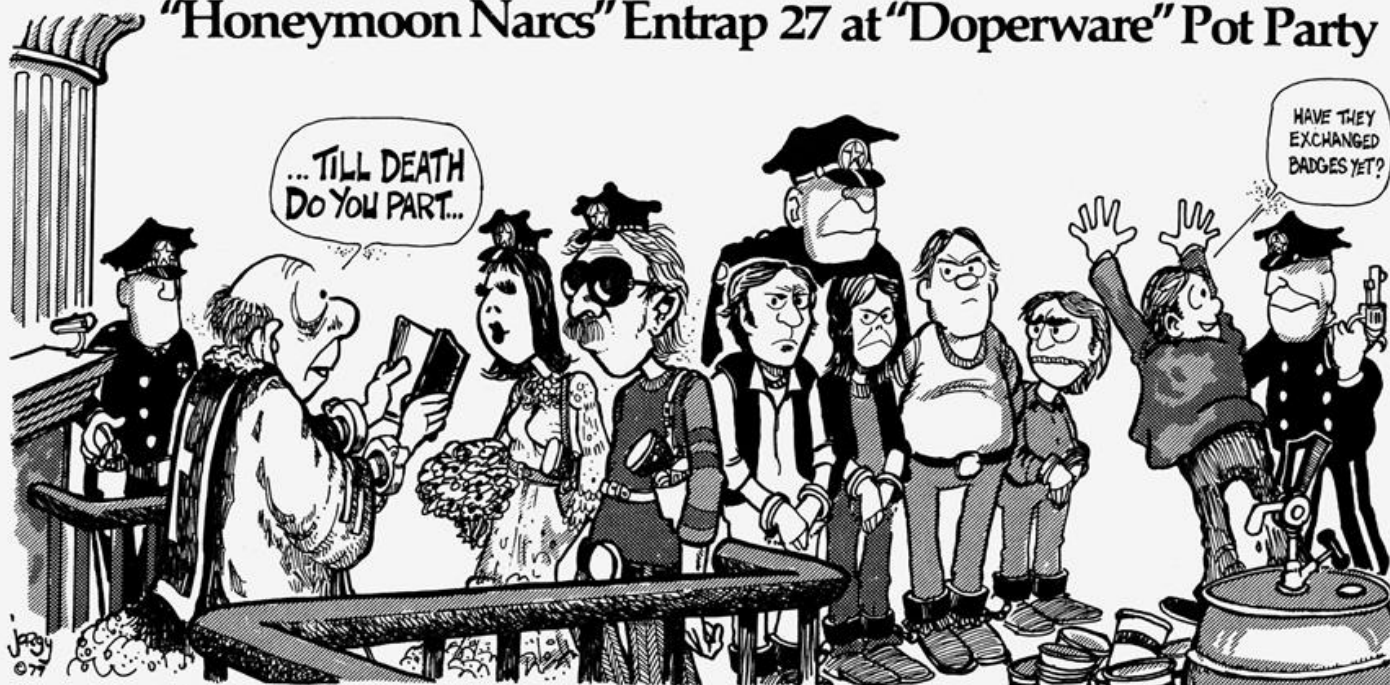
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"Honeymoon Narcs" Entrap 27 at "Doperware" Pot Party



GALENA, ILLINOIS—A boyfriend-girl friend team of young undercover narcs, in their eagerness to close a case so they could get married, set up a bust of 27 local youths at a "doperware" party they themselves had promoted locally for weeks. The entrapment setup, which involved the offspring of many eminent Jo Daviess County residents—including the 16-year-old son of Senator Adlai Stevenson III—may well result in the firing of State's Attorney John Cox, 31, who hired the impatient honeymoon narcs for some \$4,000 in county funds.

According to Cox, the two narcs—Lucy Nimmer, 27, and her fiancé, Mike Hilgendorf, 28—had been imported from Wisconsin. Under the name Celina "Sally" Hanson, agent Nimmer rented a \$150 apartment on Park Avenue and was joined there shortly afterward by Hilgendorf, where they posed as hippies living in sin. After six weeks of extensive undercover investigations, the two complained to the county fuzz that business was too slow in Galena, a town of 4,000 people. They then suggested promoting a jumbo pot party at their pad, where they figured the big area dope dealers would surely come to meet new clients.

After Cox approved their scheme, the couple visited the nearest headshop—in Dubuque, Iowa—and persuaded the owner to donate some dope paraphernalia to the party. Posters went up all over Galena, signed by "Sally Hanson," inviting all to a big open party at their pad, where a \$9 bong would be given away as a door prize. Teenagers in town report being vigorously pressured into attending the affair. One 14-year-old girl told her parents, days before the party, that a man had tried to sell some grass to her and some friends and, when they refused, tried to give it to them, inviting them at the same time to the

"doperware" party. The girl's parents didn't believe her until the busts came down days later.

At the same time, agent Nimmer/Hanson ran across two men who were camping out near Galena holding some 80 pounds of hand-picked "ditchweed"—wild Illinois rope hemp, virtually THC-less. According to reports, she let them cure their worthless weed on her floor before having them busted a couple of days prior to the party. The men, it turned out, were outpatients from a local mental hospital.

At the long-awaited evening of the "drug-culture hoedown," agent Hilgendorf broke out a keg of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer and began serving it to all comers—some as young as 14. Each person at the door was asked to sign his or her name, supposedly for the bong door-prize drawing. A Polaroid camera was passed around, and people were encouraged to take "party pictures" of each other. "The agents were giving everybody beer and smoking dope," a 17-year-old "guest" recalled afterward.

Just before midnight, 17 cops left the "public safety center"—the Galena jail—to bring down the busts. Ironically, Galena police chief Tony Renner left a monthly Elks lodge stag party, just as the illegal gambling tables were being set up, to lead the raid. It was Renner who broke through the door, pistol drawn, crying, "Freeze! This is the police!"

All 27 "guests" were held incommunicado while the narcs told the cops who had committed what particular sort of crime. Anyone who had been seen holding a joint by them, they reasoned, had been technically in "misdemeanor possession" of grass, and thus 23 of the 27 were so charged—even though body searches of all the suspects turned up less than half an ounce of stray

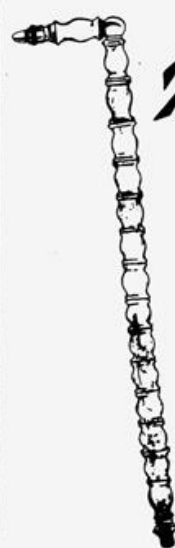
weed in stray joints. One more person was busted for an undisclosed quantity of speed found in his car out front.

The 23 grass defendants were promptly released, prosecutor Cox promising a "deal" whereby guilty pleas would bring small fines. Cox's only comment, when charged by enraged parents with setting up a party where their kids got to guzzle free booze, was: "I know there were minors at the party, and I know there was beer at the party. That's as far as I can go."

Irish Control Fed Narcs, Jewish Man Charges

NEW YORK CITY—Marvin Siegel, a Jewish special agent for the Drug Enforcement Administration, is suing his regional and national chiefs for ethnic discrimination against non-Irish Catholics. Though DEA head Peter Bensinger is himself Jewish, Siegel has charged him and New York

DEA boss John W. Fallon of promoting only Irishmen to cozier posts than special agent. Siegel, a seven-year narc veteran, is demanding from U.S. district court here an automatic two-step promotion to GS-14 classification and retroactive back pay.



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High Crimes Smuggler Kamikaze Attacks Narc Plane

400 pounds of 'Ludes Scraped Off Air-Force Runway

Authorities retrieved 395 pounds of methaqualone tablets on the airstrip at Homestead Air Force Base in Florida. The 'ludes were dumped by a pilot who then escaped arrest by aiming his Piper Aztec directly at a U.S. Customs plane, forcing the narcs to swerve into a ditch in a deadly game of "chicken." The sopor-stuffed Aztec was first detected by the Federal Aviation Authority, who alerted Customs that their radar had picked up a northbound UFO heading for Homestead. A Customs pursuit plane tailed the twin-engine Aztec until it landed at the air-force base and taxied to the end of the runway.

When the pilot saw the Customs plane landing behind him, he wheeled the plane, revved up the engine and headed straight toward the pursuit craft. To avoid a certain head-on, the Customs plane turned off the runway and bumped to a halt in a shallow ditch while the Aztec disappeared into the night. The smuggling plane was discovered shortly afterward two miles north of Homestead, crash-landed in a field. The pilot survived the forced landing and escaped before police reached the crash site.

● An anonymous tip led Pontiac, Michigan, detectives to the Oakland-Pontiac airport near Waterford Township, where they watched a four-engine DC-6 unloading five tons of smoke into a semi. The two men unloading the plane were questioned and showed the cops a cargo manifest for five-gallon plastic cans of fertilizer. However, the cops searched the truck after it left the airport and turned up the dope in the cans. The men were busted, although they both work for a reputable



Stopped by cops while unloading a DC-6, two truck drivers produced a bill of lading that identified the load as fertilizer. Narcs sniffed around and turned up 392 pickle barrels of prime Colombian shit.

moving firm and claim to have no knowledge of the cans' real contents.

● A U.S. Customs plane overflew a mother ship while she was off-loading to two yachts and set in motion a massive 20-plus-ton bust. The mother ship *Bocus*, with 10,500 pounds of Colombian aboard, was boarded 20 miles east of Jacksonville, Florida, and her Colombian and Peruvian crew were deported; the yacht *Pied Piper* was seized in the St. Johns River with 14,920 pounds of fume and four

men aboard; and the *Sky Lark II* was seized offshore with 15,000 pounds in the hold, though the crew escaped to a wooded island.

● Two unidentified men brought down their twin-engine DC-6 at Palm Beach International Airport, Florida, after reporting steering problems. But when flight attendants rushed up with fire extinguishers to put out the smoking landing gear the men piled out of the cockpit. The ground team discovered 6.5 tons of marijuana in burlap bags aboard the plane, along with 70 pounds of methaqualone tablets in plastic bags. The plane, out of the Bahamas, had been seized at least twice before for grass moving, cops say.

● Over 200 greenhouses were raided in southern Australia, netting over 100,000 grass plants in a series of raids that cops claimed could stun the down-under dope industry for at least a season. Six Greek immigrants were nailed for disguising their seedling plants in tomato bushes.

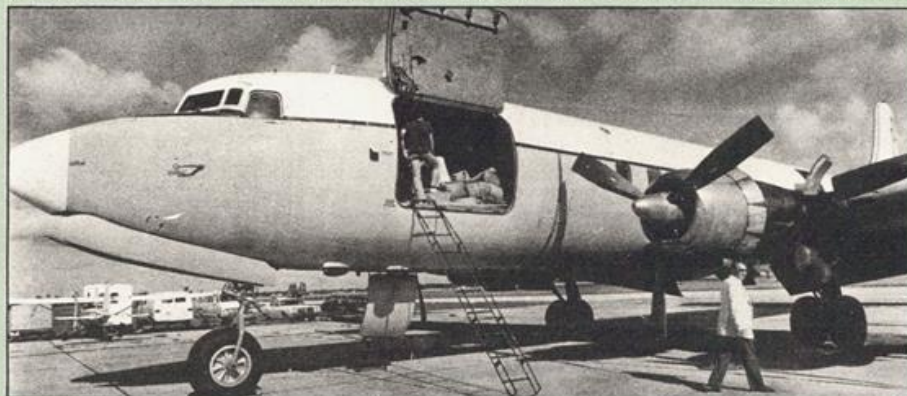
● Two brothers, aged 22 and 24, were popped at U.S. Customs in Detroit for entering through the Windsor tunnel from Canada with 1,400 hits of acid and half a gram of coke in their car.

● A 36-year-old Hong Kong barber was busted with 1,940 grams of speed in a briefcase while passing Customs at New Tokyo International Airport. The barber, who had made six trips to Japan in three years, said a client had given him the suitcase to move for him.

● The biggest PCP (phencyclidine) lab in the U.S. discovered so far was raided by narcs from five states in a wooded area near the borders of Livingston and Tangipahoa parishes in Louisiana. Nearly 85 pounds of intermediate PCP was found in the lab, with 15 more pounds of finished dust in a nearby tent. Seven men, five vehicles and two guns were seized, after a two-week DEA investigation beginning with a snitch tip in Houston.

● Three Britons and one Canadian were busted near Lakefield, Ontario, carrying 250 pounds of hashish in their car. RCMP narcs, working off a local tip, took credit.

● Narcs used a helicopter to trail a pickup van carrying a half-ton of pot, after setting up a bust buy in a motel in Harvey, Illinois. The copter trailed the dealers to the "mother lode" site in Gary, Indiana, and back to the Dunkin' Donuts shop on South Dixie Highway in Harvey before bringing down the busts. The Gary connection was not raided.



DC-6 abandoned in Palm Beach, Florida, with 6½ tons of weed and 70 pounds of methaqualone tablets. The two pilots escaped by hailing a taxi.

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Heathrow Coke Bust Rounds Up 77

LONDON, ENGLAND—Four bottles of Bolivian wine coming through Heathrow International Airport led to the seizures of two kilos of coke in London and Chelmsford and the immediate detention of 77 people, including one who escaped police custody by throwing himself through a station-house window. Chelmsford police, acting on a tip from a local snitch, alerted Heathrow narcs to be on the lookout for a man arriving on an Air France flight from La Paz carrying four wine bottles. The man was nailed in Customs with the bottles, which turned out to contain cocaine in solution; once the wine was boiled away, a residue of pure liquid coke was left.

Although suffering from multiple injuries, a Colombian pilot managed to escape from a Kingston, Jamaica, hospital after sea ditching a plane that police say was carrying 200 pounds of pure snort. The plane, a twin-engine Cessna of American registry, went down in the water off Morant Cays for undisclosed reasons. Two passengers aboard were killed in the crash, but the pilot was rescued by a passing fisherman, who took him to Isaac Barrant Hospital in St. Thomas. When police subsequently salvaged the toot and two .45s from the floating wreck, they busted the pilot in his hospital bed and transferred him to a Kingston police ward. Days later, on the eve of his scheduled appearance in court, he disappeared from under the nose of a district constable and is believed to be back in Colombia.

- The youngest coke runner ever busted at L.A. International Airport—a 15-year-old South American boy—was nailed with one kilo of coke in his false-bottomed luggage. L.A. police claim the youth, who was on a stopover en route to Vancouver, was not muling the snort for anyone else but acting entirely on his own. Dope-vine sources suggest that he was purposely planted to decoy agents away from a much larger shipment moving through on the same flight.
- A San Diego vocational nurse and a Bolivian national were busted at Los Angeles International, allegedly carrying 16 pounds of snot detergent between them. They were stopped at the disembarkation line from their La Paz flight, and a search subsequently turned up 122 coke-filled balloons in the woman's coat lining and another 61 balloons on her Bolivian companion.
- Three Latin American nationals were busted while allegedly trying to deal one kilo of snort in San

Jose, California. Hotshot LAPD detective Larry Davenport, who has been making coke busts all over the state lately, had trailed the snort from Los Angeles to San Jose.

• Twelve pounds of 90-percent-pure blow went into the Harris County, Texas, evidence bin when local sheriff's deputies, DEA narcs and Immigration fuzz concluded a three-month investigation of a Colombian coke-running apparatus. Twelve Colombians were busted at a Pasadena apartment after one of them left with two pounds in a suitcase and was nailed by police, who immediately got a warrant to raid the apartment. A Grancolombian liner is thought to have carried the snort through the Port of Houston, though police aren't sure exactly when.

• Four pounds of coke was pinched out of the Harris County, Texas, court reporter's room, while a jury in the same building was deciding on the conviction of the runner involved, who was busted in



(Left) Rome Customs narcs look over the 23 pounds of toot seized at Leonardo da Vinci Airport.

(Right) A kilo of coke and nearly \$1,000 cash found in L.A. International Airport—on a 15-year-old.

1974. Dope thefts from the same office have repeatedly occurred in the past, though this was the largest to date. The reporter had left the dope in a filing cabinet there overnight, in case the jury wanted to look at it, and in the morning found her door lock broken and the evidence gone. "Somebody was out a lot of money" after the 1974 bust of the snort, noted the case's prosecutor, Gary DiBella. "Maybe they've gotten it back."

Hit Parade

In days of yore, those who toiled in the earth, raising by the sweat of their brow the green bounty bestowed from God, were honored. But nowadays the narcs intrude with scythes and blowtorches before the poor little seedlings even have time to bud. Whatever happened to the American pioneering tradition?

- 60,000 lbs of Colombian not sold to Fort Lauderdale undercover narcs by two local men; premature busts before shipment was off-loaded.
- 4,850 lbs of Colombian aboard 41-foot twin-masted ketch *Ropes of Maui*, off Gurnet Light, Massachusetts, waters; six busted by CG on

anonymous tip.

- 4,000 lbs aboard abandoned DC-3 at Valdosta, Georgia, municipal airport; two busts, one escape.
- 1,000 lbs seized by Clayton County, Georgia, fuzz in the car and home of one defendant, who turned the grand jury onto four others.
- Five acres of 12-foot-high mulched dope torched by Creek County, Oklahoma, fuzz; two busted for watering it.
- Five acres of budding homegrown ploughed under by Cherokee County, Kansas, sheriff's deputies near Columbus; no busts.
- Two acres of Grady County, Georgia homegrown cut and burnt by county fuzz; farmer and wife busted.
- 1,100 plants and 13 lbs of cured dope nailed in Nueva Vizcaya and Laguna, the Philippines, by army narcs; two busted, including a barrio councilman.

Hospital Workers Use Computer to Pinch Dope

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS—Employees at the three hospitals and 43 clinics at the University of Chicago allegedly used a central computer to steal quantities of coke and other dope from hospital stores. Chicago Tribune reporters charged that some persons among the 83 employees at the university's central pharmacy at Billings Hospital had regularly ordered drugs through a computerized

inventory terminal, erased all tapes of the transactions and pinched the dope from the Billings delivery dock. The Tribune also charged that in one instance, 20 grams of coke and 2,800 pills had been lifted from an unlocked vault safe.

No charges grew out of the investigation, though some pharmacy workers were transferred to "less sensitive" departments.

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National Weed

Cops Play R2D2 to Flush Out Gunman

Officers of Miami's elite Special Response Team (SRT) pretended they were *Star Wars* robots to draw a gunman out of his apartment. A 29-year-old man in North Dade, having shot out a neighbor's windowpane, had holed up in his apartment and become "belligerent," cops said. Thirty SRT fuzz in combat gear waited while the man's mother negotiated fruitlessly with him. The standoff lasted three hours, until officer Stuart Krell got an idea: "He was talking about his supernatural powers, [so] I pretended I was R2D2 for a while." Krell's imitation of a cute robot drew the suspect into the open, where other automaton cops jumped and subdued him.

The man was discovered to be unarmed except for what the Miami Herald termed "a deadly slingshot that police said is capable of dispelling [sic] a projectile."

● Courthouse clerk Joyce McClay of San Antonio, Texas, can point out the spot near the courtroom ceiling where dope-crazed giant rats like to chew up the plaster while they swing around wildly on the gold cord hanging from a flagstaff. "They must be high on marijuana," she suggests. "Why else would they be swinging on a flagpole?" In fact the rats have pretty much taken over all five floors of the Bexar County Courthouse, ever since the marijuana evidence bin was moved down to the basement for better security. "They have absolutely gone wild," asserts janitor A.D. Callaghan. "I've had problems on every floor."

● This year's grand prize for the biggest muskellunge fish caught at the eighth annual "Smoke & Fish Derby" at Scotty's Island in Ontario's Lake of the Woods was paid in cash instead of the usual



Don't trust anybody under 30: Jerry Rubin gets pied as a "sell-out" by U. of Vermont student.

kilo of grass. The ceremony was altered at the advice of the festival's coordinators—called by police "the Derby Dozen"—after last year's first prize was nailed en route to the wooded island by a motorboat armada of cops. This year's festivities were similarly marred by a variety of Canadian narcs—from the Winnipeg RCMP to the "Joint Section" of the Ontario Provincial Police (OPP)—who searched and harassed small craft on the lake, which borders Ontario, Manitoba and Minnesota.

Weeks beforehand, heads in the two provinces sported T-shirts advising "BYOB&D," illustrated with a cartoon of a muskie smoking a joint. But "they're not a boy-scout troop or anything close to it," alleged OPP narc Bob Gruzuk.

Under Gruzuk's direction, boatloads of narcs overhauled some 300 small vessels on Lake of the Woods this year during the two-day festival. The island itself, a camping area run by the federal Ministry of Natural Resources, was left unmolested for fear of "riots."

Nevertheless, the narcs managed to pull down a total of 56 busts: 4 for grass possession, 1 for hash oil, 37 for small vessel irregularities, 13 public intoxications, and 1 Yank for an unregistered pistol. While some 983 people were stopped and searched, less than 300 were actually attending the Derby.

● HEW is currently asking random U.S. citizens about their health ailments, so as to gather background data for the proposed National Health Insurance Plan. So far one person has complained of "deranged knees," while another suffers from "confusion of the nose." One person has developed "ingestion of the intestines," while another seeks treatment for "heart hemorrhoids." But the most lamentable malady of all was reported by a person who said he was chronically "smashed."

● When he opened his museum four years ago, Virginia entrepreneur Lawrence Mooney laid out \$1,000 to Wisconsin's Freak Enterprises for an authentic mummy they had advertised. When the petrified corpse—that of a carnival worker who died in 1911—was not forthcoming, Mooney investigated and discovered that a California undertaker had buried it, some years ago, under ten inches of concrete. Mooney is suing to get his money back.

● After firing ten tear-gas cannisters into a house where a wild man had been reportedly barricaded for hours, the Oakland, California, SWAT squad finally determined that the suspect had flown the coop. In fact, as it turned out, the suspect had been

assisting the squad for the last two hours, loudly calling to himself from the sidewalk, by name, to come out of the house and give himself up. He was remanded for psychiatric observation.

● Attention neurotics: By decree of the American Psychiatric Association, "neurosis" is no longer a mental state. Doctors will henceforth categorize their patients according to less familiar diagnostic terms, like "kleptomania" or "coprophilia."

● Sergeant William Spickman of the Denver, Colorado, police force called in a wild marijuana find last summer, and Patrolman Daniel Dolan was detailed to the site, near an irrigation ditch, to hand harvest it. Dolan was subsequently rushed to Denver General Hospital with acute symptoms of ragweed allergy, and the plant matter itself tested negative for pot by police chemists. Sgt. Spickman, who claims to know "all seven varieties" of cannabis, contests the competence of the chemist, who "doesn't have the smarts to know marijuana when he sees it."

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Idaho narcs, acting on a snitch's tip, raided a 60-by-20-foot greenhouse near Idaho Falls and found about 1,000 9-foot plants. Under the state's medieval dope laws, the man charged with growing the weed could get life imprisonment.

Larry Hashman / Blackfoot News

Reefer Reform

S.F. Voters Okay Proposition Pot

San Francisco County's landmark Proposition W, which read, "We the people of San Francisco County demand that the District Attorney and Chief of Police cease the arrest and prosecution of individuals involved in the cultivation, transfer and possession of marijuana," passed with a resounding margin of 57 percent of the voters.

"It's very good," said NORML Western Coordinator Gordon Brownell as he watched the favorable marijuana returns roll in on election eve. "This is by no means a law—that has to be done by the legislature—but this does send a very strong message to the State House, police and the DEA that the people of San Francisco County want the marijuana laws changed, now."

● Virtually every adult in the town of Catalina, Newfoundland, has signed a petition to save their local doctor from deportation to England after a grass conviction. Dr. Arthur Carr was convicted in 1976 of moving several bales of Colombian gold from Barranquilla to an Atlantic cove near St. John's in his private yacht. His yacht was confiscated and he was sentenced to eight years. "We know he did something wrong, but most of us feel he's already lost enough," says Catalina mayor Kevin Bursey.

When Dr. Carr is released on parole this year, he faces deportation to his native city in England. However, over 400 Catalina residents—virtually all the adults in the town's population of 1,200—have signed a petition asking Ottawa for a permanent stay of his expulsion order. Because of Carr's 12 years of exceptional service to the community, "There's no trouble getting people behind the petition," says Mayor Bursey. "He was the best kind of a doctor and the best kind of a man. People don't forget that."

● Larry Goebels of Brooklyn, New York, recently forced an insurance company to stop discriminating against pot smokers. Goebels became incensed when the New York Life Insurance Company raised his monthly payments, after learning of his 30-year dope-smoking habit. He hit them with a show-cause order, demanding that they prove on the basis of scientific research that grass users have shorter life expectancies. New York Life avoided the question, replying only that dope smokers carry a special "mortality risk," in that dope impairs their judgment. Goebels then filed a discrimination charge, since the company doesn't raise the rates for nicotine and alcohol users. New York Life cancelled the increase.



Despite several thousand dollars in sophisticated radar, the 75-foot Aimee was so leaky she broke up and spilled 370 bales of pot, to the delight of Ocean Ridge, Florida, beachcombers.

● A nationwide poll of college students has revealed that this year, for the first time ever, the majority of college freshmen advocate the legalization of marijuana. For the past 12 years, researchers for the Cooperative Institutional Research Program have been polling student attitudes, and this year it was found that 53 percent of the frosh supported legalization. As recently as 1968, only 19 percent of freshmen were in favor of dope liberation. The annual survey has always shown, however, that the freshmen's attitudes toward pot liberalize considerably by their second year in school.

● While grass and cocaine keep making headlines as "dangerous drugs," precious few people get even mildly ill from them, points out Dr. Ronald Dougherty of the Drug Abuse and Chronic Pain Treatment Center at Crouse-Irving Hospital in Syracuse, New York. One of the nation's leading nongovernment dope-abuse experts, Dr. Dougherty told a convention of family physicians in San Francisco that while hundreds of thousands of people are killed every year by alcohol, tobacco and barbiturates, safe drugs like

coke and grass are perpetually presented by the media and law-enforcement officials as a grave public menace. This irrational blackballing of harmless dope, Dr. Dougherty suggests, has the tragic effect of leading young people into the whiffing of poisonous solvents—gasoline, airplane glue, fingernail polish and so on—simply because harmless highs that are illegal are often hard to find.

Smugglers Flourish in New Mexico

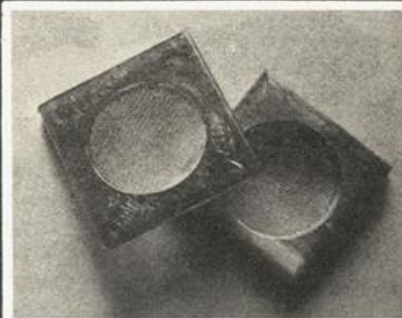
ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO—The main result of a massive antismuggling project conducted near the Mexican border last year has been to make northern New Mexico extremely popular among airborne dope smugglers. "I am awakened at least twice a week," complains a neighbor near Ensenada airport, "by planes taking off at three A.M."

Authorities and locals agree that a massive amount of Mexican dope passes through the precipitous, craggy Sangre de Cristo mountain peaks that are ideal for radar-evasion maneuvers by light aircraft. The broad saddleback valleys can be converted into safe smuggler airstrips with only a couple days' slashing and burning of the scrub oak. "About the only time we ever catch them," admits a state attorney general spokesman, "is when one of their planes crashes."

Reporters from such local papers as the Rio Grande Sun say that local fuzz have numerous hair-raising stories about nearly nailing smugglers in midnight encounters, but so few busts have resulted that the whole business has a Keystone Kops flavor about it.

According to State Attorney General Tony Anaya, it's the disorderly nature of the grass-smuggling industry that hamstring the police. "Doctors, lawyers and bankers" put up the front money independently of any central smuggling syndicate, complains Anaya. Of course, very little of the imported grass remains in the state; it is transported elsewhere in vans for distribution. Since the narcs have an extremely limited "setup buy" budget, it's impossible for them to finger the big importers.

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The High and Mighty

Reggae Star Tosh Beaten by Cops In Single-Spliff Bust

Jamaican reggae star Peter Tosh ("Legalize It") was severely beaten by Kingston police after his arrest for one spliff of ganja.

Tosh was tossed into a detention tank for allegedly smoking a hand-roll on a Kingston street. After spending a night in custody, Tosh was taken to a hospital the next morning for treatment of a head wound and a broken arm. The head gash required 22 stitches to close.

Although police maintain Tosh was injured "resisting arrest," it is widely believed that the government engineered the arrest and beating as a reprisal against the singer's repeated calls for pot legalization. At the "One Love" marathon concert in Kingston's football stadium last April, Tosh began a "free ganja" chant that soon had the crowd roaring in approval. Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley, on stage with Tosh during the uproarious prodope demonstration, was reportedly deeply embarrassed by the incident. The "One Love" rally, held to show the unity of the Jamaican people, ended in discord, with security police roughing up Tosh as he attempted to leave the stage.

Tosh, currently out on bail, is expected to fully recover from his injuries. Tosh has the distinction of being the first artist to release a record on the Rolling Stones label other than the Stones themselves.

● Dr. Arnold Mandell, who first exposed the widespread use of speed in pro football a few years back, says the exceptional violence of last autumn's NFL season was in large part due to speed. Over 60 percent of pro footballers use speed, charges Mandell, with linesmen in particular dropping "up to 30 caps" before kickoff. They do this to intentionally induce a "prepsychotic paranoid rage," says Mandell, accounting for "the late hits, the fights, the unconscionable



"Legalize It" Tosh: busted in spliff bust.

assaults on quarterbacks that are ruining pro football."

● Former Montreal Alouettes halfback Al Butler was sentenced in a Quebec court to ten years for conspiracy to import 1,610 pounds of Charas hash into Canada from England last year. Butler and his girl friend, Dolores Ste. Marie, were first nailed in their Montreal flat, breaking open a case of fire extinguishers that were packed with 110 pounds of hash imported from England. RCMP narcs had been taping phone calls between Butler and another Montreal couple who had arranged the shipment.

While out on bail after this bust, the foursome arranged for another 1,500-pound shipment of hash to be packed in magnetized steel cans and attached to the hull of a freighter bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia. As they were staging a dry run of the magnetic canisters themselves, without the hash, in the St. Lawrence River, all four were busted again. In court, when Butler's lawyer charged that he was merely being a "mule" for the other couple, the judge retorted in football jargon: "Without the mules on the line, the backfield can't operate." Butler was sentenced to ten years imprisonment, Ste. Marie to two years minus one day. They were subsequently married in jail.

● The police chief of Repentigny, Quebec, has been nailed for allegedly growing 47 plants at his summer home in Lavaltrie, 45 miles north of Montreal. Chief Maurice Houle, 51, a 20-year police veteran and father of eight, was charged with possession and cultivation, along with his Lavaltrie neighbor.

● Las Vegas headliner singer/actor Joe Renteria was on the lam from an El Paso marijuana bust when he was nailed in Palm Springs, Florida, with what police called a "vial of cocaine" in his car. Cops stopped Renteria for having faulty lights on his automobile and determined that he had neither identification nor car registration. A subsequent search of the car turned up the vial of coke, and more was found at his hotel after the cops learned he had been named months before in an El Paso indictment for helping move nine tons of dope in from Colombia. An El Paso banker and a California publicity man had already been sentenced to five years in the case, while Renteria, his cousin and another man were fugitives.

● A sheriff's deputy of Pico Rivera County, California, was busted at his Norwalk home with 97 thriving pot plants.

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LSD	microdot, tile	lb	200-300
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		lb	1400-1800
		oz	350-400
		lb	3500-4200
		hit	3-4

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Connoisseur	excellent	lb	350-450
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Guerrero gold	smooth, but seedy	lb	50-90
Pueblo	good	oz	3-6
Magic mushrooms	fresh, excellent	lb	20-50
Cocaine	brown to pure white	oz	3-6
Opium	not much	lb	20-70
		oz	5-10
		lb	50-125
		gm	30-50
		oz	300-500
		lb	30-50
		oz	300-400

PANAMA

Green shake	good quality	oz	2-5
Green tops	stone as hell	lb	25-50
Red buds	sticky with resin, primo	oz	5-10
Cocaine	good, some beat in cities	lb	45-80
Magic mushrooms	in cow pastures everywhere	oz	5-10
		gram	20-30
		oz	250-400
		lb	1

PERU

Gold buds	jungle grass	oz	10
Brown buds	mountain grass	lb	70-75
Lechuga	"lettuce" pot from the coast	oz	4-5
Coca leaves	dry	oz	55
Coca paste	for smoking	oz	2-3
Cocaine	90% pure, the world's best	kilo	1.15
Quaaludes	locally produced, not very good	gm	1.50-2
		kilo	1100
		gm	5-10
		kilo	8500
		one	.20

SPAIN

Spanish griffe	good grass	oz	15-20
Moroccan hash	erratic supply	kilo	400-500
Lebanese red hash	sacks blond & red, not the best	oz	40-50
Hash oil	Moroccan dark	kilo	1000-1200
LSD	good blotter	oz	50-60
Cocaine	good to excellent	kilo	1500-1700
Quaaludes	different kinds, in quantity	liter	1200-1500
		hit	3-5
		100	200-300
		gm	80-120
		oz	1000-1500
		100	20-25
		1000	2000-2250

USA

Contiguous	tasty colas	oz	25-50
Top-grade Mexican	good brown, record crop	lb	125-275
Quality Jamaican	much	oz	30-40
Commercial Colombian	likewise	lb	125-300
Connoisseur Colombian	top stuff, scarce	oz	25-40
Seedless Colombian	precleaned, lazy man's special	lb	200-375
Colombian shake	stash only, very powerful	oz	40-50
California cannabis indica	smooth and trippy	lb	250-450
Indian hash	speckled beauties	oz	50-75
Colombian seeds	California made, mighty fine	lb	500-675
Pseudo sticks	orange "upjohns"	oz	20
Didrax ups	do-it-yourself 'ludes	lb	250
Methaqualone powder	clean, powerful	not sold	
"Downtown" heroin		oz	125-160
		lb	1000-1300
		lb	25
		oz	750-1000
		lb	2000
		single	1-1.25
		oz	500-750
		lb	7500
		gm	100-150
		oz	1500-2000

California red hair	tasty, potent, plentiful	oz	50-125
California sinsemilla	delish	lb	450-1000
Jamaican sinsemilla	spicy new breed	oz	75-100
Hawaiian Puna buds	astronomical	lb	500-1000
Moroccan hash	erratic supply	oz	50-75
Lebanese hash	dirty blond, sleepy	lb	500-850
Black Afghani hash	overpriced, fair	oz	800-1200
Nepalese hash	pressed balls, knockout	lb	75-100
Paki hash	just decent, no buy	oz	625-800
Thai sticks	the bigger, the better	one	85-120
Hawaiian	biggest crop ever	oz	1000-1400
Hash oils	more potent	gm	150-200
PCP	Afghani to honey powder, the pits	oz	1500-1800
LSD	blotter, microdot, others	hit	100-150
Mescaline	clear caps, good	100	1000-1200
Psilocybin mushrooms	available fresh, frozen, dried	oz	2-3
Peyote	fresh, available	lb	75-200
Quaaludes, 714s	rare, many "boots"	one	2-3
Cocaine	various qualities	100	1000-1500
MDA	scarce	gm	25-45
Black Beauties	beware of fakes	oz	100-250
Crystal meth	ace	gm	30
		oz	150
		one	3-5
		100	250-500
		gm	60-120
		oz	1000-2000
		gm	35-60
		hit	3-5

Alaska

Domestic	market down	oz	25-40
Regular Mexican	thin supply	lb	250-350
Cocaine	fair to good	oz	25-35
Colombian	mostly commercial	gm	250-350
		oz	100-120
		oz	1500-1750
		oz	50-100
		lb	500-700

Hawaii

Puna buds	juicy, fruity, unreal stone	oz	110-160
Kona gold	sweet and fantastic	lb	1000-1800
Mauna Loa	buds look sugar-coated	oz	100-140
Maui	big fat buds, choice high	lb	950-1600
Leper grass	Molokai export, killer buds	oz	100-130
Oahu shake	nice buzz	lb	1200-1500
Leaf sticks	big leaves	oz	100-150
High-grown seeds		lb	1000-1800
Cocaine	wide quality range	gm	75-100
Amphetamines	black beauties, white crosses	oz	1000-1500
LSD	mostly microdot and windowpane	one	20-40
Lebanese hash	light color, not bad	gm	10
Hash oil	short-term high	gm	10
Magic mushrooms	lots of fun	free	

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4

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A full-page photograph of William S. Burroughs standing on a wooden walkway of a large suspension bridge. He is wearing a light grey suit, a dark green fedora, and glasses. The bridge's stone towers and steel cables are visible in the background.

Interview

William Burroughs

After years of exile, the controversial American author of *Naked Lunch* and *Junkie* talks about Jack Kerouac, smack, out-of-body experiences, outer space, brain power, future shock, fascism and the most important novel of the '80s, his own *Cities of the Red Night*

by Victor Bockris

"I think," said Norman Mailer in 1962, when the seminal American classic *Naked Lunch* was published, "that William Burroughs is the only living American novelist who may conceivably be possessed by genius." Burroughs, who had been a heroin addict for 16 years prior to taking the apomorphine cure in London in 1956 (he has been off junk ever since), went on to become a major innovative force and literary bellwether, creating not only metaphors but living generations with minds of their own. Along with Dylan, Lennon, Jagger, Warhol (and others whom the reader's mind may suggest) he stands as one of our giants.

The great promise of Burroughs's first books and early experiments seemed marred when, as he explained in our recent conversations, he ran out of his original source materials. This is an important thing to understand if you want to understand the career of a writer, and I think it's worth going into, because William Seward Burroughs (whose grandfather invented the Burroughs adding machine) is a man who is particularly worth understanding now.

Since the enormous triumph of *Naked Lunch*, Burroughs has been criticized for writing books that have been too inaccessible or simply bad. (He has also written a number of very good books that have been widely read, such as *Junkie* and *The Wild Boys*). In his attempt to get to the front, Burroughs experimented so extremely with language that he not only went too far out but also lost contact with a large part of his audience. He also, he admits today, published books that should have remained in notebooks.

But Burroughs has come through. This began to happen when he returned to the States in 1973 after 25 years in exile (skipped bail in New Orleans after a drug bust) and rediscovered his young and growing American audience. Since then he has gone from strength to strength, giving a series of public readings across the country, lecturing and teaching at various colleges and always writing. His recently completed novel *Cities of the Red Night* (a detective story due for release presently) promises to be up there.

One of the more unusual aspects of Burroughs's career as a writer is that he didn't begin writing until he was 34 (after a few botched attempts that gave him stomach cramps), at the urging of Jack Kerouac. It is always intriguing to guess what unleashed a writer's word hoard. In Burroughs's case, it may well have been the accidental 1949 shooting death of his common-law wife, Joan Vollmer, in Mexico City. On that awful day he had found himself crying in the street; upon returning home he started drinking and suddenly told his wife it was "time for our William Tell act." The .38 misfired. There was a blinding flash: his wife was dead.

After this incident Burroughs began writing constantly. The notes that later

"Since I was 13 years old I was reading books on pharmacology and medicine. However, sick people get on my nerves."



A handsome young man about town, but dedicated to the forces of law and order.

developed into *Naked Lunch* were recorded in seedy hotels and bars across South America and finally composed in Copenhagen, Tangier, Venice and Paris.

Burroughs developed his source materials from his early experiences, some of which are flatly related in *Junkie*. In between and during being a drug addict, Burroughs was also an exterminator, bartender and private detective. Some light is shed on the side street from which he viewed life in an incident he related recently: "I remember trying to get into 21 [an exclusive Manhattan restaurant reserved for movie stars and the rich] as a private detective in order to serve a subpoena on some citizen and having to figure out a way to get past the doorman."

"As a child I wanted to be a writer because writers were rich and famous." His favorite writers are Graham Greene, Richard Hughes, Joseph Conrad, Raymond Chandler. "They lounged around Singapore and Rangoon smoking opium in yellow pongee silk suits. They sniffed cocaine in Mayfair, and they penetrated forbidden swamps with faithful native boys, smoking hashish and languidly caressing pet gazelles."

Burroughs spent his childhood in St. Louis in what he later described as "a malignant matriarchal society." The family of four lived with their English governess.

"My first literary essay was called 'The Autobiography of a Wolf.' People laughed and said, 'You must mean the biography of a wolf.' No, I meant the autobiography of a wolf and still do. There was something called 'Carl Cranbury in Egypt' that never got off the ground... 'Carl Cranbury' frozen back there on yellow lined

paper, his hand an inch from his blue steel automatic. In this set I also wrote westerns, gangster stories and haunted houses. I was quite sure that I wanted to be a writer."

From age 12 to 15, Burroughs attended the John Burroughs School. At 15 he was sent to Los Alamos Ranch School for his health. "I formed a romantic attachment for one of the boys at Los Alamos and kept a diary of this affair that was to put me off writing for many years. Even now I blush to remember its contents. During the Easter vacation of my second year, I persuaded my family to let me stay in St. Louis, so my things were packed and sent to me from the school, and I used to turn cold thinking maybe the boys are reading it aloud to each other. When the box finally arrived I pried it open and threw away everything until I found the diary and destroyed it forthwith without a glance at the appalling pages."

Burroughs went on to Harvard, where he studied English literature, living first in Adams House and then Claverly Hall. As a child his hair was blond. William Burroughs is 64 years old.

High Times: In your new novel, *Cities of the Red Night*, you write about body transference. Is this something that's actually happening?

Burroughs: I'm convinced the whole cloning book was a fraud, but it's within the range of possibilities; and there's no doubt that what you call your "I" has a definite location within the brain, and if they can transplant it, they can transplant it. In fact, what these transplant doctors are working up to is brain transplants.

High Times: Have you had any out-of-the-body experiences?

Burroughs: Who hasn't?

High Times: I'm not quite sure what they are.

Burroughs: I'll give you one right now. You're staying where?

High Times: The Lazy L Motel.

Burroughs: What does your room look like?

High Times: Standard motel double bed, rust-colored rug and...

Burroughs: You're having an out-of-the-body experience. Right now you're there.

High Times: I was standing right in the middle of the room looking around it.

Burroughs: That's good, isn't it? But dreams are also, of course...

High Times: Have you ever dreamed that you were someone else?

Burroughs: Frequently. I looked in a mirror and found that I was black. Looked down at my hands and they were still white. This is quite common. It's usually

someone I don't know. I look at my face and it's quite different, and not only my face but my thoughts. I've come in in the middle of someone else's identity, but I almost always feel more comfortable with the person I've become.

High Times: What's your greatest strength and weakness?

Burroughs: My greatest strength is to have a great capacity to confront myself about myself no matter how unpleasant. My greatest weakness is that I don't. I know that's enigmatic, but that's sort of a general formula for anyone, actually.

High Times: Do you remember the first time you ever smoked marijuana?

Burroughs: There wasn't a federal law against marijuana until 1937. You just used to be able to buy it in novelty stores and pool rooms. Purple Weed. "Best stuff I ever handled..." the guy told me. I bought some and smoked it in my room alone. I was 18 at the time. It just had a terrific effect and sent me off on laughing jags.

High Times: How did you lose your finger?

Burroughs: Oh...er...an explosion. Blew my whole hand off. See, I nearly lost the whole hand, but I had a very good surgeon and he saved the other fingers.

High Times: Was that a gun explosion?

Burroughs: No, no, no, it was, er...chemicals! Potassium chlorate and red phosphorus.

High Times: What were you doing with it?

Burroughs: Chemicals! Boys! I was 14 years old....I've had a lifelong interest in drugs and medicine and illness, and pharmacology was one of my lifelong hobbies. In fact, I took a year of medicine in Vienna. I decided not to go on with it because it was too long a period of study. And then I wasn't at all sure I'd like the actual practice of medicine. But I was always interested in diseases and their symptoms, poisons and drugs. Since I was 13 years old I was reading books on pharmacology and medicine. However, sick people got on my nerves.

High Times: I hear we can expect to have much longer life-spans quite soon.

Burroughs: There's a very interesting book on this, *The Biological Time Bomb* by Gordon Taylor. He says that the ability to prolong life to as much as 200 years is not 100 years in the future, it's 10 or 15 years. Then there comes a question: Suppose everybody's going to live that long? Where are we gonna put 'em all? We got too many people now.

Any sort of selective distribution or agency that would prolong life would, of course, be very difficult. What he points out, essentially, is that our creaky social system cannot absorb the biologic discoveries that are on the way, that being one of them. We will also be able to increase intelligence by the use of certain drugs. But then who is going to receive these drugs, who is to decide?

"There are conditions, leprosy of the eye and fish poison, where no amount of morphine does any good. In these cases heroin is a much more useful drug."

High Times: It points toward a much more controlled society.

Burroughs: I don't think it does at all. A point that Leary made, which I think is quite valid, is that Washington is no longer a center of power, it's no longer a center of anything, it's a joke. It's having less and less influence on what is actually going on. There's no necessity for somebody to control all this because the indications are that they wouldn't.

Suppose I'm a wealthy man and I hire a bunch of scientists and they discover a longevity pill. Well, I decide then what to do with it. I can give it out to all my friends, or to the scientists who made it. That's what Taylor points out, that our government could not make these decisions, so they won't be called on to make them. They won't be in charge. There's no way that the government can completely monopolize all scientific discovery. So I think we are not going to get a more controlled society. Science by its nature is very difficult to monopolize, because once something is known it becomes common knowledge in scientific quarters and anybody can do it.

High Times: Is heroin a drug that should be developed and used more?

Burroughs: Basically there's no difference between heroin and morphine. Heroin is by volume stronger, which means that it is also qualitatively stronger. Pain that no amount of codeine will alleviate can be alleviated by morphine. There probably are conditions, like leprosy of the eye and fish poison, where they can pump in any amount of morphine and it wouldn't do any good. Heroin might get it. Of course, heroin should be used more medically,

and they're thinking of legalizing the manufacture of heroin here because it's a better pain-killer than morphine and it's less nauseating. There are situations where nausea can be fatal after certain operations. In those cases heroin is a much more useful drug than morphine. It's also much more useful in terminal cancer.

High Times: What's actually causing the growing acceptance of drugs?

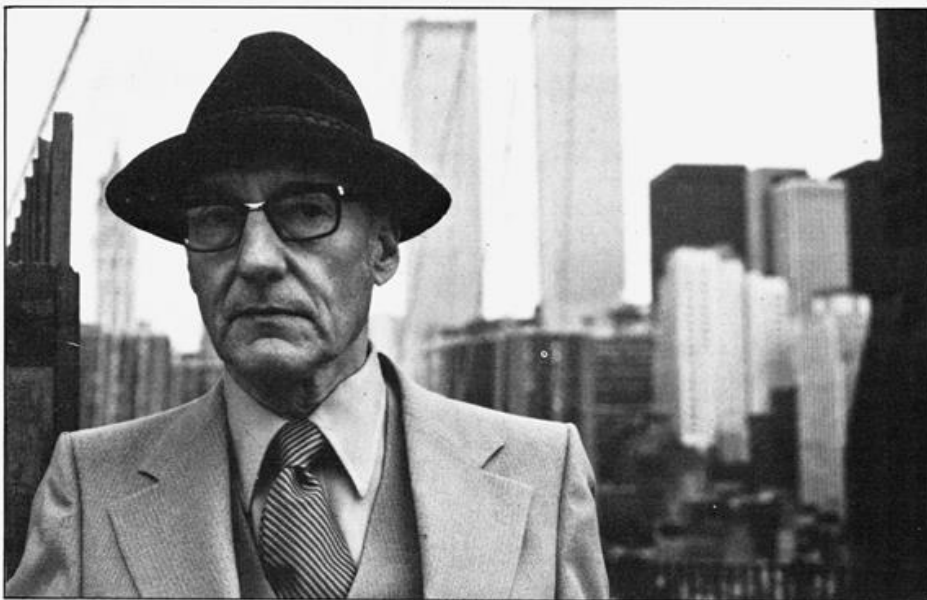
Burroughs: Less ill-informed media exposure is making the biggest difference.

High Times: What is actually going to happen?

Burroughs: They're going to legalize marijuana, and sooner or later they're going to come around to some form of heroin maintenance. Many people connected with drug enforcement actually think that there's no use going on trying to enforce an unenforceable law and that it's been as much of a failure as Prohibition. That'll make a terrific change. It would destroy the whole black market in heroin and eliminate the whole necessity for the Drug Enforcement Administration.

High Times: In the future will they really be able to make drugs to do almost anything?

Burroughs: They're well on their way. Very soon they're going to have the synthesis of endorphin. It's an opiate created by the body, 30 times stronger than morphine, which they have now extracted from the brains of animals, particularly camels, who have a very high pain threshold; and they've found that it does stop acute pain and relieves the symptoms, but it's still terribly expensive, \$3,000 a dose. It's about in the state that



Every day Burroughs walks across the Brooklyn Bridge. Nobody knows why.

"The first voices were hallucinated. Everyone was schizophrenic until 800 B.C. The voice of God came from the nondominant side of the brain."

cortisone was in when it first came out. Very expensive. But it's a question of additional research and synthesis, although it's going to take them five years to get endorphin on the market, because the fucking FDA is really crippling any kind of research. It may well solve the whole problem of addiction, because being a natural body substance it's presumably not addicting itself.

High Times: Is writing on morphine very different than on marijuana?

Burroughs: About as different as you can get. The two drugs are moving in exactly the opposite directions. A pain-killer like morphine naturally cuts down your awareness of your surroundings and whatever's going on in your physical being. You don't have much imagination when you're on morphine. It's a very factual orientation. You can write, you can do anything routine, but I feel that morphine is contraindicated to doing any kind of creative work. It's good for routine work. Doctors and lawyers can function on it, bank tellers, and it's good for writing articles. It's not good for creative writing, because it's dulling your awareness.

High Times: When you were writing *Naked Lunch* you told Jack Kerouac that you were apparently an agent for some other planet who hadn't gotten his messages clearly decoded yet. Has all your work been sent from other places and your job been to decode it?

Burroughs: I think this is true with any writer. The best seems to come from somewhere...perhaps from the nondominant side of the brain. There's a very interesting book called *The Origins of Consciousness and Breakdown of the*

Bicameral Mind, by Julian Jaynes. His theory is that the first voices were hallucinated voices, that everyone was schizophrenic up till about 800 B.C. The voice of God came from the nondominant side of the brain, and the man who was obeying these voices, to put it in Freudian terms, would have a superego and an id but no ego at all. Therefore no responsibility.

This broke down in a time of great chaos, and then you got the idea of morality, responsibility, law and also divination. If you really know what to do, you don't have to ask. Jaynes's idea was that early men knew what to do at all times; they were told, and this was coming from outside, as far as they were concerned. This was not fancy, because they were actually seeing and hearing these gods. So they didn't have anything that we call "I." Your "I" is a completely illusory concept. It has a space in which it exists. They didn't have that space, there wasn't any "I" or anything corresponding to it.

High Times: Is human nature to blame for...

Burroughs: Human nature is another figment of the imagination.

High Times: What do I mean when I say human nature?

Burroughs: You mean there is some implicit way that people are. I don't think this is true at all. The tremendous range in which people can be conditioned would call in question any such concept.

High Times: What do you believe in?

Burroughs: The idea of belief is also a meaningless proposition. What does it mean? I believe something. Okay, now you have someone who is hearing voices and believes in these voices. It doesn't

mean that they have any necessary reality. Your whole concept of your "I" is an illusion. There is no such thing. You have to have something called an "I" before you speak of what the "I" believes.

High Times: There seem to be an alarmingly large number of meaningless words polluting our language.

Burroughs: The captain says, "The ship is sinking." People say he's a pessimist. He says, "The ship will float indefinitely." He's an optimist. But this has actually nothing to do with whatever is happening with the leak and the condition of the ship. Both pessimist and optimist are meaningless words. All abstract words are meaningless. They will lump such disparate political phenomena as Nazi Germany, an expansionist militaristic movement in a highly industrialized country, together with South Africa and call them both fascism. South Africa is just a white minority trying to hang onto what they got. It's not expansionist. They're not the same phenomena at all. To call both fascist is like saying there's no difference between a wristwatch and a grandfather clock.

High Times: What was the atmosphere in New York like during the Second World War?

Burroughs: The place was full of uniforms and there were incredible amounts of money being made in any business. You just had to run a laundry or any fucking thing and you could make a fortune, because the services were all broken down. They were pulling people off the streets to get them to work in anything. It was extraordinary.

High Times: You were in Vienna in '37. Did it feel like the whole place was going to blow?

Burroughs: They knew that Hitler was coming against them.

High Times: How did people react to Hitler as a media figure?

Burroughs: Lots of people in America were pro-Hitler, and not only the rich people. My Uncle Ivy Lee used to be Hitler's PR man for the "Do Business with Germany" campaign in the late '30s. He had many conversations with Hitler, and he once said, "Hitler told me, 'I haven't got anything against the Jews.'" Old Ivy died four months after that conversation...of a brain tumor. The whole of Yorkville in New York was pro-Hitler, whole sections of Chicago were pro-Hitler.

High Times: What did they find attractive about him?

Burroughs: He was a leader whose hands weren't tied. We are governed by people whose hands are tied. "Well, I'd like to do something about... but my hands are tied."

High Times: From the perspective of your life and work through the '40s, '50s and '60s, are you surprised at the state America and Americans are in now?

Burroughs: I'd say it's about as easy a place to live in as you can find, and it's a



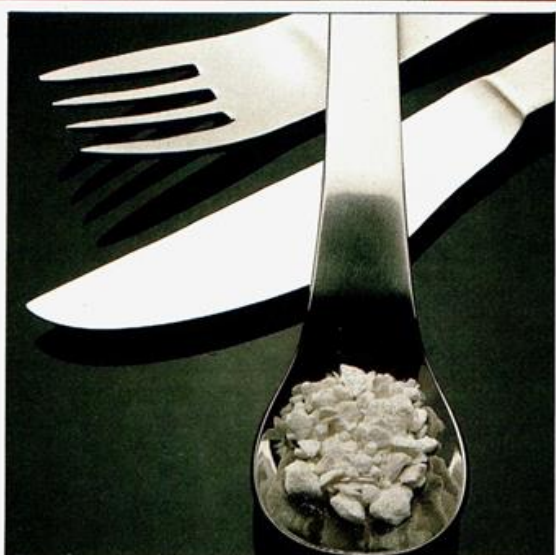
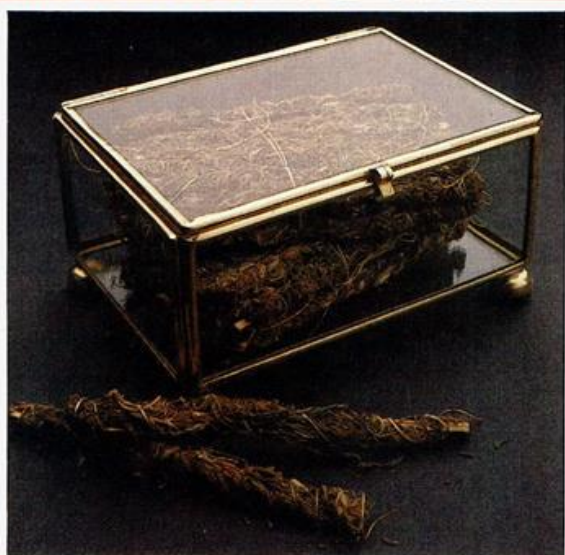
Then he walks back, obviously. Who'd want to stay?

High Times

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hell of a lot better than I would have expected. It looked like it was going to develop into a repressive police state and then that didn't happen. One of the big turning points was unquestionably Watergate. But what are Americans? We've got everything from sharecroppers to atomic physicists here, and there's certainly no uniformity in their thought processes. There's very little they have in common. In fact, Americans, should we say, have less in common than any other nationality. There are such huge differences between the rural and city environments. There are so many group and occupational differences.

High Times: Are you in favor of state, as opposed to national, government?

Burroughs: Nothing has come from the federal government except trouble and expense: Prohibition, this whole nonsense of trying to control drugs. The whole Federal Drug Administration is really crippling any kind of research. It's going to take them five years to get this endorphin on the market because of the fucking FDA, and they're working hand in glove with the big drug companies. They're really company cops of the big drug companies. So the less interference from federal bureaucracy the better. And also they're passing on laws that affect states that have completely different problems from the eastern seaboard, and they should be allowed leeway to solve their own problems.

High Times: Much of your work has been extremely condemning of the planet as a whole. Are you feeling any differently about that?

Burroughs: As far as the whole cycle of overpopulation and pollution, there is such flagrant bad management, what's being done about it is very inadequate, and that's only one problem. There are

"Communism doesn't have any idea how to change. Capitalism is flexible, and it's changing all the time."

also: proliferation of nuclear weapons, which is also a pollution problem; the problem of the whole economic system, where it's taking more and more to buy less and less. And this is a worldwide thing, it's not confined to Western culture at all. Whether there's any way of solving these problems, that's another matter. Frankly, I doubt that much will be done. Pollution has been going on a long time, but there comes a sudden point where you reach saturation. In terms of any possible hope or solution, I agree with Timothy Leary—the only possibilities are in space. In a recent talk he gave about space stations, he said, "When a place gets full to this extent, that is a sign that it's been successful and it's time to move." So he said consider these space stations. We'll have the longevity pill, so you can live 500, 600, 700 years.

So he's offering, it seems to me, the two most important things—immortality and space. He also points out that real space programs will be developed by private capital, which will be one of the best defenses for private capital, doing something really radical with their money. It seems to be a possibility within the range of modern technology. These would support rather small groups of people, and apparently one could select the setting, so there'd be worlds for bisexual vegetarians and Anita Bryant!

High Times: But there seems to be a limited amount of money to spend on space.

Burroughs: We're very near a certain point where money doesn't mean anything anyway. They say: How much money is this going to cost? This is really a totally meaningless concept. Money determines less and less our reality. See, this whole idea for example: formula—kill rich people and take their money away. Well, you kill rich people and start to take their money away and you got so much paper. It doesn't mean anything. Money is not a constant factor, it's simply a process dependent entirely on acceptance for its existence. We already see situations without money, and I think that we're coming closer and closer to it.

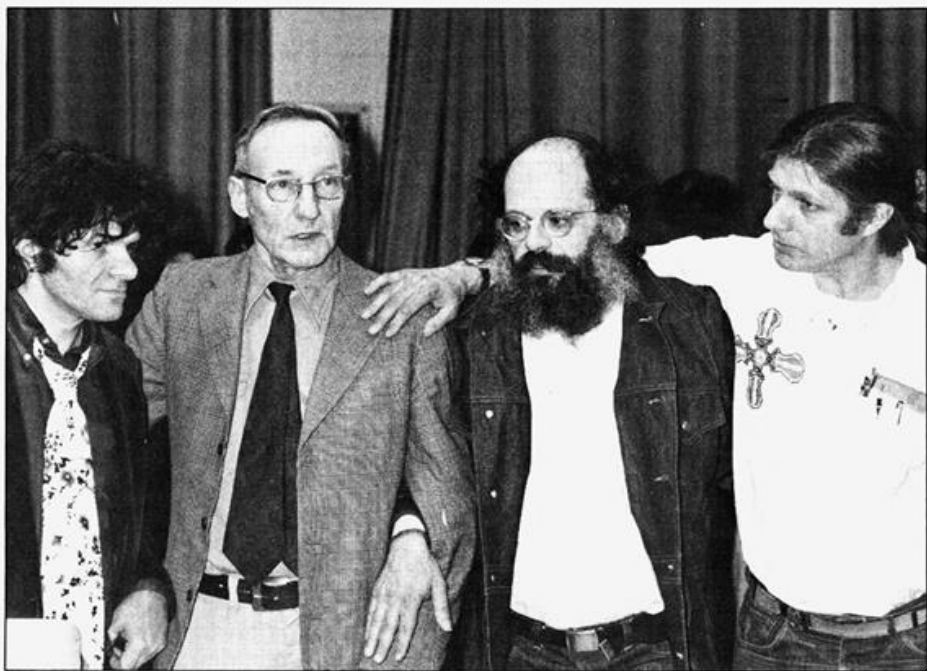
As for communism, it's a purely relative formulation growing out from capitalism. In other words, it isn't an independent new one at all, and for this reason it's less flexible and has a lower survival potential. The days of laissez-faire capitalism are completely dead, and the assumptions of nineteenth-century communism are equally dead, because they were based on laissez-faire capitalism. While there's hardly a trace of it left in capitalist countries, communism is still relating to something that's been dead for over a hundred years.

And the present-day communist clings to these outmoded concepts, refusing to acknowledge the contradictions and failures of the whole Marxist system. Communism doesn't have any idea how to change. Capitalism is flexible, and it's changing all the time, and it's changed immeasurably. Communists apparently are still asserting that they are not changing, they're following the same Marxist principles. We don't have any principles. It's an advantage.

High Times: Do you think that a great deal of conversation going on in newspapers, on television and in daily intercourse is quite meaningless?

Burroughs: Absolutely, because they're always using such generalities. There is no such entity as people. There is no such entity as Americans, there's no such entity as "most people." These are generalities. All generalities are meaningless. You've got to pin it down to a specific person doing a specific thing at a specific time and space. "People say..." "People believe..." "In the consensus of informed medical opinion..." Well, the minute you hear this, you know if the man can't pin down who he's talking about, where and when, you know you're listening to meaningless statements.

The consensus of medical opinion was that marijuana drove people insane. Well, we pinned Anslinger down on this. All he



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Photo by John Farrell

could come up with was one Indian doctor who stated that he considered the use of marijuana grounds for incarceration in a mental institution. Therefore it was proven that marijuana drove people insane. One should always challenge a generality. Police Chief Davis of Los Angeles wrote a column on pornography. He says, "Studies have shown that pornography leads to economic disaster." Someone said, "What studies? Where are studies?"

High Times: Why is writing still behind painting?

Burroughs: There was no invention that would force writers to move, corresponding to photography, which forced painters to move. A hundred years ago they were painting cows in the grass—representational painting—and it looks just like cows in the grass. Well, a photograph could do it better. Now one invention that would certainly rule out one kind of writing would be a tape recorder that could record subvocal speech, the so-called stream of consciousness. In writing we are always interpreting what people are thinking. Well, I mean it's just a guess on my part, an approximation. Suppose I have a machine whereby I could actually record subvocal speech. If I could actually record what someone thought, there'd be no necessity for me to interpret.

High Times: How would this machine work?

Burroughs: We know that the subvocal speech involves actual movement of the vocal chords, so it's simply a matter of sensitivity. There is a noise connected with subvocal speech, but we can't pick it up. They probably could do it within the range of modern technology, but it hasn't been done yet.

High Times: People absorb and repeat the words of rock songs, which makes them very effective. Do you think the printed word can become a more effective tool of communication than it is, because people do not go around reciting passages of books in their heads?

Burroughs: Yes they do.

High Times: Well, not a lot of people.

Burroughs: A lot of them don't know where what's in their heads came from. A lot of it came from books.

High Times: However, words accompanied by music tend to have a bigger effect.

Burroughs: This fits right into the bicameral brain theory. If you can get right to the nondominant side of the brain, you've got it made. That's where the songs come from that sing themselves in your head, the right side of the brain. Curiously enough, the most interesting thing about this book is all Jaynes's clinical evidence on people who've had various areas destroyed. The nondominant side of the brain can sing, but it can't talk. You can say to it: Okay, if you can't say it, sing it.

High Times: Was Kerouac the writer you felt closest to in your generation?

Burroughs: Jack suggested the title *Naked Lunch*, and he encouraged me to write



Watchful native rifleman guards the drop zone from prying eyes.

"I wouldn't say that Kerouac was particularly miserable. He had an alcohol problem. It killed him."

when I was not really interested in it. There's that. But stylistically, or so far as influence goes, I don't feel close to him at all. If I should mention the two writers who had the most direct effect on my writing, they would be Joseph Conrad and Denton Welch, not Kerouac.

High Times: Did Kerouac have all his experiences so he could write about them?

Burroughs: I'd say that he was there as a writer, and not as a brakeman or whatever he was supposed to be. He said, "I am a spy in somebody else's body. I am not here as what I am supposed to be."

High Times: Is that what ultimately made him unhappy?

Burroughs: Not at all. It's true of all artists. You're not there as a newspaper reporter, a doctor or a policeman, you're there as a writer.

High Times: He seemed to lose contact with people, so that he ended up...

Burroughs: All writers lose contact. I wouldn't say that he was particularly miserable. He had an alcohol problem. It killed him.

High Times: When was the last time you saw him?

Burroughs: 1968. I had been at the Chicago convention, and Esquire had placed at my disposal a room in the Delmonico Hotel to write the story. So then Kerouac came to see me, and he was living at that time in Lowell, and he had these big brothers-in-law, one of whom ran a liquor store and this and that, and they were shepherding him around. He was really hittin' it heavy, 'cause he got another room in the hotel and stayed overnight, and he was ordering up bottles of whisky and drinking in the

morning, which is a practice I regard with horror. So I talked to the Greek brothers... you know... "Terrible he's hittin' it like this and not doing any work..." That was the last time.

High Times: Did you have much conversation?

Burroughs: Well, he's hittin' it heavy. That was when he went on the Buckley show, and I told him, "No, Jack, don't go, you're not in any condition to go." But he did go that same night. I said, "I'm not even going to go along." Allen Ginsberg went. And they all left the next day. That was the last time I ever saw him. He was dead a year later. Cirrhosis, massive hemorrhage.

Have you ever heard of a writer called Denton Welch?

High Times: Who was that?

Burroughs: Well, he was sort of the original punk, and his father called him Punky. He was riding on a bicycle when he was 20, and some complete cunt hit him and crippled him for the rest of his life. He died in 1948 at the age of 33 after writing four excellent books. He was a very great writer, very precious.

I would like to end up here by recommending one book to *High Times* readers. *In Youth is Pleasure*, by Denton Welch. Where are you off to?

High Times: 21.

Burroughs: Does 21 still exist?

High Times: It not only exists, but unbelievably or not it has the world's greatest steak tartare Senegalese. Things you can't imagine.

Burroughs: I should prefer to sit out in a taxi and have them send dinner out to me. Dinner at 21, dear oh dear. I've never been accepted there. ■



GOD'S SECRET AGENT

RETURN WITH US TO THE GOLDEN DAYS OF ACID WHEN AUGUSTUS OWSLEY STANLEY III

"God's Secret Agent," Timothy Leary's tribute to the LSD chemists who turned on the psychedelic revolution, first appeared in *Other Scenes* in 1968. In it Leary describes his first meeting with Augustus Owsley Stanley III, the almost mythic avatar of the golden age of acid who lent his name to the finest bootleg LSD ever manufactured. For Leary—the High Priest of Acid at the time—the momentous encounter demanded serious consideration of acid's active role in the evolution of mankind, and thanks to the inspired writing Owsley comes across as clear as a hit of his own perfect acid: wizard, alchemist, millionaire and outlaw, a member of the select who are chosen to be God's secret agents.

Rosemary and I had been waiting for him for five hours. He's always and deliberately erratic about appointments. Science-fiction James Bond paranoia. Throw off police surveillance. Suddenly I could feel his presence. A telepathic hit. He really does emit powerful vibrations. A minute later his boots drummed on the walk.

He looked tired, pale, but the furry, quick animal tension was still there. Black leather sleeveless jacket. Wide-sleeved multicolored theatrical shirt. Jangling bells. The magician. The electronic wizard.

He had been up several days working in his laboratory and was coming off an acid high. He wanted to be warm.

Rosemary and I built up the fire, lit candles and fell out on a low divan. O. paced the floor in front of us. He's not tall, and he likes to stay above his listeners, higher than everyone else, moving while they rest.

STILL MADE THE FINEST ACID IN THE WORLD

BY
TIMOTHY
LEARY

He started a three-hour rap about energy, electronics, drugs, politics, the nature of God and the place of man in the Divine System. Laughing at his own brilliance, turning himself on, turning us on. Einsteinian physics and Buddhist philosophy translated into the fast, right, straight rhythm of acid-rock hip.

The television folk heroes of today are the merry outlaws of the past. The television Robin Hoods of the future, the folk heroes of the twenty-first century, will be the psychedelic-drug promoters of the 1960s. A good bet for romantic immortality is God's Secret Agent A.O.S.3—acid king, LSD millionaire, test-tube Pancho Villa—the best known of a band of dedicated, starry-eyed chemical crusaders who outwitted the wicked, gun-toting federals and bravely turned on the land of the young and the free to the electronic harmony of the future.

In the daily press the Reagans and Romneys merit the adulatory headlines. The O.'s, if mentioned at all, are de-

nounced as sordid criminals. But the simple truth is that the Reagans and Romneys will soon be forgotten. Can anyone remember which Republicans were struggling for the nomination in 1936?

The mythic folk heroes of our times will be the psychedelic drug outlaws, the science-fiction Johnny Appleseeds who build secret laboratories, scrounge the basic chemicals, experiment, experiment, experiment to develop new ecstasy pills, who test their homemade sacraments on their own bodies and the flesh of their trusting friends, who distribute the precious new waters of life through a network of dedicated colleagues, forever underground, hidden, as the mysteries have always been hidden from the hard-eyed agents of Caesar, Pharaoh, Herod, Pope Paul, Napoleon, Stalin, Johnson and J. Edgar Hoover.

For the last seven years I have watched with admiration these LSD frontiersmen, the Golden Bootleggers, manufacture and pass on the sacraments. Laughing, wild-eyed, visionary alchemists who seek nothing less than the sudden mind-blowing liberation of their fellow man.

First, of course, there was reluctant Albert Hofmann, of Sandoz, the staid involuntary agent mysteriously selected to give LSD to the human race. But this much I have heard. His first LSD trips were deep, revelatory religious experiences. The establishment press tries to tell us that Hofmann's first sessions were accidental and frightening and freaky. The facts are that Hofmann, a spiritual man, grasped immediately the implications of his discovery and initiated a high-level ethical, gentleman's conspiracy of philosophically minded scientists to disseminate LSD for the benefit of the human

The television folk heroes of today are the merry outlaws of the past. The television Robin Hoods of the future will be the psychedelic-drug promoters of the '60s.

race. His tactical mistake (if, indeed, he made one) was to work through the established profusions, failing to see that a complete revision of social form would necessarily follow the use of his discovery.

Rosemary had made tea and put a red sanctuary light on the gold-framed madonna. O. paced in front of us like a newly caged animal. (Rosemary, what kind of animal is O.? Oh, he's furry, warm, nervous, whiskers twitching, ears alert, carnivorous but gentle. Like a squirrel,

but bigger. Perhaps a badger or a raccoon. They are very intelligent.)

O. preaching: Oh man, how beautifully it all fits together Dig, the first atomic fission occurred in December 1942.

Is that the one in the Chicago squash court?

Yeah. Now dig. The Van Allen belt is a thick blanket of electronic activity protecting this planet. What is the earth? A core of molten metals, covered by a thick layer of soft, vulnerable, organic tissue. Life nibbling away, nibbling away at the rock beneath. All life on this planet is a

delicate network unified. Each living form feeding on the others. And being eaten. The Van Allen belt is the higher intelligence, protecting earth from lethal solar radiation, and it's in touch with every form of living intelligence on the earth—vegetable, animal, human.

I laughed. O., you are so orthodox. Our Father who art in Heaven above! I pointed upwards. He really is up there, huh? Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in the Van Allen belt!

O. didn't stop to acknowledge my comment. Somehow he records neurologic-

BEAR AKA AUGUSTUS OWSLEY STANLEY III

WILL OWSLEY TAKE HIS SECRET WITH HIM?

Augustus Owsley Stanley III was born on January 22, 1935, in Arlington, Virginia. His father, Augustus Owsley Stanley II, was a government attorney (now retired), and his grandfather, the first Augustus Owsley Stanley, was a governor of Kentucky and a United States senator.

Owsley attended the Charlotte Hall School in Arlington, where, according to the headmaster, "he was almost like a brain child. . . tremendously interested in science." However, Owsley's progress at Charlotte Hall was cut short in the ninth grade when despite his excellent academic record he was "dismissed for intoxication and bringing intoxicating beverages on campus," in 1949.

His parents put him in another well-respected school, the Woodward School in Washington, D.C., and a year later he transferred to Washington & Lee High School, a public school in Arlington. He never graduated.

At the age of 18, Owsley dropped out of high school, severing all family ties, and enrolled in the University of Virginia's School of Engineering. He left the university after one year and entered the air force in June 1956, serving a year and a half at Edwards Air-Force Base in Riverside, California, where he received training in electronics.

After receiving an honorable discharge from the air force, Owsley moved to Los Angeles, where he worked at a dozen broadcasting and engineering jobs, each of which he held no longer than two or three months, at other times living on unemployment. In 1961 he married a woman from La Canada, California, in Tijuana and divorced her shortly after the birth of their child. After getting caught passing \$645 worth of bad checks, Owsley left L.A. and moved to the San Francisco Bay Area.

At this point Owsley met a mysterious character known only as John the Chemist, the first man to make bathtub LSD, and he's the guy who taught Owsley how to make acid. Together they made several batches of LSD before each went different ways, John the Chemist to Europe and Owsley, in 1963, to U.C. Berkeley. He stayed one semester then dropped out with bad grades.

At Berkeley, Owsley met Melissa Cargill, a chemistry major who provided invaluable lab assistance to Owsley, who had never taken a single chemistry course. They moved into a vacant store-

front at 1647 Virginia Street, near the Berkeley campus. From a makeshift lab set up in the bathroom, Owsley began an ambitious production schedule that soon began netting him enormous profits.

On February 21, 1965, police obtained a warrant, raided the place and confiscated lab equipment and nine bottles of liquid they presumed to be Methedrine, which is illegal. However, upon analysis the solutions turned out to be LSD or chemicals on their way to becoming LSD, which wasn't controlled by any law at the time. The police had no choice but to drop the charges. Owsley and his lawyer, Arthur Harris, then vice-mayor of Berkeley, presented the embarrassed state with a court order demanding the return of the chemical solutions and all his lab equipment.

Owsley moved his operation to a house at 2205 Lafler Road in Los Angeles. Even though LSD wasn't illegal, to purchase lysergic acid monohydrate, the raw product, you had to sign a release stating that the chemicals were to be used for research purposes only. To this end, Owsley began restocking his chemical supplies through a fictitious corporation called Bear Research Group with a phony address on Sunset Boulevard. The name "Bear Research" was an inside joke, because Bear had long been Owsley's nickname; a Grateful Dead album he produced was even named *Bear's Choice*.

Owsley began purchasing huge quantities of lysergic acid monohydrate in Los Angeles. In March, Owsley paid \$20,000 in hundred-dollar bills to Cycle Chemical Corp., 1922 East 24th Street, Los Angeles, for 500 grams of monohydrate and later purchased an additional 300 grams from International Chemical and Nuclear Corp., 13332 East Amar Road, City of Industry, California. He obtained his first shipment of raw acid on March 30, 1965.

It was at one of Ken Kesey's Acid Tests that Owsley first heard the Warlocks, a band that one day would epitomize the San Francisco acid-rock sound as the Grateful Dead. Owsley became the band's biggest fan and soon began buying the Dead expensive P.A. equipment and generally acting as financial angel toward them.

Both the California and federal acid laws are indirectly due to Owsley's notorious activities.

Captain Alfred W. Trembly, head narcotics agent for L.A., named both Owsley and Melissa as "clandestine backyard chemists" who had produced "between 200,000 and 1,000,000 capsules of LSD" in his testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Narcotics in Washington, D.C. While more knowledgeable sources place Owsley's production figures up to 1966 at closer to ten million pills, subcommittee chairman Senator Thomas Dodd was impressed with Trembly's conservative estimate. Laws controlling LSD—its use, possession, sale and manufacturing—went into effect in May 1966. About this time Owsley smuggled an acid-soaked Bible into the Berkeley jail, to cheer up the imprisoned Free Speech Movement members.

In September 1967, William Powell, a black drug dealer known in the Haight as "Superspade," was murdered by being shot in the head and stabbed in the heart while carrying \$50,000 to make a raw-acid buy. Marin County Deputy Sheriff Sidney Stinson made a public appeal for Owsley to come forward and help the police with any information he might have. When Owsley failed to appear, Mary Crawford, an Examiner reporter, went over to Owsley and Melissa's brick cottage in Berkeley.

Crawford, who had never met the Bear, took along with her Owsley's mug shots from the 1965 bust and his police description. The man who answered the door said his name was Robert Thompson, but he matched Owsley's description perfectly: five-seven, brown hair, brown eyes, weight 140, the tips of two fingers on the right hand and one on the left missing.

"Owsley's out of the country and won't be back," he told her. "Besides, Owsley couldn't know anything that would help the police with the Superspade murder case because he's been out of the country so long."

"I'm sorry I can't help you find him," Thompson/Owsley said. "You might try the Grateful Dead. Owsley patronized the Dead two years ago in Los Angeles. He's sort of a megalomaniac, and he and the Grateful Dead parted."

"And I'll tell you something. Owsley's been out of business a long time—ever since they made acid illegal," the man claimed.

At this time, Owsley was still making ounces of

ally what I say and reprograms it and prints it back out to me in endless tapes of electronic poetry, but O. never listens.

Now dig, the Supreme Intelligence sees that man has rediscovered atomic energy. Wow! We gotta stop those cats before they disrupt the whole living network. The only thing DNA fears is radiation. That's why the Van Allen belt is there.

OK, now get this. Four months after the first fission Hofmann accidentally, ha ha, rediscovers LSD, which is now psychoactive.

Rediscovers?

Yeah, man. Actually, Hofmann first synthesized LSD in 1938, but it gave no hit. No turn-on. Now why is it that Hofmann handles LSD in 1938 and nothing happens and then in 1943, three months after atomic energy is released, he puts his finger on lysergic acid and gets flipped out? What happened? Did Hofmann suddenly get careless? Or had LSD suddenly been changed into a psychedelic chemical? Competent chemists just don't change their handling compounds. Hofmann's techniques are standard.

O.'s eyes are dancing and he's laughing,

and his hands and body are moving. He was a ballet dancer once, before he started making drugs.

Now dig. The atomic fission in December 1942 changed the whole system of energy in this solar system. The higher intelligence decides to make a few simple changes in the electronic structure of some atoms and ZAP! we have LSD, an incredibly powerful substance that is the exact antidote to atomic energy. People take LSD and FLASH! They get the message and start putting things back in harmony with the Great Design. Stop



LSD, and to avoid police surveillance he had set up a mobile acid laboratory in the back of a van that he moved all around the country. Four days before Christmas 1967, the big bust finally happened. Late in the evening of December 21, 13 federal Drug Enforcement agents raided a secluded three-story residence at 69 La Espiral Avenue in suburban Orinda, California. Six agents knocked on the front door and then tore it down with a sledgehammer. The agents found Owsley, Melissa, Robert W. Massey, William A. Spires, Robert D. Thomas, 217 grams of LSD and 261 grams of STP, plus all the lab equipment. Owsley, who had been moving all around the country trying to elude the police, couldn't believe it. "How did they find me?" he asked. He soon learned that he had been under surveillance since his 1965 bust.

On the way down to the station, Owsley stressed to the agents that he kept his formulas for drugs to rigid Food and Drug Administration specifications. "I make only the purest acid, for my family and friends," he was quoted as saying.

Released on \$20,000 bail, Owsley began a series of legal moves that delayed the start of his trial for over 21 months. But one month later, on January 24, 1968, Owsley flew down to L.A. with a friend, Jessie L. Clifton. On February 21, Owsley was charged with selling 500 hits of acid to an undercover agent at the L.A. airport on that trip. After a short trial, Owsley was found not guilty on December 18, 1968, when it was learned that Clifton had made the actual sale.

The trial for the big Orinda bust finally opened on September 30, 1969. Stanley wore a "natty" green whipcord suit and scuffed cowboy boots. He sported a walrus mustache and pulled his hair back into a ponytail. During court recesses Owsley avoided reporters.

"He would not pose for pictures or discuss the case," said San Francisco Chronicle reporter Maitland Zane. "In fact, he snapped at newsmen who asked him questions. Quite seriously, he claimed to be an illusion of the media."

"You mean to say you're a figment of my imagination?" Zane asked him outside the courtroom.

"That's right," he said, and stalked away unhappily.

Owsley was found guilty of three drug charges on October 10, 1969, and on November 8, 1969,

Owsley was fined \$3,000 and given a three-year federal prison sentence. However, he was allowed to post \$25,000 bail pending the outcome of an appeal of the convictions.

Less than two weeks after his conviction, Owsley was cited for robbery at the San Francisco airport.

What happened was this: Michael T. Lee, an enlisted man in the air force, was draining the dragon in the airport men's room. Owsley and an unidentified man walked in and told Lee that they were in the process of burning draft cards. Lee did his best to ignore them, but when he tried to leave, the pair attacked and robbed him of \$20. "Pay attention to people the next time they talk to you," Lee was admonished by one of the men dressed in a red, white and blue shirt and bell-bottoms.

Police searched every plane at the airport until they found the man who matched Lee's description. He was on the Grateful Dead's TWA flight to L.A. And it was none other than Owsley Stanley, who identified himself as "sound manager" for the Grateful Dead.

On January 31, 1970, Owsley was arrested again for possession with 19 others in the famous New Orleans bust of the Grateful Dead. When the police asked Owsley who he was, he said "the king of LSD" and held out his wrist for the cuffs.

On July 16, 1970, Owsley was popped in Oakland with Bob Matthews and Betty Cantor, the entire Grateful Dead sound crew. He was released on \$10,000 bail, but six days later federal judge L.H. Burke called him "a danger to the community." He revoked the \$35,000 bail (\$10,000 for the Oakland bust plus the \$25,000 for the appeal of his federal convictions) and denied Owsley's appeal to the United States Supreme Court as "frivolous."

Having exhausted his appeals, Owsley was sent to Terminal Island Federal Penitentiary in California to serve his three-year sentence. Their reports show he "produced musicals." He was paroled in December 1972 after serving two and one-half years.

Out of jail, Owsley started hanging out and recording with Hot Tuna, an electric blues band that grew out of the old Jefferson Airplane. He also began recording Old and In the Way, a bluegrass band formed by Jerry Garcia in 1973.

Four months out of jail, Owsley was back in

court again on April 26, 1973, this time indicted as part of a worldwide conspiracy to sell LSD.

According to the government, Owsley and two of his proteges, Nicholas Sand and Timothy Scully, had operated laboratories in California, Missouri and Belgium. These labs supplied acid to the Hell's Angels and the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, an organization described by the government as "the dealing arm of Tim Leary's League for Spiritual Discovery," between 1967 and 1971. Profits from these labs went into fictitious-name bank accounts. Government prosecutors even indicted Hell's Angels leader Terry the Tramp and founder of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love John Murl Griggs, who had both died of drug overdoses by that time.

The key government witness in this case was William Mellon Hitchcock, heir to the Gulf Oil and U.S. Steel fortunes. Billy Hitchcock, said government prosecutors, "had the ability to launder money through foreign bank accounts." Billy Hitchcock, said the defendants' attorneys, was a "lackey who liked to lick the spoons at the acid labs." Billy Hitchcock testified, in exchange for immunity, that he had assisted Sand and Owsley in setting up bank accounts in the Bahamas and Switzerland.

This led to two charges of income-tax evasion in 1967-68. IRS records showed that Owsley had made deposits of \$239,000 at the Fiduciary Trust Co., Ltd., in the Bahamas, and the Paravinci Bank, Ltd., in Switzerland, under the name Robin Goodfellow—and thereby avoided paying \$142,176 in income tax.

Owsley pleaded guilty and on March 30, 1974, was fined \$5,000. He couldn't come up with the five grand, and the judge, taking into account that Owsley had just been released from prison, gave him 90 days to raise the fine.

Since then Owsley has managed to stay out of jail and the newspapers. The only place you ever see his name these days is on the back of an occasional album cover. Every once in a while, he's seen backstage at a Hot Tuna or Grateful Dead concert saying, "Wanna get electric?" He does not talk to reporters.

-BY MARK SALTICH

Hofmann first made LSD in 1938, but it gave no hit. Why, in 1943, three months after atomic energy is first released, does he put acid on his finger and flip out?

war. Wear flowers. Conservation. Turning on people to LSD is the precise and only way to keep war from blowing up the whole system.

Hofmann's plan was to persuade square psychiatrists and medical researchers to use LSD. But, of course, it never happens that way. The respectable researchers were afraid. They didn't get the point. So the first far-out, messianic apostle-alchemist of the psychedelic age was a rum-drinking, snake-oil-fundamentalist-bible-belt-salesman type named Al Hubbard. Like O., Al Hubbard is a legendary, behind-the-scenes operator whose brilliance was deliberately shielded behind a veil of rumor. This much is known. In the 1950s Al Hubbard was turned on to LSD and got the message at once. He had made money in uranium mining during the '40s and saw the connection right away. (Do you?) Then this incredible shaman playing the role of an uneducated, coarse, blustering, Roman Catholic hillbilly boozier proceeded to turn on several dozen top sophisticated scientists and show them the sacramental meaning of LSD.

When the medical associations complained about nonmedics dispensing drugs, Al chuckled and bought a doctor's degree from a diploma store in the South for \$50 and as Doctor Tongue-in-cheek Hubbard was accepted admiringly by psychiatrist Osmond, scientist Hoffer, and Aldous Huxley and philosopher Heard and even Sidney Cohen of UCLA. Al Hubbard was the first psychedelic tactician to see that supply-control of the drug would be a key issue in the future, so he kept up a mysterious schedule of procurement-distribution flights. East Coast—West Coast—East Europe—West Europe, bargaining, wheedling, swapping to build up the first underground supply of the most precious substance the world has ever known. The current retail price of LSD, \$20,000 to \$50,000 a gram. A million dollars an ounce.

Hubbard's plan was to have a chain of medically approved LSD clinics throughout the country. It was a brilliant utopian-American-businessman stroke of genius and would have, among other things, ended the threat of war on this planet, but Hubbard failed to realize that spiritual revelations and Buddhist ecstasies were the last thing that the medical associations and government bureaus were going to approve, and the International Founda-

tion for Advanced Studies, his pilot clinic in Menlo Park, California (which turned on several hundred of the most influential people in the San Francisco Bay Area), was ruthlessly closed by the FDA in spite of its impressive psychiatric and medical credentials. So Al Hubbard dropped out, disappeared and was reincarnated in the new form of Dr. Spaulding.

It was a gray, cold, winter day in 1962. Dick Alpert and I took the day off from Harvard and flew in Dick's plane to New York. Dick's father was president of the New Haven Railroad, and the cop under Grand Central saluted as we got into the huge black Cadillac, with the license plate NHRR, which was equipped with two-way radio and an extra set of wheels to run on tracks. We headed south to visit a chemical factory. Going through the waterfront-mafia section of Jersey City, I had to laugh. Two Harvard professors driving in a black limousine through the dark slum-city to score drugs that would change the world.

In the wood-paneled conference room of Sandoz Laboratories the top pharmaceutical executives laughed uneasily. We are a medical drug house. How can we market an ecstasy pill to be used by God seekers? The vice-president grinned. Let's say LSD isn't a drug. Let's call it a food and bottle it like Coca-Cola! The company lawyer's reflex frowned. As a food it still must be licensed by the FDA, and they think medical.

The conference was a failure. They were sympathetic but weren't going to lose their AMA-FDA respectability by releasing LSD to the public. We shook hands, and Dick said, "Well, gentlemen, we'll have to do your marketing for you." And we all laughed.

One of the crew-cut executives escorted us down to the car. On the elevator he suddenly pulled a pill bottle out of his pocket and shoved it in my hand. "I've taken LSD. I know what's happening. Here's five grams. Don't say where you got it. Use it wisely."

By this time (1962) we had set up a loose but effective distribution system for free LSD. A university psychologist in the Midwest. A God-intoxicated businessman in Atlanta. A few God-loving ministers and rabbis. David Solomon, at that time editor of the jazz magazine *Metro-nome*. Allen Ginsberg. Dozens of holy psychiatrists. All giving psychedelics to

people they knew were ready for the trip. A responsible network of friends.

Every time our supplies would run low a new shaman-alchemist would appear.

Like Bernie and Barnie, the flipped-out desert holy men who had been taking the peyote trip with the Indians for years and writing crazy brilliant illiterate books on telepathy and accelerated learning through LSD. Bernie claimed to have mastered the German language in two acid sessions. They had learned how to make LSD, which they distributed in rubber-stopped bottles, a strange brown elixir with curious green seaweed strands. They sold the sacrament at bargain rates to dozens of famous people in California before they were treacherously betrayed to the feds. They didn't get along well with their defense attorneys and built their case around an insane plot to get the judge and jury to taste their brew, which would have revolutionized jurisprudence forever. But the judge recoiled in horror and gave them 19-year sentences, which they jumped. God be with you, beloved guides, wherever you are.

Sometime later (the exact date must be kept vague) I was lecturing in a college town. A note to my hotel. Please call a Dr. Spaulding. Urgent. Had to see me after the lecture.

He was a distinguished-looking man in his '50s. One of the ten leading chemists in the country. Big-boned, handsome, jolly, athlete-scholar type.

He drove his car with strange jungle caution, checking the rearview mirror, doubling around blocks. He drove to the middle of a deserted supermarket parking lot and stopped the car. Cloak and dagger. He came right to the point. He had taken LSD several times. He knew what it would do. He also knew that the government was alarmed. A lot of high-level people had turned on and knew that LSD was a religious experience. But they were worried. Big power struggle over control of drugs in Washington. The Narcotics Bureau of the Treasury Department wanted to keep all drugs illegal, to step up law enforcement, add thousands of T-men, G-men and narcs to the payroll. On the other hand the medics and scientists in the government wanted the FDA to handle all drugs including heroin, pot, LSD. Make it a medical matter. Would I make a deal? Would I tell the FDA all I knew about the black market and smash the underground distribution of LSD? If I cooperated, I'd be guaranteed research

They have to stop this wild man with jingling bells or he'll turn on the world. O.'s Christmas acid could have stopped the Vietnam War.

approval to use LSD. We have to help the FDA get control of the drugs. Then marijuana and LSD would be legal for licensed use. But we had to keep the kids from getting LSD or the hard-line-cop faction in Washington would get the anti-LSD legislation they wanted. If I didn't cooperate, I'd be busted.

I looked at him and laughed. Not a chance. This is a country of free citizens. LSD and marijuana are none of the government's business to give or take away. If it's a choice, I'd rather have the kids using LSD than the doctors. Kids are holier. And if it's a choice between becoming a government informer or get busted, I'll go to jail.

Dr. Spaulding laughed knowingly. O.K. I had to make the offer, but I knew you wouldn't scare. But you should know that a big government crackdown is coming. All the sources of LSD will be sealed off. You'd better stock up. How much do you have on hand now?

Not much. A few thousand doses.

How much LSD can you use?

I looked at him in surprise. He starts out like a fed and now he's offering me acid.

He saw my look and started to explain. A few of us saw this coming several years ago. We started stockpiling the raw lysergic-acid base. We have the largest supply of LSD in the world. More than Sandoz, more than Red China, more than our defense department. We want to give it away to responsible people who won't try to profit by it and who can get it out to the people. O.K. How much can you distribute in one year?

The scene was surrealistic. This famous, eminently respectable professor offering to set us up with unlimited supplies of acid. It was hard to keep from laughing. I asked him one question. Why?

Oh you know why, Tim. Can you see any hope for this homicidal, neurologically crippled species other than a mass religious ecstatic convulsion? O.K. How much do you want?

We can get rid of 200 grams in a year. That's two million doses. Dr. Spaulding nodded. Fine. You'll receive a four-year supply—1,000 grams in the next few weeks. Each package will contain 100 grams of LSD powder. Get scales to put it in doses. Keep it sterile. Alcohol or even vodka. Dilute it down. If you can't get a pill machine, dilute it down and drop it on sugar cubes.

He started the car and drove back to my hotel. How many people are you distrib-

uting to this way? Not many, he answered. In chemistry, every process has to develop at its own natural tempo. We have enough LSD stored now to keep every living American turned on for several years.

That was the only time I met Dr. Spaulding. A week later the acid began arriving at Millbrook—in brown manila envelopes and hollowed-out books mailed from different cities throughout the country. In hardly any time at all we had given away ten million doses.

It was ten in the evening by now. Rosemary and I were starved. O. was still too high to be hungry, but he was responding telepathically to our stomach pangs. Organic matter nibbling the granite. Galaxies feeding each other

O., do us a favor and don't mention eating, O.K.? We haven't had supper yet.

O. was spinning us along an epic-poem trip through the levels of creation. He can really tell it. I've studied with the wisest sages of our times—Huxley, Heard, Lama Govinda, Sri Krishna Prem, Alan Watts—and I have to say that A.O.S.3, college flunk-out, who never wrote anything better (or worse) than a few rubber checks, has the best up-to-date perspective of the Divine Design.

To begin with, he begins where they all begin, at the beginning. He had taken the full LSD trip, hurled down through his cellular reincarnations, disintegrated beyond life into pulsing electron grids, whirled down beyond atomic form to that unitary center that is one, pure, radiant humming vibration. Yin. Yin. Yin. Yang. Yang. Yang.

O.'s face was glowing and he was screaming that full-throated God cry that was torn from the lungs of Moses and shrieked by San Juan de la Cruz and which Rosemary and I heard most recently just after our sunrise wedding on the desert mountaintop near Joshua Tree bellowed by the bone-tissue blood trumpet of Ted Marckland—the eternal, unmistakable cry of the man who has heard God's voice and shouted back in joyous, insane acceptance. If you've ever opened your ears to anyone who has surrendered wide-eyed to the sound of God you know what I mean.

O. shook his head and laughed. I can't say it in words. God, man, I've got to learn a musical instrument so I can really say what it sounds like.

Yes, O. carries the official stamp on his skin's passport that he has been where all

the great mystics have been—that point where you see it all and hear it all and know it all belongs together. But how can you describe an electronic rhythm of which five billion years of our planetary evolution is just one beat? O. is in the same position as every returned visionary—grabbing at ineffective words. But check O.'s prophetic credentials. High native intelligence coupled with a photographic memory. Solid grasp of electronics. Absorbed biological texts. Knows computer theory. Has hung out with the world's top orientalists and Hindu scholars. Has lived with and designed amplifiers for the farthest-out rock band. As a sniffing, alert, inquisitive mammal of the twentieth century he has poked his quivering, whiskered nose into all the dialects and systems by which man attempts to explain and divine.

Throughout history the alchemist has always been a magical awesome figure. The potion. The elixir. The secret formula. Experimental metaphysics. Those old alchemists weren't really trying to transmute lead to gold. That's just what they told the federal agents. They were actually looking for the philosopher's stone, the waters of life. The herb, root, vine, seed, fruit, powder that would turn on, tune in and drop out.

And every generation or so, someone would rediscover the key. And the key is always chemical. Consciousness is a chemical process. Learning, sensing, remembering, forgetting are alterations in a biochemical book. Life is chemical. Matter is chemical.

O.'s bells jingling as he gesticulates. Everything is hooked together with electrons. And if you study how electrons work, you learn how everything is hooked up. You are close to God. Chemistry is applied theology.

The alchemist-shaman-wizard-medicine man is always a fringe figure. Never part of the conventional social structure. It has to be. In order to listen to the shuttling, whispering ancient language of energy (long faint sighs across the millennia) you have to shut out the noise of the marketplace. You flip yourself out deliberately. Voluntary holy alienation. You can't serve God and Caesar. You just can't.

That's why the wizards who have guided and inspired human destiny by means

(continued on page 83)

STUP



(ESPECIALLY

IP TV



COP SHOWS)



AN IN-DEPTH SURVEY OF TODAY'S SUPERFICIALITY

On a recent "Starsky and Hutch" episode, the blond one who sings is fiendishly abducted by a band of thugs who want to know the whereabouts of his latest flame, an ex-hooker whom the head hood desires for his own dark purposes.

Not in a singing mood, Hutch withstands a series of savage beatings, refusing to offer so much as a word or even to hum a few bars. Understandably annoyed, the chief thug orders his henchmen to get the laconic cop "hung up on horse." A spike is promptly produced, the command carried out, and soon a strung-out Hutch is compliantly crooning away.

While a worried Starsky searches for his missing mate with the aid of Huggy, their funky black informer friend, Hutch—now sporting what looks like monster-movie makeup, replete with facial scars and black eye circles—grovels on the floor of the hoods' hideout, begging the bad guys for a fix. They, in turn, make light of his condition and then take off to

BY J.J. KANE

The venerable "Mod Squad" elevated to superhero status a trio of dope dealers turned finks in order to exploit youthful audiences.

snatch his girl friend. Since budgetary restrictions prohibit the hiring of a moon or reasonable lunar facsimile, Hutch is left howling at the door.

Meanwhile, back at the station house, Starsky is getting nowhere at breakneck speed. All investigative roads lead to the proverbial dead end, and not even his alkie informer friend at the local lowlife saloon can provide a solid clue as to Hutch's present fate. He has clearly reached wit's end—a brief but frustrating journey that leaves him pounding the precinct wall.

No longer in need of Hutch's lyric services, the hoods decide to dump him in the nearest river. Our hooked but ever-resourceful hero cleverly escapes en route, however, and is reunited with his grateful partner, who guides him through an agonizing cold-turkey treatment in Huggy's sleazy pad. (Hutch expresses said agony by overturning small household items and speaking rudely to Starsky.) Following the inevitable car chase and shoot-out, Starsky and his fully recovered crony rescue the by now bikini-clad damsel from the hoods' clutches. A poignant epilogue sees Hutch tearfully shed his once-shady lady friend for the fellow peace officer he truly loves, and the episode ends with a fraternal freeze frame that catches the boys relievedly exchanging sympathetic smirks. Cut, print and stay tuned for "Streets of San Francisco."

If the above story line strikes you as at least moderately stupid, it's probably because there's no good reason why it should strike you any other way. In that single episode, the series' producers neatly incorporated almost every addled cliché of the typical show: heroic fuzz, evil thugs, noble informers, dangerous drugs, lowlife bars, sleazy pads, shady ladies glimpsed briefly in bikinis, high-speed car chases through busy urban streets and pulse-quickening climactic

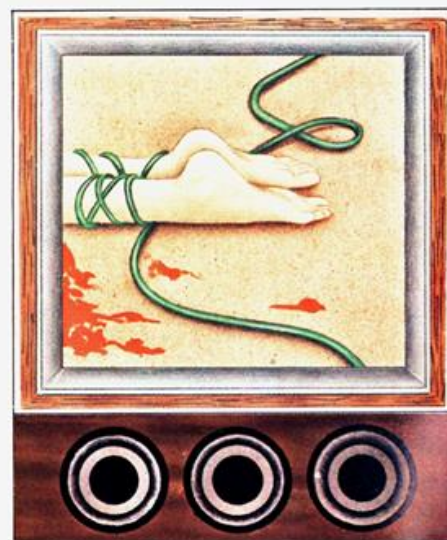
gunplay. If it all sounds inordinately familiar as well, this too should arrive as no great surprise. Even the junkie-cop riff was lifted whole from the film *The French Connection II*.

Of course, the supercop syndrome—and all its attendant inanities—is not exactly new. The genre's been flourishing on the home screen ever since Joe Friday put in his first request for "the facts, just the facts" back in 1952. Today's fictional fuzz may be more cynical and street-wise (or at least back-lot-wise) than their less funky forebears, but they're not only pushing the same reactionary values but doing so even more seditiously. By copping the gritty facades worn by the celluloid incarnations of such celebrated real-life lawmen as Eddie "Popeye" Doyle Egan (*The French Connection*) and the Robert Hantz-David Greenberg "Batman and Robin" team (*The Super Cops*), Starsky, Hutch, Kojak and company add a touch of surface "realism" to their antics while continuing to enthusiastically extol the time-honored joys of shooting, beating and violating the ill-gotten constitutional rights of alleged perpetrators in the name of protecting a vulnerable public from the forces of evil. Those forces, it's repeatedly emphasized, include not only your criminal elements but their indefatigable defenders: liberal media, defense attorneys, lax parole boards and judges and juries afflicted with terminal cases of coronary hemophilia—agencies whose sole collective aim is to make the streets unsafe for good and decent citizens by handcuffing even better and more decent police.

Indeed, the current supercop shows seem even more obsessed than their predecessors by "the system's" determination to shield marauding miscreants from the drastic fates they so sorely deserve. At the same time, they go out of their way to portray the series' heroes as compassionate, open-minded men.

A recent "Streets of San Francisco" episode, for example, initially focuses on dedicated dick Mike Stone's (Karl Malden) enlightened relationship with his visiting college daughter, who's not only permitted to call him Mike but to freely discuss her plans to "make the living-together scene" with her campus beau. Her visit is quickly and seriously marred, however, by the unexpected intrusion of a psycho rapist-killer—recently sprung by a typically bleeding-heart parole board—who's out to get Stone for having put him away some 12 years earlier.

The killer immediately makes his psychopathic presence felt by brutally offing



the daughter's girl friend then making menacing overtures to her. Stone knows full well the culprit's identity but is unable to act because of the system's petty insistence on material evidence. (Said system should only be as "softhearted" as these shows accuse.) At episode's end, Stone saves both daughter and self from the killer's designs, returns him to the slammer, then wonders aloud whether some future parole board will again consign him to the streets to pillage, plunder, rape and kill to his black heart's content. His daughter, meanwhile, expresses her gratitude by addressing him from there on as Daddy.

In addition to being superficially funnier than (and philosophically identical to) their ancestors, today's supercop shows are also more numerous. At last count, no fewer than 15 such series were in circulation—either occupying prime-time slots or patrolling the rerun beat—along with another half-dozen or so private-eye shows and a pair of cop sitcoms ("Carter Country" and "Barney Miller"). Most are content to celebrate the traditional maverick hero, usually a member of some acceptable ethnic group (members of not so acceptable ethnic groups are almost sure to be represented, but generally in secondary roles) who, regardless of rank, is invariably smarter than anyone else on the force. Kojak, Baretta, Columbo, Toma and Delvecchio all fit into this category. (The high incidence of Italian cops is no doubt the medium's way of atoning for its previous predilection for frequently casting Italians in a villainous light. After the considerable ear bending and arm twisting the Italian-American Anti-Defamation League exercised on the networks a few years back, TV mafiosi now sport such verisimilitudinous surnames as Kelly, Kowalski, Weinstein and Jones.)

Other series ("CHiPs," "Starsky and Hutch") cling to the "buddy" formula, pairing off two essentially fun-loving guys inextricably linked by their mutual lust for law, order and each other. Still others





("S.W.A.T.," "The Rookies") glorify the exploits of crack law-enforcement teams. Blue Berets who often employ paramilitary techniques to collar kidnappers, terrorists and other '70s-style villains. Of all the supercop series, the ensemble shows tend to be the most consistently stupid; to compensate for their lack of individual heroics, they frequently resort to offering cartoon interpretation of actual events. (A "Rookies" episode, for example, transformed the SLA massacre into a courageous combat mission.)

The obvious popularity of the supercop genre also prompted network execs to invent new variations on the same venerable theme. "Mod Squad" (still being syndicated in many local markets) elevated to superhero status a trio of dope dealers turned finks in order to exploit youthful audiences, while "Charlie's Angels" stars three curvaceous, often bikini-clad female fuzz to appeal to the nature-loving segment of the viewing population. Of all the dim-witted cop shows currently on view, however, our favorite is NBC's "Quincy," the first series to chronicle the adventures of a dedicated coroner with a nose for conspiracy and a zest for life.

Though supercop shows account for some 30 hours of unstintingly stupid local and network airtime each week, they may, in fact, be a fading breed, at least in their present violent form. Pressure groups like the National PTA—bolstered by the widely publicized "Kojak Case" (itself the subject of a recent TV documentary)—have already engineered the demise of "Baretta," "Police Woman" and "Kojak" (which that same PTA isolated as the tube's most violent, offensive and poorly crafted series), and other supercops may be headed for the block. According to a recent TV Guide article, nervous network execs will be limiting "Starsky and Hutch" to only "three acts of aggression" per episode. In a similarly self-censorious move, NBC will forbid any thug to directly threaten the life and/or limb of any of their shows' main characters.

TV specials tend to be even more stupid than most prime-time fare, if only because network execs take greater care in preparing them.

But while the violence level may be drastically reduced, we can safely anticipate no corresponding rise in the supercop shows' collective IQ. Whether their stupidity alone will be enough to safely steer them through the calm seas ahead, however, remains to be seen.

While the supercop series may represent the most asinine of the tube's current offerings, they have by no means cornered the market in mindlessness. Domestic dramas celebrating the joys of nuclear family life (e.g., "Family") certainly contribute more than their share to the tube's overall imbecility, as do those shrill sitcoms ("The Jeffersons" et al.) wherein cardboard characters swap deafening one-liners on safely "controversial" subjects. Boisterous evocations of the mythical '50s like "Happy Days" and overblown mini-series about past and current calamities have likewise done little to make tube watching a defensible pastime. The same might be said of news, quiz, sports, talk, public-affairs, religious, kiddie and game shows. And this, you may have noticed, is not even to mention soap operas, specials and commercials.

When the subject turns to stupid TV (as it does with surprising frequency these days), game shows are often singled out as being dumber than your average fare. It's admittedly a contention that's difficult to dispute. "Let's Make a Deal," for example—one of the genre's most durable creations—has eager contestants don absurd costumes, perform humiliating tasks and openly beg for bucks doled out in whimsically sadistic fashion by a grinning, fast-talking huckster—a perfect paradigm for our native way of life if ever there was one (and there have been quite a few). Other game shows strive to be as naked, greedy and generally repellent but, having arrived too late, are forced to rely on celeb panelists and/or sexual innuendo for tenuous survival. Only "\$128,000 Question" succeeds in attaining its modest goal of being twice as stupid as its defunct model, "\$64,000 Question," and even it may yet be done in by spiraling inflation.

Specials tend to be more stupid than most prime-time offerings, if only because network execs take greater care in preparing them. Our vote for the most stupid special of recent vintage goes to "CBS Salutes the First 50 Years," a full week of filmed and taped "highlights" culled from a half-century of radio and TV dreck and hosted by elaborately begowned and tuxedoed CBS celebs. High-points included a gala salute to "The Mary

Tyler Moore Show" (unanimously acclaimed as the medium's crowning cultural achievement), replete with tearful cast reunion. That tribute, however, was easily topped by Walter Cronkite's stirring sign-off soliloquy on the subject of television, the world, and their glorious past, present and future together, an inspirational oration that reportedly caused some 150,000 million American TV sets to achieve simultaneous orgasm.

It's probably in the fast-growing gabfest field, however, that TV's innate inanity is given the most ample opportunity to shine, if only for the sheer number of talking heads to whom the format grants exposure. The most obtuse of the current crop of talk-show hosts has to be "Tomorrow" 's Tom Snyder, a dense, dirty-minded everymoron whose natural instincts for greasy pole vaulting invariably leads him to happily bully lesser guests and just as gladly grovel before those with heftier reps. (A recent interview with Wayne Dyer, self-coronated King of I-am, revealed Tom at his most mindlessly inspired when he joined the good doctor in an impassioned diatribe against those relentless agents of evil—inattentive waitresses.) The mindless "head" graphics that open the show easily cop first prize in the mindless-head-graphics-that-open-TV-talk-shows sweepstakes.

Snyder may be in for some stiff competition, though, from a trio of dim new talk-show stiff—Stanley Siegel ("The Stanley Siegel Show"), Jack Linkletter ("America Alive!") and Don Imus ("Imus, Plus"), none of whom may be as intrinsically insipid as Tom but all of whom work harder at it. As for bad newscasters, we'd give the nod to Barbara Walters. (It's not the speech defect, it's the delivery. We won't be impressed by the nets' hire-the-handicapped policy until we see a newscaster with Tourette's Syndrome.)

(continued on page 61)





The Thinking Person's Guide to Stupid TV

For hard-core inanity enthusiasts only, the following represent our selections as the very best that TV has to offer in the way of stupid entertainment.

● **Dramatic Series:** "Fantasy Island." Runners-up: "Family," "The Waltons," "Little House on the Prairie."

● **Game Shows:** "Let's Make a Deal."

● **Public-Affairs Series:** "Newark and Reality." (Probably no better or worse than the general run of dull public-affairs programs, the show gets the nod purely for its stark existential title.)

● **Cop Shows:** "Starsky." Runner up: "Hutch." Dishonorable mention: "Quincy," "Kojak," "Baretta," "Columbo," "Police Woman," "Police Story," "Hawaii Five-O," "Mod Squad," "CHiPs," "The Rookies," "S.W.A.T.," "The FBI," "Ironside," "Adam-12."

● **Commercials:** Brut 33, Wisk, Gatorade, Piels' and Polyglycoat.

● **Specials:** "CBS Salutes the First 50 Years."

● **Talk-Show Hosts:** Tom Snyder. Runners-up: Don Imus, Jack Linkletter, David Susskind, Stanley Siegel, Dick Cavett, Mike Douglas, Merv Griffin, Jeanne Parr, Hugh Downs, Bill Boggs, Phil Donahue, Joe Franklin.

● **Newscasters:** Barbara Walters.

● **Information Shows:** "You!" (That's who they want you to think they are, you know.)

● **Sitcoms:** "On Our Own." (The madcap misadventures of two small-town girls who go to New York to work in the ad biz and lasciviously avoid sexual contact.) Runners-up: "Maude," "All in the Family," "Rhoda," "Bob Newhart," "Alice," "The Jeffersons," "Good Times," "M*A*S*H," "Three's Company," "One Day at a Time," "Happy Days," "Laverne & Shirley," "Carter Country," "Eight Is Enough," "Welcome Back, Kotter," "What's Happening?," "Barney Miller," "Tabitha" and "Operation Petticoat." And: "In the Beginning," "Apple Pie," "Mork & Mindy," "Taxi," "Grandpa Goes to Washington," "The Waverly Wonders," "Who's Watching the Kids?" and "Flying High."

● **Foreign Language Sitcoms:** "Que Pasa, USA?" (We've seen the show several times and still have no idea.)

● **Science Fiction:** "Battlestar Galactica"

(The worst self-serious overblown sci-fi series since "Star Trek," the last self-serious overblown sci-fi series.)

● **Variety Series:** "Donny and Marie." These would-be funky Mormon munchkins and their increasingly influential kinfolk are not only threatening to take over a sizable slice of the industry but constantly reminding me of my own mortality. Every time I get a glimpse at their perfect rows of pearly whites, I swear another filling falls out. Also: "Mary," a series so insufferably self-conscious that it really, well, draws attention to itself, and "Dick Clark's Live Wednesday," which features Dick Clark.

● **Lawyer Shows:** "Kaz," "The Paper Chase" and "The Eddie Capra Mysteries." (Not satisfied with owning Washington, D.C., mouthpieces are trying to muscle in on the TV industry too.)

● **Deliberately Stupid Shows:** "The \$1.98 Beauty Contest." (Or how to succeed in being sexist, witless and worthless by really trying.) Runner-up: "The Cheap Show."

● **TV Shows About TV:** "W.E.B." Runner-up: "Please Stand By."

● **TV Shows About Radio:** "WKRP in Cincinnati."

● **Celebrity Sports Events:** Definitely.

● **Children's Shows:** "Mister Rogers." (Possibly the most genuinely sinister personality on the tube, Mister Rogers bores tykes into submission then shows them how to put their shoes on wrong in the hope that they'll grow up to be like him.)

● **Religious Shows:** Jerry Falwell's sermons for the hearing impaired. Runners-up: The rest of them.

● **Soap Operas:** We shouldn't leave them out.

● **Test Patterns:** Actually they're all pretty good. Incidentally, have you ever noticed that when you place two TV sets face to face, the patterns seem to respond to each other? This phenomenon adds strong support to the widely held theory that test patterns are indeed the sets' means of communicating with one another. When we succeed in cracking their code, maybe we'll finally find out what they really think about us.

And if you really want to talk stupid (which we apparently do), there's always David Susskind, a prolific producer of prime-time pap who doubles as a portentous Sunday-night TV pundit. In fact, a recent Susskind segment supplied one of the most compelling displays of sustained stupidity we've ever been privileged to witness.

On the segment in question, Susskind played host to three of the more than 600 performers currently making lucrative, if not particularly honest livings as Elvis Presley impersonators. At one point in the proceedings, Elvis 1, a young '50s-style Presley, boldly opined that he considered himself the most talented and sincere of all the Elvises currently extant. Elvis 2—an older, jowlier Elvis—took immediate issue with that contention, branding Elvis 1 an empty barrel and a piss-poor Presley to boot. Elvis 1 countered by saying that he'd listened to tapes of Elvis 2's performances and had been less than impressed, perhaps even a shade disheartened by what he'd heard. Susskind briefly interrupted to inquire about "all the women Elvis had." Elvis 2 loudly demanded to know how he'd gotten hold of any such tapes. Elvis 1 gave a vague reply. Elvis 2, with the tacit support of Elvis 3 (a bland, median Elvis who'd already confessed that he was in it primarily for the money), challenged Elvis 1 to a spontaneous sing-out. Elvis 1 declined the offer. Susskind interrupted to inquire about "all the women Elvis had." Elvis 2 finally succeeded in silencing Elvis 1 by shifting his weight threateningly, while Elvis 3 looked on passively. Susskind then asserted that, according to his sources, Elvis had had a great many women indeed, and on that informative note the segment thankfully concluded.

It may be neither meet nor just to include commercials in so brief a survey of TV stupidity, since commercials are deliberately and painstakingly designed to appear imbecilic, but what the hell, as long as we're here. Imbecilic commercials, the theory goes, are less threatening and therefore relax the viewer, and a relaxed viewer is a susceptible viewer (or, as the old Mad Ave adage puts it, with a decided lack of piquancy, "The quickest way to a consumer's brain box is through his or her drooping eyelids"). In the area of deliberately stupid spots, we'd cite the Brut 33 ad, with its argumentative ambulatory deodorant dispensers; Wisk's long-running "ring around the collar" campaign; the new high-energy Gatorade ad, which implicitly equates its product's powers with those of pure amphetamine; and the latest Piel's pitch, in which Jimmy Breslin, surrounded by a crowd of intoxicated toadies, poetically proclaims Piel's a good drinkin' beer, a good talkin' beer and a good fuckin' beer or something to that effect. All of the above merit mention for going above and beyond the call of mere imbecility in peddling their worthless wares. Our favorite of the increasingly

popular everyone's-out-to-get-you-but-us ads is the Polyglycoat pitch that accuses "Mother Nature" of "ripping you off" every time the elements conspire to spoil your car's new finish. Polyglycoat promises to put an abrupt end to this ultimate consumer fraud.

It seems of late that network execs have been taking a cue or two from Mad Avenue by assembling shows that are every bit as deliberately stupid—as opposed to merely talentless and inane—as the ads that pay for them. "The Gong

Snyder's natural instincts for greasy pole-vaulting invariably lead him to happily bully lesser guests and grovel before those with heavier reps.

Show" and those incessant celebrity pseudo-sports events are the forerunners of this disturbing trend, one that threatens to deprive viewers of their hitherto inalienable right to feel smarter than the dreck they're watching without first being told to. There may well be more of this sort of thing on the way, surely a dire development for fans of stupid TV.

TV or not TV? That seems to be the question—i.e., whether 'tis nobler in the minds of men to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or sit around the house all day staring at some stupid chattering box. That's a query that's been oft posed of late, though rarely in so many words.

Indeed, it's supremely fashionable nowadays to knock the box (which is one reason why we've been doing so here), not merely its fatuous content but the coma-inducing activity of TV watching itself. Self-serious sermonizers like Marie Winn (*The Plug-In Drug*) and Jerry Mander (*Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television*) have loudly complained of the medium's inherently subversive influence—in Winn's case, its power to trash impressionable young minds, and in Mander's, its consummate brainwashing abilities. Mander, a reformed advertising hack and coauthor of *The Great International Paper Airplane Book*, is especially vehement in his view of TV as a rampaging mechanical monster bent upon irrevocably destroying all that's good and holy. In his chicly apocalyptic view, television not only separates us from nature and each other, offers an intrinsically twisted version of reality, is emotionally addictive and physically harmful but may actually be setting us up for direct autocratic control in the horrible world of tomorrow.

While there's no arguing that TV (like

almost everything else) is firmly in the grip of the corporate few who want to fatten their purses and augment their powers by telling us what to buy and do, this doesn't make it appreciably different from any other medium. Any brain that can be so easily washed has to be pretty antiseptic to begin with. Besides, you can, if you've a mind to (and Mander might claim you don't), always turn it off or even send it packing and return to more rewarding activities, like listening to stupid records or reading stupid magazines. (I know if I didn't watch so much stupid TV, I'd only wind up reading or, worse, working for more stupid magazines. As it is, I have plenty of time to do all three—plus occasionally worry about the state of the state and speed-read a novel a year.) I mean, do we have to be deprived of "The Honeymooners" reruns just so Mander can atone for his previous sins? (Answer: one resounding no.)

Winn and Mander are by no means the medium's only detractors. Smug commentators from other, presumably purer media have engaged in much JerryMandering of their own, attacking the tube for its conspicuous lack of intellectual content. While we've already agreed that TV's Stupidity Quotient registers high in the submoronic range (and we personally know of tube junkies whose minds are melting at so accelerated a pace that they're forced to drain their brainpans daily), we can't help thinking: Do we really want it to be smarter, or even as smart, as we are? Would we really want to sit there, mouths agape and eyes widened in perpetual bemusement, while some stupid talking box lectured us about stuff we couldn't even begin to grasp? (Answer: another resounding no.) In fact, the medium's dependable stupidity may be its chief, perhaps even sole virtue (though only, we'll agree, when you stop and think about it). I know I like to come home after a hectic, disorienting day in whatever small sector of the real world I happen to inhabit, secure in the knowledge that the TV's gonna be even dumber than me.

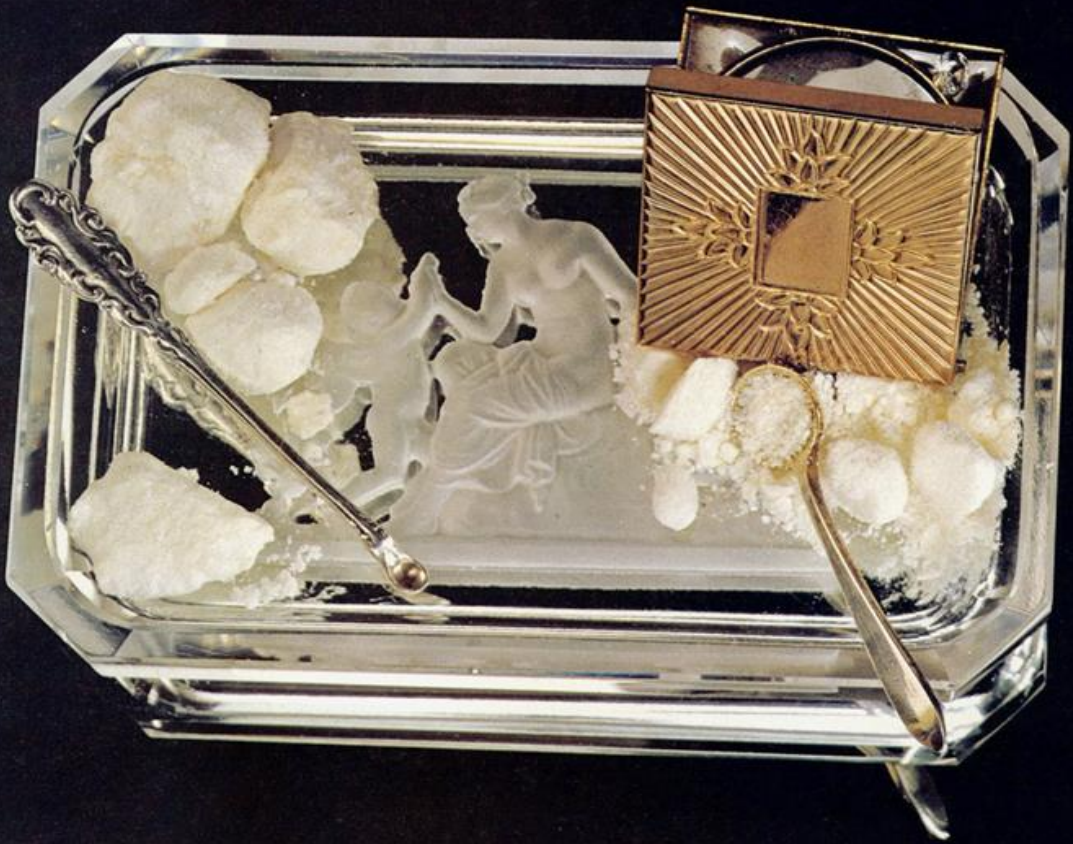
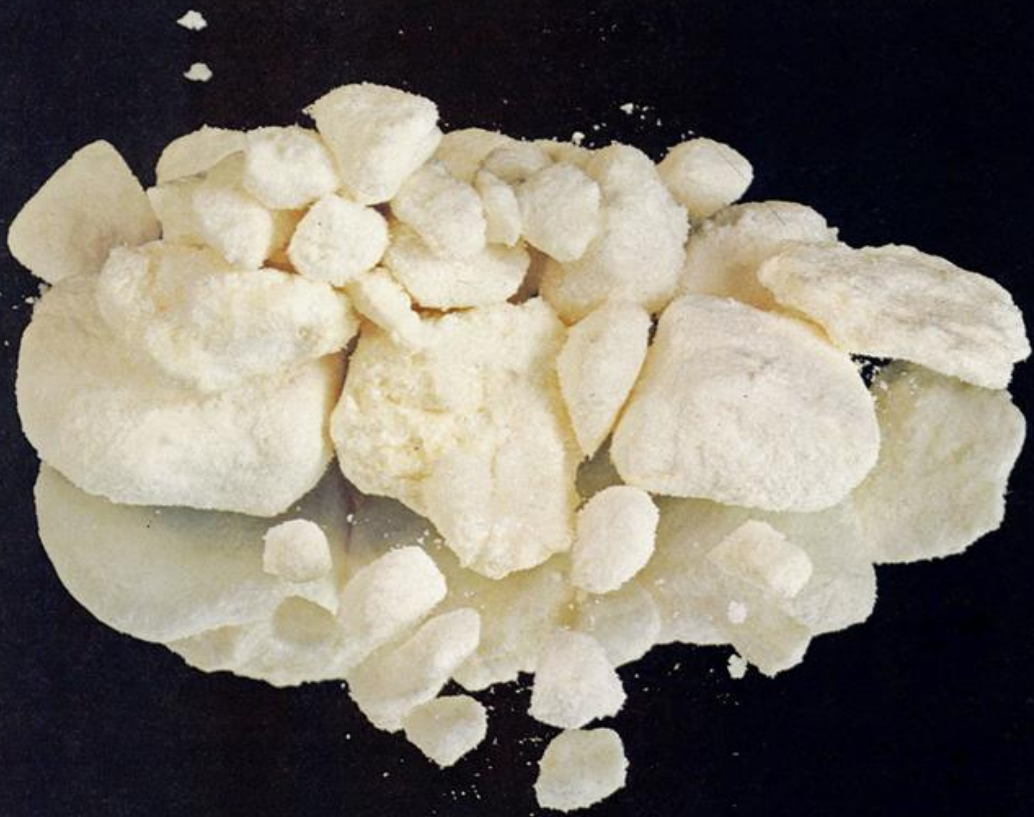
At the risk of further coming to the medium's largely undeserved defense, we feel we should point out that there are a few offerings of at least modest value available on the home screen. In addition to the earlier mentioned "Honeymooners" reruns, "Saturday Night Live" and "Monty Python's Flying Circus" have their respective moments; Johnny Carson gets off a good one every now and then; there are cheap monster movies and sci-fi flicks you won't get to see anywhere else, and televised baseball still ranks among the best tranquilizers known, if not to man then certainly to fans. The various news and talk shows are usually good for a yuk or two, and those colorful test patterns run all night, offering hours of uninterrupted abstract visual entertainment. Sure it's stupid and boring, but if it's excitement you're after, you can always take a pill. ■

Centerfold

A Taste of Tiffany's



*Rrrring! Allo?
Ah, ma chérie,
what shall we do
ce soir? Perhaps that
elegant box at le
ballet? Or disco avec les
punks riches? Topped with
laughter and champagne at
sunrise? Mais certainement you
would like to dazzle the world as
never before—glitter and thrill with all
the style in your blood. Vite! Send the
limousine to Orly Airport, for I have
brought for you a taste of Tiffany's...*







Vogabond



NEW YORK. MON AMOUR

Toot in Times Square, 'ludes in the Stock Exchange and punk rock at CBGB—New York is still Fun City

by Victor Bockris

1 At London's Gatwick Airport, I went straight to the cafeteria, stationed myself at a deserted corner table, put an opium pellet on my tongue and washed it down with two cups of tepid tea, apparently a catalyst.

On a jammed Laker flight to New York, I managed to read three novels undisturbed by the monster pushing my seat forward, the two monsters in front pushing their seats backward and the Frenchman beside me growing his beard, because airplanes make me feel secure. Soon they'll have bedrooms again, and since the greatest American fantasy is sky sex, one can almost guarantee the runaway success of airplane bedrooms. They'll be quite expensive, but that'll make you want to make more money so you can do it.

Opium facilitates that magic-carpet effect; it completely relaxes your body, and hence your mind, without blurring it. You could function quite efficiently as a lawyer, doctor or bank clerk on opium. At Kennedy, I relaxed during the grueling hour it took to struggle through passport control, and baggage claim, and Customs. The opium cut out any concern. I languidly smoked a cigarette, leaning up against a post, confident that my torn, battered bag, peppered with pellets from a Colt .45 air pistol, would arrive intact. While gazing at the friendly crowd, all undoubtedly as relieved as I was to be back in the USA, I reflected on my escape from London.

The British have always been as cold and insular as their landscape. The only reason they can rock is because they are so pissed off with their sodden little plot in the Atlantic. How small, gray, inauspicious and powerless it is. The blond English youth rattles the bars of his cage

to live, but it can be a very expensive place to visit if you have to stay at a hotel and eat in restaurants. The visitor is urged to pry an invitation out of a friend. Otherwise stay at the Chelsea Hotel on 23rd Street.

The second is that it's terribly dangerous. New York is

**Rent a limo for the night; it's worth
seeing Manhattan from that perspective.
It's just like in the movies!**

before being given the national tranquilizer. Everyone was reading newspapers about sex murders and child pornography. London may be the first deathtrap to go.

The population is splitting the city's resources at the seams. My memory presents turgid crowds trudging down Oxford Street inhaling stale little cigarettes. After visiting England three times in the last six months, this reporter's firm conclusion is that the English bite it. Throughout Europe there still exists a distaste for the American way of life, and the English, who distinguish themselves by nothing so much as their colds, have based their reactions to America on an ignorance developed through centuries of insularity. A typical example is their preconceptions about New York, most of which are erroneous.

The first and most important is that it's very expensive. New York is not a necessarily expensive place

not particularly dangerous if you know where you are and pay attention to your surroundings. There are more than enough people walking around stoned and drunk to keep the muggers working overtime.

The point about where you stay in New York is that the people of the area tend to have quite an effect on your life. Most of the action in Manhattan happens at night (the best new paper in town is called *Night* and is just pictures of people dancing by the famous photographer of girls' legs Anton Perich), and this is why you have to think about where you're going to hang out. For example, if you live up at 103rd and Broadway, you have to contend with the sex and drug markets up there at 3 A.M.; and living on the Lower East Side is like living in India. On the other hand, if you stay in the West Village or on the Upper East Side, it's quite safe to move around as long as you

aren't too crazy. All the people I know who've been attacked were either too drunk or stoned or careless to be out on the streets alone. But why go anywhere alone anyway, unless you're going to kill someone?

2 Here is a brief account of the natures of the people dwelling in the major residential sections:

The Upper West Side is noisy and dirty. Fat hairy people fall over in corners, sucking on paper bags, talking to themselves, coughing, spitting and dying. A friend recently moved to the Upper West Side. I said, "No, Linda, don't go. You are in no condition to go up there." But she went. Now she calls me up: "How could you ever let me come and live up here! Mandy's already been assaulted five times! We're moving. And it's all your fault, because I had to move up here to get away from you in the first place."

However, it can't be all that bad, because a lot of famous people live up there, particularly in the Dakota, where John Lennon has a 17-room apartment.

The Upper East Side is where all the wealthiest people have their pieds-à-terre, from Jackie O. through Halston to Truman and Andy and Mick, and it's easy to see why, because they have a lot of very nice accoutrements. The streets are clean, the area is heavily patrolled, the shops and buildings are exquisite. It feels like being up on a hill.

(continued on page 68)

There are lots of places to go in the area, and all the best hotels are nearby. This is definitely the place, but since it's so expensive a majority of the population is over 50, creating a slightly daffy atmosphere.

Greenwich Village. There is an East and a West Village. The West Village, where your reporter has one of numerous apartments at his disposal, must have the highest ratio of homosexuals in the world. This is basically gaydom. The battle over censorship has been won and so forth. It's a very pleasant, completely peaceful area. I have never witnessed, heard of, or felt, any threat of violence. There are many attractive restaurants and stores. Everyone walks around hand in hand.

The East Village is inhabited by punks of all ages. They have always maintained that the East Village, also known as the Lower East Side, is the hip place to be, but a series of drug deaths, rapes and robberies in the late '60s and early '70s drove many tenants away. Now, however, with the emergence of punk on the rock scene, a lot of activity has been generated on the Lower East Side. Many people live down there, including Joey ("It sucks!") Ramone, William Burroughs (who says he finds the people talking to themselves and dying in the street a useful contrast to his somewhat idyllic place in Colorado), Allen Ginsberg and Richard Hell, who wrote

"Blank Generation" in a kitchen overlooking the Bowery.

Soho/Boho/Noho. The so-called "Soho" area has become famous over the last five years as a kind of extension of the Greenwich Village all-artists-have-to-live-in-the-same-place-so-there-can-be-a-scene mentality. Soho is basically a series of warehouses turned into loft spaces in which people live and work. Central Soho is a pleasant and expensive place. It broadens out in myriad directions, being so far downtown that it can't be interrupted until Wall Street, and some lower Soho locations are quite dangerous.



The streets are empty, poorly lit and hardly patrolled. Some maniacs live down there, and they come out at night.

Generally speaking, if you see someone lying on the street bleeding or not bleeding, vomiting or not vomiting, if you see someone staggering down the street on their last legs with eyes closed, if you see someone holding a heated debate with themselves

while head banging, *don't do anything.* These are leftovers from Ramones hits. They won't hurt you if you don't approach them.

3 The best places to go are parties. The fastest blood is connected by a never-ending flow of business parties, and everyone is always on the lookout for new people. Get invited to as many as you can. This could be difficult, but not impossible, if you don't know any people. It probably isn't hard to crash that big loft party downtown tonight. At most big parties

houseguest, in my apartment in the West Village. There are two bedrooms. I let you have one of them to do whatever you want in because they're far away from each other and there's a separate bathroom.



You are extremely lucky.

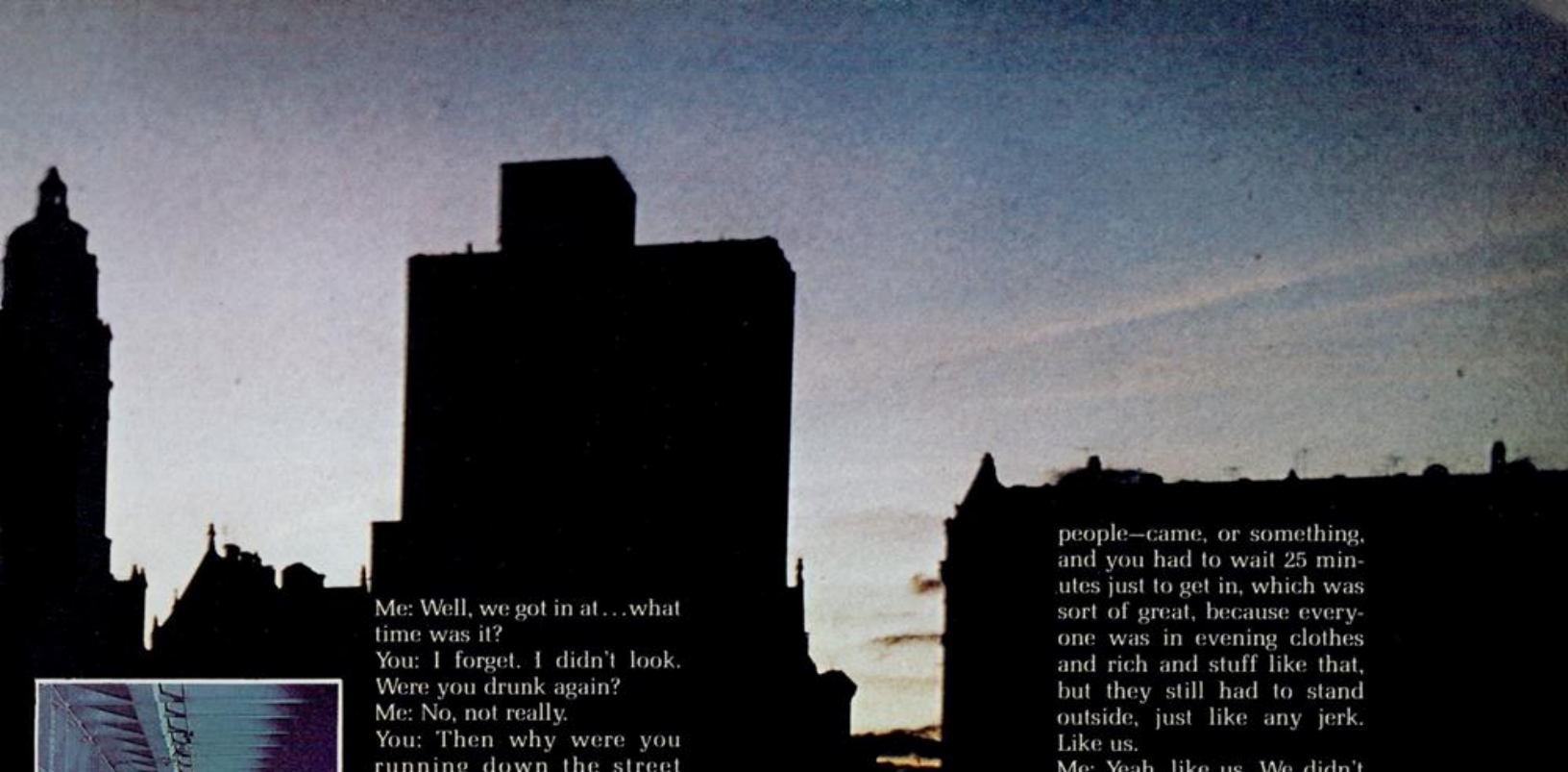
Tonight I have an invitation to go to Richard Avedon's party at the Metropolitan Museum. The invitation, like all good invitations, admits two. It says black tie, so you have to get dressed up. You don't have anything to wear?

Quick, run down to Manic Panic, that store on St. Marks Place that sells all those punk clothes. Punks always look like jewels, so if you get something there, you'll be okay. You could go to Trash and Vaudeville or Revenge; they all have lots of stuff for not so much money. That's on the Lower East Side, and since it's a picturesque and sunny day, you can walk.

**Basically CBGB
lots of kids stand
their heads ag**

the host only knows 25 percent of the guests, so you can always say, "I came with Joan... DeMenille. Barbara Braden?" A little cocaine will take care of any problem if the host should attempt to eject you. But really one of the best things about New York is everybody always wants to meet somebody new.

Suddenly, you're staying with me overnight, as a



4 Me: So you went, and you got a great outfit for \$25, and what else happened?

You: I forget.

Me: You ran into William Burroughs on the street, didn't you?

You: That's right.

Me: And he was with a guy who you know from Kansas who's his secretary now, that big Negro.

You: He is not a Negro, he's a Swede.

Me: I thought he was from Kansas.

You: That's where all the Swedes went.

Me: Why aren't the stars in the sky tonight?

You: Because they're all on the ground.

Me: Well, we got in at... what time was it?

You: I forget. I didn't look. Were you drunk again?

Me: No, not really.

You: Then why were you running down the street being chased by that girl in the black dress with the...

Me: No, I was just running away from her, because she started to say mean things about someone I like and I didn't want to hear it, I couldn't stand it. Did you enjoy the party? Who did you see there?

You: Oh, Linda McCartney. Um... Buck Henry.

Me: How do you pronounce it?

You: I don't know. She was also in that movie with Richard Hell about being a punk-rock star, and then he's her guru or something and they move to the Upper East Side.

Me: I thought he married Suki Love.

You: That was Ulli Lommel, the German guy who made



Me: Buck Henry! Who was he with?

You: He's been hanging around with Al Goldstein over at *Death* magazine.

Me: How come?

You: Search me.

Me: I don't want to. So who else did you see?

You: Er... Carole Bouquet.

Me: Who's she?

You: She was in that Buñuel film, *That Obscure Object of Desire*.

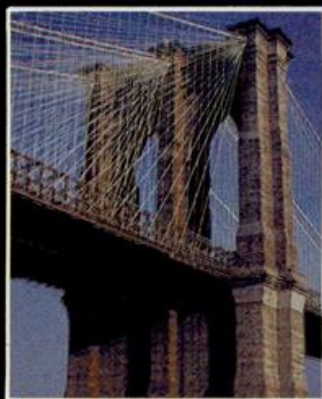
the film. He married Suki Love, and they're making a film right now called *Cocaine Cowboys*, starring Jack Palance and Tom Sullivan. It was a great party, I really liked it.

Me: What was great about it? Say something. Just talk about it, tell everybody.

You: Well, I liked it because it was the sort of beginning of the New York season, and a lot of people—I think 5,000

people—came, or something, and you had to wait 25 minutes just to get in, which was sort of great, because everyone was in evening clothes and rich and stuff like that, but they still had to stand outside, just like any jerk. Like us.

Me: Yeah, like us. We didn't mind.



You: It was fun because all those people were so upset.

Me: Did Linda McCartney have to wait outside?

You: No, because she went to the dinner with Richard Avedon before the party.

Me: Was Andy there?

You: No, he went to see *A Wedding* instead.

Me: He went to see *A Wedding*! Who was he with?

You: Just a couple of beautiful girls, and they lost their limousine. But anyway, I also liked the party because you could stroll around the halls of the museum drinking and keep bumping into somebody. I noticed that A and B are back together.

Me: Again. I know. I couldn't believe it, I couldn't believe it. And what was... he has a mustache now and she's got a scar.

You: Well, scars are nice sometimes. It depends where

**is a lot of fun and
ing outside banging
ainst the wall.**

they are. But anyway, did anyone have any drugs?

Me: Only C. C. always has drugs.

You: So did you take some?

Me: Yes, and then D grabbed me and dragged me behind the door where they keep the brooms, and I thought, "God, this is so great, this is so great, sex in a broom closet at the Metropolitan Museum during a party for Richard Avedon!"

5 The United Nations is located on First Avenue between 42nd and 46th streets. I went there in a taxi. The U.N. is very nice because when you get there suddenly you are in a big international atmosphere, and there's even a lawn. It is good to smoke a joint on the way over in the back of the cab with a breeze blowing in off the river as you go up First Avenue passing a heliport at 34th Street. You're beginning to see the streets in the daytime, with all their charming mystery, weirdness and variety.

The U.N. is free. For nothing you can go and feel important listening seriously to the speeches by the mad representatives of various countries. It is all nonsense, but it is very tasteful. They were discussing South Africa when I dropped in and taking hours to tell the detailed bio of Steve Biko. One thing I noticed was that although the men looked nothing more than ordinary, most of the women were very attractive. It's great to go there, because all the speeches are in foreign languages and you have to have an earplug so you can get a translation. If I was the translator, I know I would break in and say, "This sucks..."

For \$2 you can take a one-hour tour of the U.N. I don't know about this bit. I was going to do it, but suddenly a woman screamed out, "The next tour will be in French only!" and I had to split. I couldn't wait for a bunch of despicable frogs to walk around while I cooled my heels. I had places to go, things to do, people to see. This is New York! You can't suddenly have a bunch of frogs rushing in, taking your time in Manhattan. Just tell

them you haven't got that much time. They'll respect you and treat you better. It's like when you take a phone call, a lot of the time they answer it with a record, the premise being that you will sit idly by listening until they're ready to talk to you. Hang up and tell them in no uncertain terms that whenever you hear machines you always hang up.

Manhattan is a fortress. Walking along the streets, you feel you're "inside" the city. It even has a moat.

The atmosphere at the U.N. is somewhat otherworldly. I also like the fact that there's an elegant big skyscraper apartment house next door to the U.N. where a lot of famous people live: Truman Capote, Cliff Robertson, Liz Derringer, the ghost of Robert Kennedy. Instead of the tour, I went down to the basement, where they have a soda fountain, a wide variety of top-quality junk food in machines and shops selling expensive books about the decline of Gambia, flags of all the different countries and stuff like that. Just as I was leaving to go to lunch I passed the Room of Peace. A small door led into a passageway. At the end there was a dark black glass door. I pushed it open and went in. There was a plaque on the wall; it said "This room is for people who want to sit and let their thoughts talk." Right in the middle of the room under a gentle satellite spot was a great big stone slab. It was the same as, or a replica of, the stone slab in 2001.

There's also a really good dining room called the Delegates' Dining Room where you can go and pretend you're delegates, or trick your new girl friend, or something. I didn't know what to do next, so I went and had lunch at this restaurant called Mortimer's on 75th and Lexington with Catherine Guinness, who works in magazines here, and she told me that more of the really elegant fashion mags were coming to Manhattan from Europe with a lot of money, because they

really believe that people want to be more elegant, as Diane Von Furstenberg and Halston have proved. And then I went to the Stock Exchange, about which I apparently wrote: "One of the best things is the New York Stock Exchange, 20 Broad Street, way downtown. It's pretty hard to figure out what's going on here, but everyone is running around

making or losing money, basically. The relative informality of the whole operation is a little unsettling. It looks like a vast betting shop, and 25½ million Americans own stock." The most striking thing about my visit was how bad the women in the area looked. I think all that counting gets to them.

6 There's no point in going to all the great places in New York before you meet some people, some New Yorkers being New Yorkers around their local watering holes. You could go to CBGB if you like rock 'n' roll. There's always a lot of people there, and you can talk to them, pretty much. I mean, they're nice people and you can be very straightforward and say, "I come from X and I just got here and where should I go?" If you choose the wrong person and he's catatonic, don't get put off, just ask the next person. If you go to CBGB, be sure to take a cab and to get into a cab as soon as you leave, because it is on the Bowery and sometimes the people down there get quite irate late at night and rush up to hit you or piss on you, an unnerving experience and not funny when it happens when there's no one else around, no cops and so forth. But basically CBGB is a lot of fun, and lots of kids are standing around outside banging their heads against the wall.

If you think you can get in, go to Studio 54. There is a lot of ambivalent feeling about

Studio 54, but as anthropologist Peter Beard says, "You've got to think of it as an animals' watering hole—it's the number-one water hole in the universe. There's the anthropology corner, where you find the greeting behavior, displacement behavior; the bisexual bathroom hallway; the subterranean hardcore; and the theater balcony." For other meeting places, look in the newspapers. About all the Village Voice and the Soho Weekly News are good for is their listings. Papers worth buying for information are Interview, Punk and Night.

Going out at night in New York, use cabs. If you can afford to do it, rent a limousine for one night's entertainment, because it's worth seeing Manhattan from that perspective. Also the limousine drivers can be very friendly. They'll smoke a joint and take you up to Harlem in the middle of winter to look at the hundreds of junkies shuffling on the corners, and past the Apollo theater, or crawl around Hudson Street gay-barhopping, or cruise the streets for pickups. Just like in the movies.

After a while, New York becomes a movie set. Did we already use that quote? But it's so good we can use it again. Why aren't the stars in the sky? Because they're on the streets. I mean, it's amazing how many talented and wonderful people are wandering around, and you see them all the time. I bumped into Lou Reed only yesterday. He was looking for a new apartment. "Victor, meet the Moose," he said. I turned around and there was this guy seven feet tall and broad with it.

Everybody thinks that New Yorkers think New York is the center of the world, and they're always saying how New York thinks it's such a big cheese. But that's really not true. New Yorkers know that America is a great expansive country, fascinating, completely different all over, and they want to see Santa Fe and Minneapolis, Tampa, Fort Worth. No one in New York ever says anything bad about America or tries to put down Arizona. But,

(continued on page 86)

HEAVY CRUISERS

The great American land yachts that once ruled the road • by Dave Noland



It's over. On July 28, 1978, it all came to an end, the glorious 30-year era of the American highway. On that day, the last full-sized car that will ever be built in this country, a 1978 Cadillac Eldorado, rolled off the assembly line in Detroit. There wasn't even a ceremony.

All the big cars were excessive and indulgent, of course. Overweight, overpowered gas guzzlers, they carried their owners in obscene comfort behind massive hood ornaments and gaudy grilles. But somewhere in the late '50s or early '60s,

American car makers lost sight of true luxury and, above all, style. Cars, even the big ones, became low slung and impossible to get into. Fine upholstery became vinyl. Seats became "sporty" buckets. High class became low kitsch. Styling reached a bland plateau, and all the cars and years started to look alike. Against the backdrop of the last two decades of automotive "progress," the first big cars of the late '40s and early '50s still stand as the essence of high-class motoring. Powerglide. Rocket Eight. Ultra-

matic. Firedome. Dynaflo. Nobody worried much about saving energy or keeping the air clean.

The heavy-cruising cars burst into the mainstream of American life as millions of earnest young men came home from World War II, got jobs, started families and settled down to chase the American Dream. Tired of wartime austerity and sacrifice, tired of Depression, tired of boxy, utilitarian, sensible cars, the middle class was ready for a little luxury and style, by God, and auto manufacturers with names like Kaiser-Frazer, Nash, Tucker, Hudson—and yes Chevy, Ford and Chrysler—rushed to satisfy the dream.

The late '40s was also a time of rapid technological advance. The first jet planes began flying about then, and the dreaded sound barrier was broken in late 1947. The citizens suddenly wanted their cars to look like jet planes, and the tailfinned 1948 Cadillac began a styling revolution that lasted 20 years. Automatic transmissions, independent suspension and powerful, reliable engines were all perfected for mass production in the late '40s, and for the first time cars affordable by the masses weren't cramped, balky and hard riding. With comfort and luxury now available, Mr. and Mrs. America suddenly wanted lots of it, and *right now*.

The comfort and accouterments of the late-'40s and early-'50s heavy cruisers would astound the vinyl-roof and bucket-seat generation. One sat high and upright on a broad seat as soft as a living-room sofa, commanding all within view, grasping a huge steering wheel and surrounded by caverns of spaciousness. Lighted ashtrays at every seat. Foldout overstuffed armrests front and back. The smell of leather instead of vinyl. Broad high doors. One didn't squirm, bend and clamber to get into a car as we do nowadays. To enter a car of the Golden Age, one merely alighted. Style, it was called.

Today, a \$10,000 1978 Chrysler Town & Country, the top-of-the-line station wagon on the market, has fake wood on the sides. On the 1948 Town & Country, the wood was real. Again, style.

Modern cars are made of thin cold-rolled steel. They didn't know how to do that in the late '40s and early '50s, so cars were made from hot-rolled steel of twice the thickness. If a '78 Buick ever collided with a '48 Buick, 30 years of "progress" would crumple like tinfoil.

Nowadays, cars are designed by computers, and they look it. Styling must please the widest spectrum of customers and offend no one. The automakers' current mania for efficiency and function (spurred by federal mileage requirements) has killed all styling excesses, and it now takes a sharp eye to tell a Buick from an Oldsmobile, or even a Chevy from a Ford. Thirty years ago, nobody had trouble telling a Studebaker from a Nash. Without computers, postwar designers had to rely on their own minds. An idiosyncratic

genius like Raymond Loewy or Preston Tucker or Dutch Darrin was free to design a car to fit his own particular vision. The term "groupthink" had not yet been coined in 1952.

Events have decreed that we will spend the rest of our lives driving lightweight,

efficient cars that are computer optimized for 55 mph. Before we forget them, here's a look at some of the highway cruisers of the late '40s and early '50s—wonderfully excessive autos designed solely for long-distance motoring with a minimum of discomfort and a maximum of style.



1951 Studebaker Commander Starlight V-8

The famous "going both ways" bullet-nose Studebaker is certainly one of the ugliest cars ever built. The Commander Starlight version achieves a nadir of nomenclature as well; it may be a good name for the hero of a TV series about gay space travelers, but we personally wouldn't be caught dead driving around in a car with a name like that. The bullet-nose Studebaker did achieve some success, however, notably among insecure males who need-

ed the penile imagery thrusting from between their grilles. A head-on collision between a '51 Stude and a '58 Edsel would have been downright orgasmic. Nevertheless, even a car that appears to have a hard-on is preferable to the terminal blandness of a '78 Nova.

Actually, the Studebaker wasn't all that bad a car. The V-8 engine, introduced in '51, was among the most advanced power plants of its day. Equipped with optional Weiand high-compression heads and dual manifolds, the Commander Starlight could hit 100 mph—pretty fast for '51.



1955 Packard Caribbean

By 1955, things were a little bit out of hand. Sales that year broke all records, and the tailfin boom was in full flight. In a last gasp to stay in business, Packard offered the Caribbean as the ultimate everything car at the then-unthinkable price of \$6,200. It went the two-tone competition one better by introducing three-tone styling. (Red, black and white was the favorite.) Packard's first V-8 engine, a 275-hp monster that was the most powerful in any American car, made the Caribbean a highway cruiser extraordinaire. It also featured the world's first torsion-bar suspension, with an electric motor and seven solenoids driving "compensating bars" to level out bumps. When it worked, it was sublime. Electric windows were too noisy for the Caribbean,

an, so it had hydraulic windows. The Twin Ultramatic transmission was presumably twice as smooth as Packard's famed Ultramatic in previous models. As the final touches, the Caribbean sported a gold-numeraled speedometer and seat cushions that reversed, so in case the owner tired of leather he could easily switch to fabric.

Unfortunately, quality control at Packard was lousy that year, and the engine and transmission were notoriously trouble prone. The Caribbean was a big money loser, and the proud Packard marque was kept alive (barely) as a disguised Studebaker for a couple of years and finally expired altogether in 1958. If you want to learn about truly plush transportation, ask the man who owned a Caribbean.

1952 Kaiser Manhattan

In 1946, Joe Frazer, former president of Willys-Overland, joined forces with steelmaking giant and war profiteer Henry J. Kaiser and started a car company. Kaiser-Frazer moved into a former B-29 engine plant in Willow Run, Michigan, and within a year was the nation's fourth largest automaker. The company built two almost identical marques, the Kaiser and the Frazer, apparently to give those who objected to Kaiser's obscene war profits a chance to boycott his name without hurting K-F earnings.

The 1952 Kaiser Manhattan was the second generation of the K-F cars, and everyone knew it would make or break the company. Designed by renowned stylist Dutch Darrin, the Manhattan was trumpeted by the K-F ad department as

"America's most beautiful car," although history remembers it as the car that most looked like Walter Ulbricht's glasses. The Manhattan was one of the few safety-engineered cars of the time; besides crushing most opposition with sheer mass, the Manhattan featured

a padded dashboard and pop-out windshield (that was before safety glass). Sadly, America's most beautiful car sold about as well as a motorized warthog. Kaiser brought out the even uglier "Henry J" small car the next year, and the company shut down in 1956, after losing \$100 million.

1954 "Road Race" Lincoln

If high-speed driving over long distances is the measure of a highway cruising car, the 1954 "Road Race" Lincoln will never be matched. These factory-prepared, supposedly stock Lincoln Capris dominated the prestigious Carrera Panamericana (popularly known as the Mexican Road Race) from 1952 through 1954, finishing 1-2-3 all three years. By meticulously "blueprinting" the engines and adding nitro to the fuel when race officials weren't looking, the Lincoln drivers were able to get their cars up to 130 mph on the straights. The four-speed Hydramatic transmissions, very advanced for their day, also gave them a big advantage in the twisting mountain sections of the course. The Chryslers, Packards and Cadillacs that ran against the Lincolns never had a chance.

Even the showroom '54 Lincolns were superb performers. The engines were mass balanced and counterbalanced for smoothness. Zero-to-30 time was an astonishing 3.9 seconds, far better than any modern American passenger car. For all

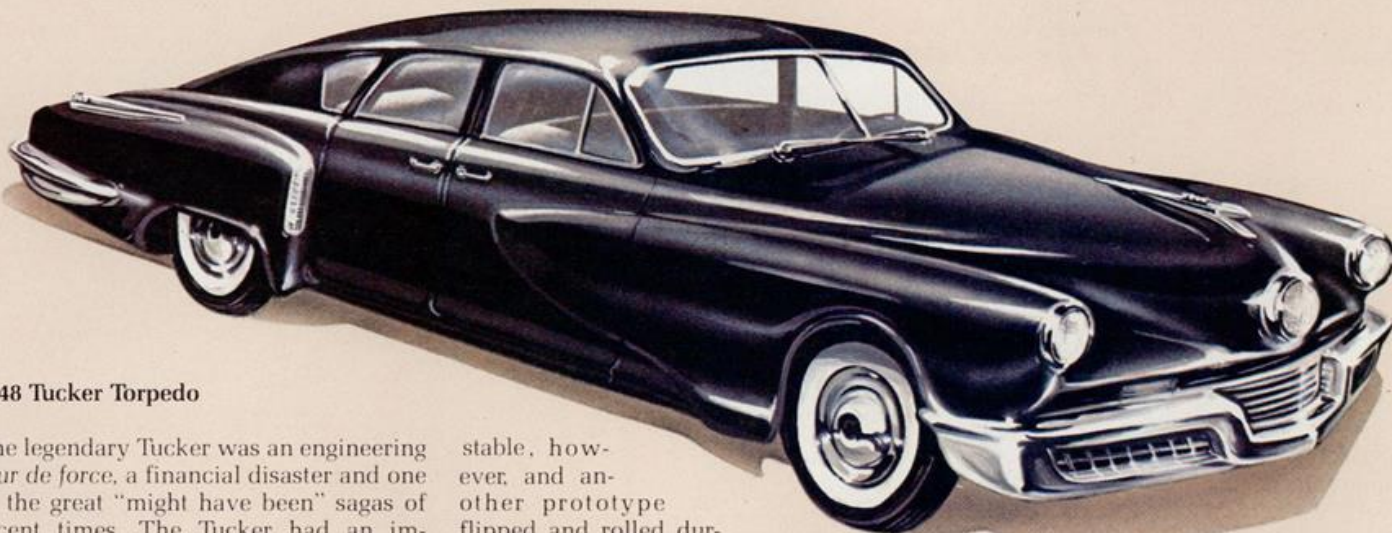
its performance, however, the '54 Lincoln still pampered the driver. It featured a four-way power seat and aerodynamic taillights that automatically swept themselves free of dirt and dust by airflow. (Mercedes made a big deal about the same thing 20 years later.)

The Mexican Road Race deserves special mention. The five-day 2,000-mile run along the length of Mexico's Pan American Highway was more prestigious than the Indy 500 in the early '50s. Vicious dictatorships aren't so nice if you live there, but where else would they close the country's only border-to-border highway for a week just so some guys could race? Keeping the road clear during the race

was easy; if any peasants or burros got in the way, the Mexican Army patrols just opened fire. The race ran the gamut from 10,000-foot mountain hairpins (the first five hours of the race had 3,800 turns) to desert straightaways 110 miles long. (The Lincolns covered that stretch in 51 minutes.) In the twisty section, a car would wear out a set of tires every 100 miles, and race-model Lincolns had special windows in the floor to check tire wear while under way. The race was finally cancelled after the '54 running because too many peasants were being slaughtered. (Even dictators worry about PR.) Five races had been run in all; the Lincolns swept the last three.

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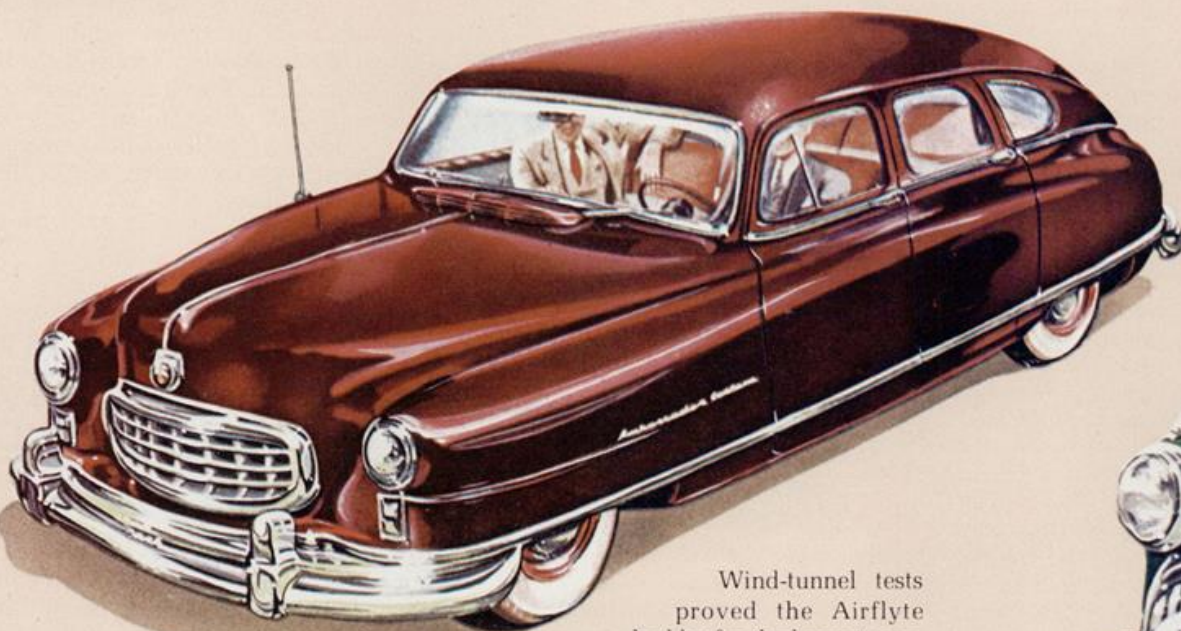
1948 Tucker Torpedo

The legendary Tucker was an engineering *tour de force*, a financial disaster and one of the great "might have been" sagas of recent times. The Tucker had an immensely powerful modified Franklin helicopter engine mounted in the rear (complete with six exhaust pipes), all independent suspension and a "Cyclops" center headlight that swiveled with the steering wheel. Builder/promoter Preston Tucker claimed a top speed of 115 mph and fuel economy of 17 mpg—at 90 mph. An early prototype supposedly clocked 122 mph. The rear engine made the car rather un-

stable, however, and another prototype flipped and rolled during testing. Tucker claimed the driver had fallen asleep at the wheel.

Sadly, Tucker's business judgment wasn't as good as his engineering and promotional abilities, and he was indicted on 31 counts of conspiracy, mail fraud and stock fraud. His backers pulled out, and only 50 handmade prototypes were ever built. Drew Pearson flat-out called the Tucker a hoax, and the Securities and

Exchange Commission labeled it an "engineering monstrosity." Nevertheless, a jury acquitted Tucker, and he spent the rest of his days telling the world that it was all a plot by GM and Ford to quash him and his miraculous car, which the industry feared would put all of them to shame and some of them out of business. Maybe he was right.



1950 Nash Ambassador Airflyte

Widely known as the "Bathtub Nash," the Ambassador series had two features that will ensure its eternal place in automotive shrinedom. The first was its flowing aerodynamic shape. Besides smoothing every possible edge and corner, Nash even went so far as to put skirts on the front fenders to cut air resistance. (Made it a bit tricky to change a tire, but no one seemed to mind.)

Wind-tunnel tests proved the Airflyte had by far the lowest aerodynamic drag coefficient of any car on the market. As a result, it got good mileage and was superbly smooth and quiet because of the lack of slipstream noise.

Its second historic feature: the renowned fold-down seats, which at the touch of a button deployed into a sumptuous double bed. Among the optional accessories available were a mattress and window shades. No car before or since has ever been so easy to get laid in. It is entirely possible, in fact, that hundreds of

readers of this magazine between the ages of 20 and 25 were conceived in the Bathtub Nash. Show this picture to your father and see if he smiles.



1951 Hudson Hornet

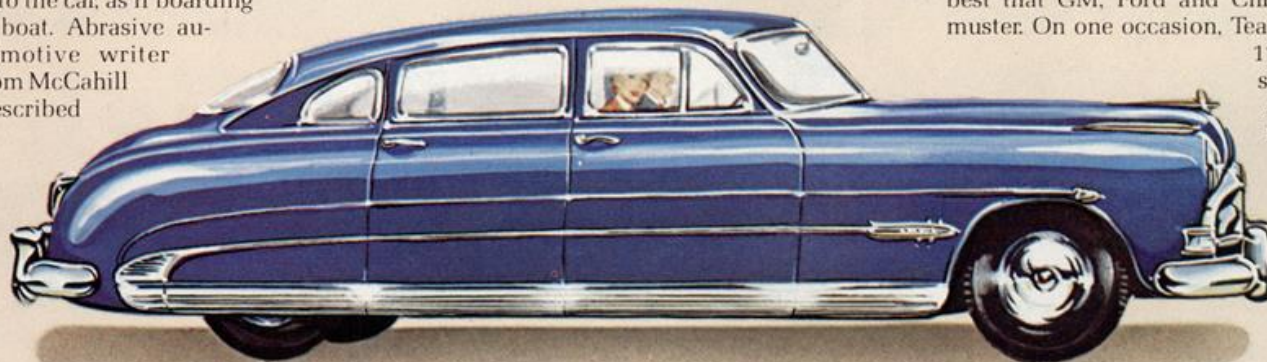
The Hornet was the ultimate refinement of the classic "step-down Hudson" series. The low-slung body had a rather high doorsill, with the result that the passenger stepped from the curb down into the car, as if boarding a boat. Abrasive automotive writer Tom McCahill described

it as "one of the few cars you can fall into." With its row of side windows and long smooth flanks, the Hornet resembled a steerable Pullman railroad car. With its powerful engine and revolutionary Drive-master transmission, it was a marvelous

highway cruising machine.

Handling was also superb. In fact, the Hornet was the scourge of the Grand National stock-car circuit in the early '50s. Driver Marshall Teague swept three straight national championships in his Hornet "Old Number Six," humbling the best that GM, Ford and Chrysler could muster. On one occasion, Teague clocked

111 mph in a stock Hornet at Daytona Beach.



1949 Buick Roadmaster

One of the premiere cruising cars of its era was the Buick Roadmaster with the straight-eight engine. Marvelously proportioned, bedecked with the famous gunsight hood ornament and quadruple portholes on the port and starboard fenders, the Roadmaster exuded the boulevard style. Sports-car writer Ken Purdy scorned it as a "turgid, jelly-bodied clunker," and

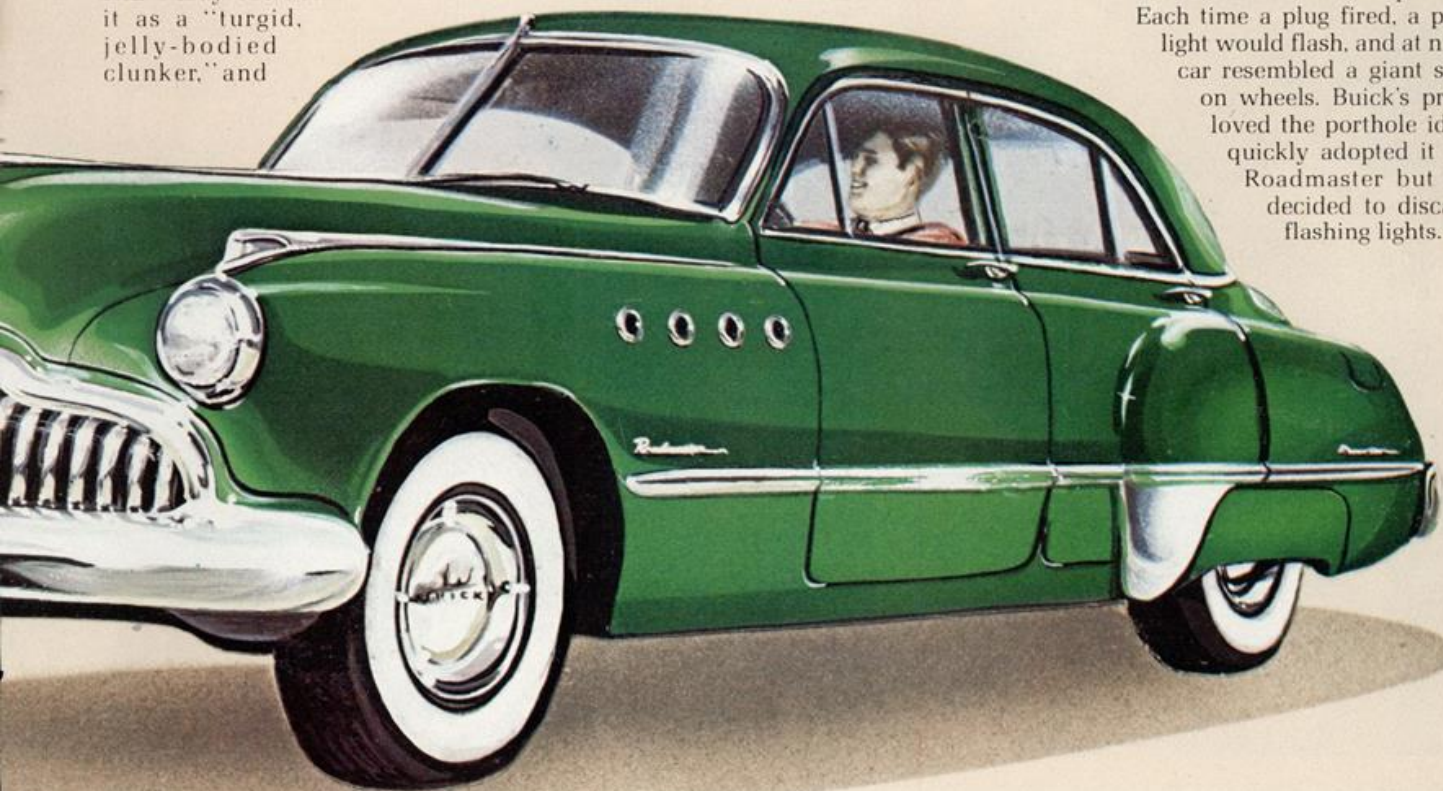
Motor Trend magazine called the '49 Roadmaster a "Beautyrest mattress on wheels." But then the Roadmaster was never meant to scoot around corners with great agility, only to carry its passengers at high speed in turbine smoothness and regal quiet.

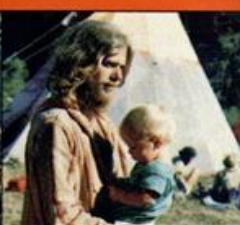
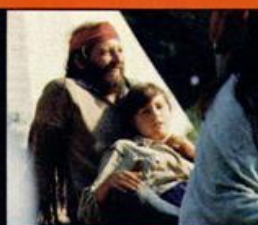
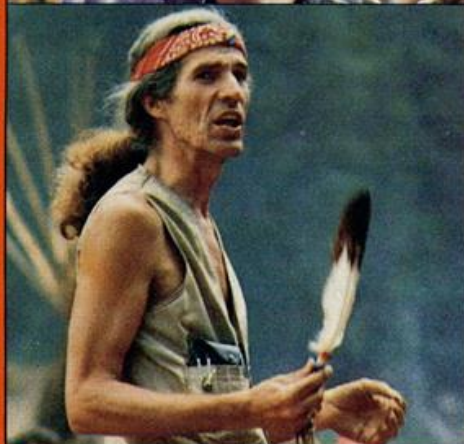
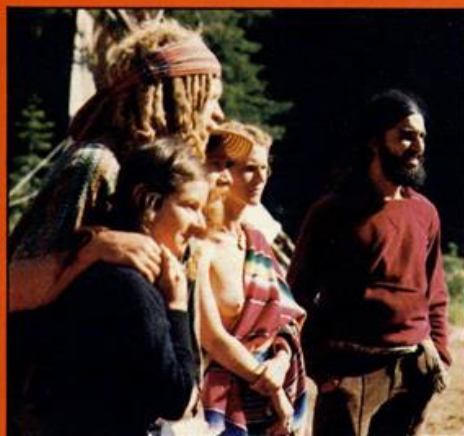
The '49 Roadmaster was the first car to have the revolutionary "fluid drive" Dyn-

aflow torque-converter transmission. Although terribly inefficient, DynafLOW was uncommonly smooth; after all, stateliness is a higher-ranking virtue than fuel economy when gas costs 21 cents per gallon.

The portholes that first appeared on the '49 Roadmaster later came to be Buick's trademark all through the '50s. A Buick engineer fooling around with his own car made the first portholes, placing lights in them connected to the spark plugs.

Each time a plug fired, a porthole light would flash, and at night the car resembled a giant sparkler on wheels. Buick's president loved the porthole idea and quickly adopted it for the Roadmaster but wisely decided to discard the flashing lights. ■





In 1972, an announcement was circulated for a new festival called the "Rainbow Family Healing Gathering," to be held in Colorado. Granby was its site, and it was scheduled for July 1-7. Thirty thousand showed up, but there was no rock there, so after the whiskey ran out, most left. A few thousand stayed on—the first of an annual event. It was based on the Hopi Prophecies that the young people from all nations would grow their hair long and go into the woods to gather together.

Ever since that first gathering I have seen the printed announcements and their maps with a heart to mark the site of the event. It has since occurred in Colorado, Montana, North Dakota, Arkansas, Wyoming and New Mexico—usually in a high and wild mountain area, separated from the highway by a bit of terrain that must be hiked.

The announcement read in part: Howdy, folks.... The 7th Annual Rainbow Family World Peace Gathering is being held, July 1-7, 1978, at Whitehorse Meadows in the South Cascades of Oregon. This Gathering is a healing event in which all people are invited Freely to share and participate. We have held similar Gatherings every year in remote areas on Public Lands since 1972. These Gatherings are held to promote World Peace, Human Liberty and Ecological Harmony.

The Gatherings are for the healing of all minds, hearts, bodies and souls. We come together to rejoice in the mountains in the pure Spirit of Nature. This is an absolutely Free, absolutely noncommercial event. Midday on the Fourth of July, those of us who will, Gather in Silence to listen, to pray, each in their own way for Peace on Earth and Harmony among all people and to ask our creator for guidance and vision in helping to bring this

High 9 Fes

Tripping out at the 7th Annual Peace Gathering—the audience

about. If you cannot come in the physical, be with us in Spirit wherever you are. We love you. We love you as you are, come prepared but come, the door to the mountain is wide open. Peace be with you, Happy Trails....

The announcement went on to explain that the gathering would be held 80 miles from Roseburg, the nearest town.

On the evening of June 30, I found myself driving down the final stretch of the journey to Rainbow. The gas-station attendants seemed uptight at the gas-up in Roseburg. A hitchhiker picked up outside of Roseburg told me that some radio stations were broadcasting reports that the festival had been canceled, that there was some question about the legality of the permits.

We soon arrived at the gate and were met by some serene folk who welcomed us to the festival and directed us to the road to the parking lot. We traveled the last stretch with two other cars after sharing some joints with their passengers at the gate. The parking lot turned out to be a line of assorted autos, trucks, buses, vans and mutant varieties of vehicles. A

Wheat grass and wheat
enemas are an
the holistic health





Mountain tival

**Annual Rainbow People's World
is the star • by Bruce Eisner**

shuttle van pulled up and explained that we should get our shit together and pile in.

After a careening ride through darkness, we arrived at a long road with many vehicles parked along its sides. Fires, tents and tall trees completed the rural scene. As I walked along the road, I came upon a fire with several quiet men and women sitting around it. I joined them and watched silently and then curled in my mummy bag and looked up at the thousands of stars.

In the morning, as I wiped the night from my eyes, the aroma of fresh coffee attracted me to a nearby table where an old-fashioned coffee grinder and coffee maker had been set up. I was offered a tasty cup of good French roast. I felt the caffeine fill my brain with stimulating clarity, just the thing for the long trek to the festival.

With my enormous expedition pack on my back, I set off down a steep path over dry waterfalls to the site. A large group of tents and plastic tarp shelters were my first view as I approached the gathering. It looked like a backwoods suburbia.

I was greeted first by an old friend from a commune that I had visited once and

**juice, yes, even wheat-grass
important element of
connoisseur's lifestyle.**

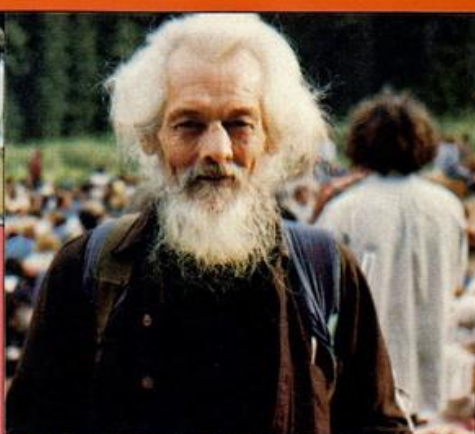
then walked to the information table to find my bearings. There were bulletin boards with announcements of rides, lost and found, and posters for workshops.

It would be impossible to tell the story of the 7,000 people who came and went during the four weeks of the Rainbow Festival, for everyone has their own version, their particular method of filtering and interpreting the events.

My first impression was that the festival was much less together than I had expected it to be. There were hundreds of small tents spread over acres surrounding a large meadow. The scenery was majestic. Tall mountain peaks capped with snow jutted from a blue sky.

I had not brought a tent and was forced to quickly devise a shelter. Elizabeth Gips, a woman in her 50s, veteran of Haight-Ashbury flower power turned radio DJ, warned me that "there's a big storm on the way. It's been raining almost every day since I've been up here." Fortunately, I had brought some twine and a space blanket (a large Mylar and aluminum tarp) and could make a small shelter and place my pack and boots under it. Then I ran barefoot into the grassy meadow to mingle with the beautiful men and women, boys and girls, who were coming out of their shelters to frolic.

Some traditional American Indian games were being played in the meadow; one involved the kicking of a partially inflated ball back and forth with the feet (no hands allowed). I walked into a tepee circle of some 50 impressive Native American-style structures. Some of the tepees had signs that announced their function as medical emergency centers or herbal-healing tepees. There was a kind of uptight elitism about the tepee dwellers, as if they had it all together and all you suckers who came without a tent, well, good luck. As the clouds gathered more



Photos by Don Rottenberg

thickly, I wished that the announcement for the festival had mentioned more than "bright sunny weather with occasional showers."

From the tepee village, I set out to explore the outer dimensions of the festival. After consulting a map, I crossed a narrow stream and wandered a few hundred yards down a path to a complex called the Hog Farm Granola Kitchen. The Hog Farm goes back to Los Angeles, 1967, when Hugh Romney (aka Wavy Gravy), nightclub comedian turned Merry Prankster, had first established a commune on an abandoned hog farm in the San Gabriel Mountains.

I saw many other communalists at the festival. Among them were the Love Family, a tribe of turned-on Christians from Seattle; the Elmer Greene Fairy Tribe; the Hare Krishnas of Iskon Incense fame; John Panama and his "Santa Cruz Moonies," as they are sometimes called. I spoke with Gridly Wright, who once established an acid-oriented commune called Strawberry Fields-Desolation Row in the Malibu mountains near L.A. He is now head of Shivalila, a commune based on the veneration of babies, located in the Sierras east of Bakersfield, California. Next in the path was Sprout Town, in which several large patches of wheat grass were growing nicely, along with other sorts of sprouted seeds. Wheat grass and wheat-grass juice—yes, even wheat-grass enemas—are an important element of the holistic-health connoisseur's lifestyle. Crossing the stream once again, I happened upon yet another large grassy field with a sign identifying it as the Healing Meadow and a large bunch of tents surrounded by children—Kiddie City. From there, I returned to my shelter.

Quite to my surprise, I found that my pack had been pilfered and my new hiking boots were gone and some clothing taken. The first sprinkles of rain began and my ecstasy of the afternoon began to fade rapidly.

In the distance, I heard a conch sound (a large shell used by Native Americans as a hornlike instrument). A circle was forming in the meadow. I walked to the periphery of the crowd and observed a man holding a feather. He was complaining about the unfortunate fact that people were shitting in the stream, thus posing a health hazard to the entire gathering.

The next person talked about a girl who had died the first day of the festival. She had fallen off a waterfall and nobody could identify her. A total of two deaths and three births occurred during the period of the festival.

Next, the feather was passed to a girl, who spoke about the love she felt, and that we were all one. She went on for a while in a rapturous fashion.

The council, like many elements of the Rainbow Festival, was based on Native

American ritual. Here the feather is handed to each speaker, who unloads his or her mind while all others remain silent. There is no debate, simply the successive airing of views.

At this council of July 2, the main issues centered around the logistics of running the Rainbow Gathering and politics. The dominant political topic was nuclear reactors and their danger to the ecological balance of this planet. A special council

Up strolled Ram Dass in a nylon jacket and an "Interstellar Propeller" cap of bright yellow on his well-tanned head.

was announced that centered specifically on this volatile controversy. Some of the members of the group were helping to organize the Longest Walk, which traveled from the West Coast to Washington, D.C., in protest of the genocidal treatment of Native Americans, and this was also discussed.

As the council wore on, the clouds grew more plentiful and the rain began to come down thickly. Fortunately, I located a new friend that I made on the shuttle ride in, a young man from Canada, who told me that I could take shelter in his tent.

Later that night, I walked down to a fire by the stream below my encampment. Several "sweat lodges" had been built. These are small huts, constructed of branches, covered by plastic and mud. Rocks are heated in the open fire then carried by shovel to the hut and placed in the center. Five to eight people sit in a circle around these rocks and water is thrown on à la the traditional Scandinavian sauna. It was a wonderful rebirthing experience to stand naked around a fire in the rain, to be heated in the sweat lodge and then exit from the warm embryo womb into cold, stark, rain reality, to be splashed by cold mountain water.

There was a special feeling I began to experience the next day. It came upon me when a group of people gathered together with their arms around each other and chanted om, the Hindu mantra. There was a feeling of religious reverence that was a strange mixture of the acid consciousness of the '60s that I had experienced as a youthful hippie and the backwoods mountain evangelistic spirit that people must have felt in the 1830s during the revivalist period on the East Coast. From all over the country, not just the sunbelt hip scenes but from Kansas and New Jersey and Wisconsin, came these people with prayers in their hearts, confused by the deteriorating quality of life, about our lack of love for each other, seeking some deliverance from these

times. Elizabeth Gips later commented to me about this. "The basic element of my experience of the Rainbow Festival," she said, "is that I felt a group consciousness that wanted to work on itself, expand and make the world a better place because of our beingness."

The council of July 3 began as it had the previous day, with a conch. The first order of business was a controversy over the selling and use of LSD. Some people had been threatened with violence for selling LSD. They had been told to give it away instead. There was some shouting about this. Robert, an older man with a gray beard, a 20-year veteran of the peace movement, stated that the festival invitation made clear that drugs should not be brought. Many in the crowd shouted this idea down, and several people in a row defended the use of acid, often with as much misinformation as the antidrug spokespeople. Then a bowl of LSD dissolved in water was passed around. The donor commented, "It's still the sacrament."

The council soon adopted the form of a revivalist meeting, with the next few speakers "witnessing the spirit." I sat impatiently, waiting for the feather in the drizzle so I could announce my workshop on psychedelics (eventually given July 5). But a man plucked the feather out of turn and announced that Ram Dass had arrived and would like to address the council. The crowd was for it, so up strolled Richard Alpert in a nylon jacket with an "Interstellar Propeller" cap of bright yellow on his well-tanned head.

He explained that he had been afraid to come to previous gatherings because he feared their anarchy and lack of structure. But recently someone had labeled him a phony and he had adopted this man as his teacher. Now, he explained, he had a renewed interest in social action. He had been at an antinuclear demonstration two weeks earlier in which Allen Ginsberg was arrested for om-ing in front of a train.

Ram Dass's presence drew a crowd, which ebbed upon his departure, effectively ending the council for that day.

That evening the rain came down hard. I sat in my tent shivering and listened to people dancing around campfires, hooping and hollering like a tribe of Native Americans in celebration.

Late that night, the clouds cleared and yells of glee echoed through the rain-drenched forest.

By morning, there were only scattered clouds in the sky. At the crack of dawn I emerged from my tent and used the traditional American Indian "shitter." As I gazed down from the tree-covered slope near my tent, I ingested four grams of *psilocybe mexicana* to celebrate the Fourth psychedelically.

I walked down to the meadow, and as the sun peered from behind clouds I saw thousands of faces. The faces led up a

long tunnel into the sky. At the end of the tunnel was the bearded face of a spiritual guide, who transmitted to me through nonverbal means.

As I emerged from this ecstasy, I saw a friend from the university at which I'm a psychology student. Upon my greeting him, he explained that he had just arrived and would like a tour of the festival. I told him the wonders of the sweat lodge. We walked to the lodge area and found things in full swing in the welcome sun. Boisterous naked people splashing each other with cold water. After waiting our turn, we entered the lodge and found it piled high with glowing rocks.

Some men with European accents sat in the back. Their eyes glinted crazily and they threw a great deal of water on an overly large pile of rocks. It grew scorchingly hot in the lodge, and the men began to issue Hindu chants to Shiva and several more obscure gods, with sadomasochistic glee. The others in the lodge grew rapidly uncomfortable, and my friend and I staggered out of the mud hut and jumped in the cool stream.

My body was trembling with the stress of this transition. I was also feeling some of the characteristic nausea of the mushrooms. As I dried myself by fireside, a big-breasted woman read me poems by Gary Snyder. His vision of a return to the primitive life was clearly influential in this gathering.

I made my way back to the meadow, where I saw a couple of acquaintances standing around a bald-headed midget. One friend muttered, "He's psychic." The small man walked up to me, locked eyes with me and let loose a monotonous "transmission" that explained, among other things, that he had landed on the planet four days previously; he went on to talk about the location of his saucer and many other things. I walked away not knowing what to make of this.

Since I had a toothache, I decided to check out the state of the arts at this "healing festival." I walked out to the Healing Meadow, where signs explained that I would find a healer's tent. After inquiring in vain about the location, I sprawled on the grass in the meadow and contemplated the day's events. Small children from Kiddie City ran through the grass to pet a horse. In the distance, I could see Wavy Gravy amusing some other children with his clown antics.

I was lying near two men talking. I overheard them mention they were on peyote. I told them about my mushrooms and we began to rap. One of the men, Laughing Bear as he introduced himself, explained that he also had a toothache similar to mine and was chewing slippery elm for it. The Healing Tent had packed it up a couple of days previously. I relaxed and we sat talking for what seemed like eons. At one point, Ram Dass, a cameraman and Ram Dass's entourage walked by. Ram Dass looked our way and smiled

knowingly. We would later see him at breakfast, passing out granola diligently at the Hog Farm Kitchen.

From the healing meadow, I then made my way back to the Tepee Circle, in which there was a council of silence to pray for world peace. Around the inside sat two circles of women surrounded by two circles of men. A woman and child were sitting inside the circle. Other people came and left, doing silent pantomimes. A

A small man walked up to me and explained that he had landed four days before and told me where he parked his saucer.

man with a feather duster would dance around the people who entered the circle and dust them.

As I sat in silence, my bemushroomed thought stream began to go back to the times of Woodstock and, further, to the first Human Be-In in San Francisco in January 1967. How does this Rainbow Gathering of the tribes relate to these previous gatherings of those sons and daughters of America who see themselves as apart from the consensus of society? For one thing, I thought, the Rainbow Festival is not a rock concert, there are no featured speakers. The people do not come to watch a stage, they create their own drama.

This group is different, too, in that those earlier meetings were the first blossom of the psychedelic flower. Now, that flower is no longer so moist. It has been singed by the heat of Altamont, by the media tales of Manson, by the loss of '60s affluence, by the realization that the doors to the promised land would not swing open immediately but would require love and work to push ever so slowly open.

In the '60s, the issues were racism, the Vietnam War and the neurological freedom to pursue whatever drugs and sex an individual might desire. Racism is still with us—even at the Rainbow Festival, there were few nonwhites. The Vietnam War is over, yet the cancerous arms race, of which Vietnam was just a tumor, continues. The antinuke feeling ran high at Rainbow—against arms and reactors.

The ecological question was raised at the Rainbow Gathering—decaying cities choked with smog and dirt, the world growing hungrier and more crowded, our lakes and rivers filled with the poisons of industry, our beaches and forests raped by commercializers. Consciousness of social issues—government encroachments of individual freedoms around the world, sexual freedom, gay liberation, liberation

from ageism, women's liberation, class liberation—led to questions puzzling those who gathered under the banner of Rainbow.

What many of those who attended also shared was the spiritual quest. The image of the seeker questing after inner peace and cosmic awareness typified a large number of those at this gathering. Somehow there was an undercurrent of feeling that human liberation transcends all those lesser liberations. This was a gathering of what Tom Wolfe describes as the "Me Generation" of the 1970s, seekers each on their own path, involved with "me... me... me." When will they realize that we must stop being so busy finding ourselves and find each other? We are all different, yet differences are like colors of the rainbow—you couldn't have a rainbow without many hues.

I reflected also on how freedom to use marijuana and the psychedelics is central to this spiritual quest. It must be seen that aside from the superficial recreational uses, certain psychoactive chemicals are a spiritual path for many. Perhaps it is only when we can use these substances, in conjunction with all of the other human growth methods, that the neurological evolution necessary to bring about that union of science, technology, the arts and mysticism can occur.

A return to the paleolithic was, I thought, an unfortunate tendency at this gathering. The back-to-the-land movement of the '60s failed for many reasons. There was little consciousness evident of the futurist philosophies typified by Robert Anton Wilson and Timothy Leary. Here at the festival, the interest was in the oriental (chant om) and Native American (build a tepee). Such expressions betray a kind of naïveté in the face of a world begging for real solutions.

As evening came, people gathered for a feast. Hymns were sung and hands found other hands. And into the midst walked a man dressed in white embroidered with gold. He had on enormous wings of silver foil and was plucking on a harp. It was a comical note that punctured the pious atmosphere of the day, making some realize that costumes and spiritual songs don't necessarily lead to a free mind and a healthy body.

That evening of the Fourth, there were strangely few fireworks but many fires, and dancers and singers surrounded these blazing piles of timber. Around one of them I met a friend, a young woman I had known from other places. Her blue eyes were sparkling bright and she was swaying to the hymn "You Are the Light of the World."

"I took some acid today," she told me. "I'm on mushrooms," I replied.

She smiled and exclaimed, "Isn't it beautiful—the fire, the woods, the feeling that everyone has here. I hope this Rainbow Spirit can spread and fill the hearts of everyone, all around this planet." ■

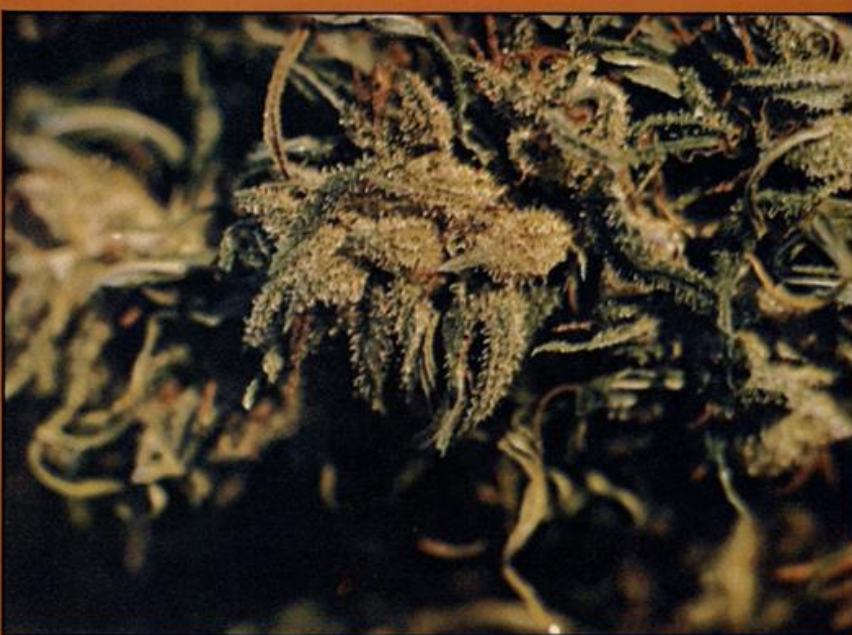
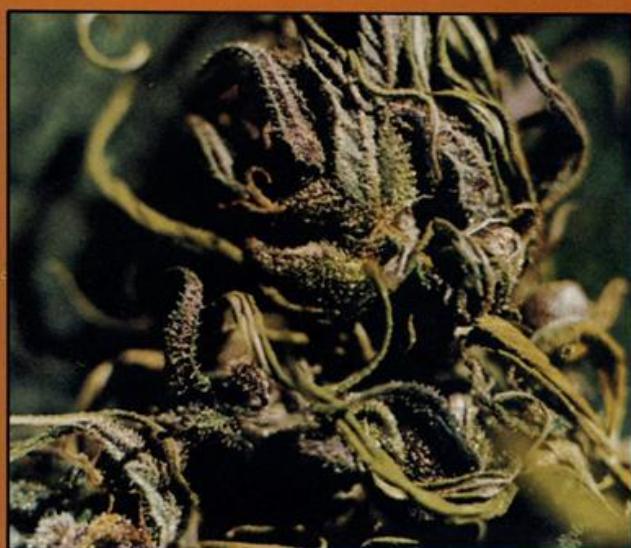
Stash

A Sinsemilla Sampler

There are a lot of dope farmers out there, but when the goods are in the truth is known: Only God can grow sinsemilla. So gaze mortals upon the colorful harvest of God; agnostics tremble at the sight of the *colors*, for they are a stone groove. If it wasn't for colors, like where would artist Jackson Pollock be? Or Rembrandt? Or Mary Carter paints? Or the sinsemilla that makes the mouth water, the eyeballs wiggle in delight and palms itch in anticipation—like the spicy red tendrils, royal purple strands, springtime green and flaming crimson surrounding this very copy . . . colors pure and bristling, heavenly if you will, coated rich with THC, sunset gold, actually overweight with mind-blowing cannabis isomers that collect in your brain like the profits from a psychedelic chain letter. So if you didn't get any Valentine's Day cards this year, cheer up, because this divine colorful sinsemilla sampler has been collected just for you. Sit back and dig the colors with someone you love. ☐



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The Blue Lady



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Signature _____

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Expiration Date _____

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State: _____ Zip: _____

God's Agent

(continued from page 55)

of revelatory vision have always been socially suspect. Always outside the law. Holy outlaws. Reckless courageous outlaws. Folklore has it that 43 federal agents were assigned to O.'s case before he was arrested on the day before Christmas, 1967. They have to stop this wild man with jingling bells or he'll turn on the whole world. O.'s Christmas acid could have stopped the war.

Messianic certainty. O. is the most moralistic person I have ever met. Everything is labeled, good or bad. Every human activity is either right or wrong. He is, in short, a nagging, preaching, intolerable puritan. Right to O. is what is natural, healthy, harmonious. Right gets you high. Wrong brings you down.

Meat is good. Man is a carnivorous animal, but eat your meat rare.

Vegetables are bad. They are for smoking, not eating. God (or the DNA code) designed ruminants and cud chewers to eat leaves. And man to eat their flesh.

Psychedelic drugs are good.

Alcohol is bad. Unhealthy, dulling, damaging to the brain. A down trip. O. explains this in ominous chemical warnings. I always feel guilty drinking a beer in front of him.

Showers are good. Clean.

Baths are bad. You soak in your own dirt, and your soft pores sponge up foul debris in a lukewarm liquid ideal nutrient for germs.

Rock and roll is good.

Science fiction is bad. Screws up your head. Takes you on weird trips.

Long hair is good. Sign of a free man.

Short hair is bad. Mark of a prisoner, a cop, or a wage slave.

Smoking is bad.

Marijuana is good.

Sex is good.

Sexual abstinence is insane.

O. is now sitting against the wall, talking quietly. The red glow flickers on his round glasses. He is a mad saint.

At the higher levels of energy, beyond even the electronic, there is no form. Form is pure energy limiting itself. Form is error.

On one trip they (I'll refer to "they" for lack of a better term), the higher intelligence, beckoned me to leave the living form and to merge with the eternal formless, which is all form, and I was tempted. Eternal ecstasy. But I declined regretfully. I wanted to stay in this form for a while longer.

Why?

Oh, to make love. Balling is such a friendly tender human thing to do.

How about eating, O.?

(continued on page 85)

Pass gas with the

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\$20.00



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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

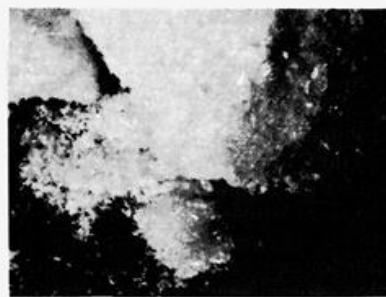
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EXPOSE MYSELF?

Why not,
if I know what
I'm doing.

Sure, it's easy to close yourself off to experience, cover up, withdraw from life. Safe.

But I choose life. I want to open up to sights, sounds, tastes, smells, feelings... That's why I expose myself to drugs... sometimes. Let's face it, who doesn't.

But I also want to know what I'm doing. Really, I'm no fool. I want to know what it means... and all that. All the dope on dope, man.

For the first and last word on recreational drugs — I turn to my **HIGH TIMES ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RECREATIONAL DRUGS**. Everything I want to know about grass, coke, hash, psychedelics, pills. Hundreds of amazing photos, illustrations, maps. Short and long term effects. Cooking with dope. A complete survey of laws and border regulations.

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STONEHILL

Oh, yes, that's tender too.
O.K. Let's go to a restaurant.

O. is a highly conscious man. He is aware at all times of who he is and what's what. Aware of his mythic role. Aware of his past incarnations. Aware of his animal heritage, which he wears, preeningly and naturally, like a pure forest creature. His sense of smell. O. carefully selects and blends perfumes for himself and his friends. Your nose always recognizes O. Oh, some sandalwood, a dash of musk, a touch of lotus, a taste of civet.

I talked to him once on the phone after a session. He was in his customary state of intense excitement. Listen, man, I saw clearly my mystic karmic assignment. I am Merlin. I'm a mischievous alchemist. A playful redeemer. My essence name is A.O.S.3.

Like any successful wizard, A.O.S.3 is a good scientist. Radar sensitive in his observations. Exacting, meticulous, pedantic about his procedures. He has grandiose delusions about the quality of his acid. "Listen, man, LSD is a delicate, fragile molecule. It responds to the vibrations of the chemist."

He judges acid and other psychedelics with the fussy, patronizing skill of a Bordeaux wine taster. He is less than kind to upstart rival alchemists. But no jeweler, goldsmith, painter, sculptor was ever more scrupulous about aesthetic perfection than A.O.S.

And like any good journeyman messiah his sociological and political perceptions are arrow straight. As do all turned-on persons, O. agonizes over the pollution of air and water, the rape of the soil, man's vengeful disruption of the living fabric. He, as well as anyone, sees the mechanization. The robotization.

Metal is good. It performs its own technical function. Metal has individuality, soul.

Plastics are evil. Plastic copies the form of plant, mineral, metal, flesh but has no soul.

O.'s life is a fierce protest against the sickness of our times that inverts man and nature into frozen brittle plastic. Only a turned-on chemist can appreciate the horror, the ultimate blasphemous horror of plastic.

O. is unique. He is himself. His life is a creative struggle for individuality. He longs for a social group, a linkage of minds modeled after the harmonious collaboration of cells and organs of the body. He wants to be the brains of a social love body. The ancient utopian hunger. Only a turned-on chemist can appreciate God's protean plan for society.

A.O.S.3 is that rare species. A realized, living, breathing, smelling, balling, laughing, working, scolding man. A ridiculous conceited fool, God's fool, dreaming of ways to make us all happy, to turn us all on, to love us and to be loved. ■

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New York, Mon Amour

(continued from page 70)

boy, you just wait till you get out to Colorado or San Francisco, and even the hotel clerk and the bellboy are congratulating you. "You made it out. You got away from Death City!" "That town of gangsters!" "Boy are you lucky!" And they shake your hand and insist you stay a while. Personally, I can never wait to get back to Manhattan.

You don't get a good look at Manhattan when you fly in on a jet, because the airport is in Queens. Meanwhile, the secret of Manhattan is to see it from the air, because Manhattan is a city that grows upward. So, the first thing to do in Manhattan is get higher than the city.

Flying is an elegant sport, and you could benefit from doing it more, anyway. The first thing to do in Manhattan is jump in a cab and tell the driver, "The heliport at 34th Street and East River Drive." Anytime between 9:30 A.M. and 4:30 P.M. a four-seater helicopter will take you up. It is a good eye-opener. You see big blue swimming pools and big green tennis courts on top of high-rise apartment buildings. You note the very different looks of the different sections of Manhattan: an incredible array of architectural forms in the variety of buildings on the Upper East Side; the bombed-out look of the Lower East Side. You fly directly past the tops of skyscrapers. As the chopper cuts across the East River to touch down on the island's edge, the buildings rapidly move up at you and develop into their frames just like in famous pictures. You see the whole island through a kaleidoscope as the planes of the buildings tilt. It's a quite different view, and the seven-minute ride is more than a bargain for \$9 (minimum of two people).

There is also a boat (the Circle Line at 43rd Street and 12th Avenue) that goes around the whole island while a loud-speaker tells what you're passing. It takes two and one-half hours and costs \$6. I slept through the first half of the trip, but there were two good parts: when you go around the top of the island, it's pretty fucked up; and, when you sail past the Upper West Side, the line of apartment buildings along the edge of the island looks like the forbidding wall of a giant medieval fortress. Manhattan is a fortress. As you walk along the streets you will feel as if you are "inside" the city. It even has a moat.

As soon as you get off the boat, head east toward 34th Street until you come to the Empire State Building, which is at Fifth Avenue. Take an elevator to the 86th

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floor (\$1.70) and go out on the observation deck, where visibility runs up to 25 miles on a clear day. The observation deck faces north, south, west and east. Take a good look in all four directions and you will get a pretty firm hold on the layout, which will be useful when you think you're lost.

7 Another lens to look at New York through is provided by the lobbies, bars, restaurants and—if you can make it—rooms of our most elegant hotels. Start at the Carlyle, tea between four and four-thirty in the afternoon. This is where the Kennedys stay. Warren Beatty has a home on the top floor so he can be three blocks away from Diane Keaton. You can't stay there together unless you're married.

The Pierre and the Sherry-Netherland, situated next to each other between 59th and 61st Streets, are the two major hotels for the major celebrities. Their majestic towers rise like sentinels of elegance over Central park, and as you look up at them from the avenue, you know that on any given day Mick Jagger, Francis Ford Coppola, David Bowie or Max Von Sydow may be gazing down upon you.

Go to the Sherry-Netherland for an evening cocktail and make use of their telephone-at-the-table service to call somebody up and impress them by having them call you back. Try and sit in the lobby of the Pierre for as long as you can some mid-week afternoon, just to see who's floating through. The rich look different because they keep different hours and can afford invisible makeup. If you look like you're waiting for someone seriously (carrying a tape recorder, for example), no one will bother you.

Across the street from the Pierre you will see the Plaza, which you may remember, as you stand gazing at it, used to be the home of Eloise, a very sophisticated girl who lived there on her own and liked it very much. Unfortunately, Eloise has long flown the coop, and the Plaza has recently been computerized. And word has come out that even the music of the violinist in the Palm Court Lounge has been bowdlerized. Go instead to the St. Regis, hidden in the shadows of 55th Street just off Fifth Avenue. This is where Salvador Dali lives in the winter. And I met Sissy Spacek there once. She was standing in a green velvet lounge wearing a green velvet dress....

Manhattan is 12½ miles long and 2½ miles wide at its widest point, covering an area of 23 square miles. It has what a clerk at the census bureau described as "an incredible population density of 66,923 people per square mile." A square mile—consider stuffing 66,923 people in it. 1,416,700 people live in Manhattan, but the population is gradually decreasing. The per capita income is \$6,307. An interesting figure. The island is connected by 19 bridges, four tunnels and 11 subway lines to the mainland. ■

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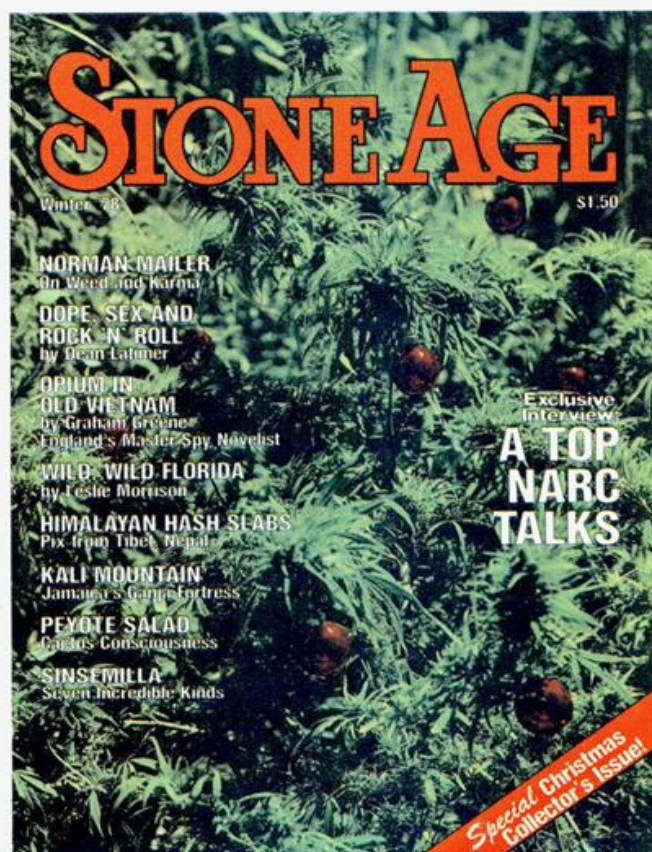
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Hard Times Hit Frostbelt

Predictably, economic experts from the Northeast and Midwest have hailed the study, with its recommendations for federal relief funds for their areas. Just as predictably, southern economists have termed it "biased" and unrealistic.

Bible-Based Schools Spread Across Nation

[illegible]

Tulsa's Christian Academy instructors are required to have had a "born again" religious conversion before being accepted on the staff. Asked if this principle of cult education might result in limited or biased graduates, Dale Carnegie of the 45-student Patrian Academy answers: "Judeo-Christianity is only one ethical system, but it happens to be the system most parents believe, and there should be no attempt on the part of the schools to change that."



Kids in high-profit "Christian" schools are brought to Jesus—and without having to be bused there, either.

Madison Avenue Goes to the Movies

by Amy Rennert, Pacific News Service

Commercial advertising, long a staple in European film palaces, is now invading our nation's 14,000 movie houses.

Already many of the big movie-distribution chains, including United Artists and Mann, have screened slick, professional ads for such products as Seiko clocks and Chryslers. Some 20 million patrons have seen the ads in 3,300 theaters.

Screenvision, the New York distributor of the ads, has started penetrating the "fourth network" in a way entirely different from the local advertising that has been around at drive-ins and small theaters for a long time.

"I don't expect the public to be thrilled with what we're doing," Screenvision vice-president Richard McIntosh said.

"Let's face it. Nobody really likes advertising. But people should realize we're providing a service that benefits everyone by enabling theaters to remain in business without increasing ticket prices."

Screenvision's first ad for Seiko brought in \$100,000; McIntosh projects that the company will probably be doing \$40 million annually in three years.

According to theater owners who have opened their doors to advertisers, the added revenue is desperately needed to fight inflation.

Here's how the money gets passed around. Advertisers pay Screenvision between \$17 and \$35 per minute per thousand admissions. Screenvision turns over one-third of the fee to individual theaters, then pockets the rest.

The cost to advertisers is almost twice what they pay for prime-time television, as film audiences are deemed more affluent and sophisticated than TV watchers.

"We're very pleased so far with the advertising. There haven't been too many problems concerning patron complaints," said Milton Daly, East Coast general manager for the United Artists Theater Circuit. "The commercials won't bring ticket prices down—I don't know of anything that is going down in today's economy—but I don't anticipate a rise in prices. Prices vary depending on location, averaging approximately four dollars in New York City."

Unlike television, films are not interrupted by ads; the commercials are shown before or after the feature attraction.

Not everyone is convinced that the commercials will remain unobtrusive. The manager of a small San Francisco theater said, "This is an instance of a company putting ties in gingerly. It's a go-slow attitude. When the public becomes acclimated to the situation, advertisers will forget about producing top-quality commercials and we'll start seeing all kinds of crap on the screen, just like TV. And who knows how long they'll be?"

So far Screenvision has set an absolute maximum of three minutes worth of commercials at a showing, and the average ad time has been one minute. But in Paris, its well-established parent corporation, Media Vision, distributes ads that are screened for up to ten minutes in some European theaters. Media Vision sells \$20 million in advertising annually.

"Personally, I'm not in favor of ads and I'm not using them now, but they may become a necessity in the future for financial reasons," said Max Blumenfeld, owner of a small chain of Bay Area theaters. "Of course our decision depends in part on what audiences are willing to accept."

Judging from the mere 100 complaints received to date by Screenvision and the lack of complaints received by advertisers and consumer organizations, moviegoers aren't putting up much of a fight.

"No theater we've signed with has left us," McIntosh said. In fact our business is growing. We are reaching one-third of the country's first-run theaters."

The launching of commercials for beers—Anheuser-Busch is one of Screenvision's newest clients—raises questions about whether or not there will be liquor and tobacco advertising bans, or any restrictions at all.

Private Eye Terrorizes Minnesota Eco-Protesters

AITKIN, MINNESOTA—The proprietors of a giant high-tension line running through the Minnesota forests hired a private detective last year to promote confusion in the ranks of protesting ecologists, it was recently disclosed. The gumshoe, posing as a reporter, "planted the seeds of para-

noia" among protesters, he said, by very obviously tailing them for days on end, for no reason beyond making them uptight. And last fall, when a power-line technician died in a fall from a 150-foot tower, the dick published an anonymous letter in a local newspaper saying, "Thank you to whoever assisted the struggle by tampering with tower 1180," hoping that the wire workers would become incensed against the protesters.

The salary of the private eye—who now freely admits to his dirty tricks—came out of a \$685,000 security budget put up by the two power companies involved. Over 300 armed guards were also hired to protect the installations, but to little avail. So far, protesters have managed to knock over three of the 15-story towers just by loosening the bolts at their bases.

States Act to Bar Nuclear Filth

WASHINGTON, D.C.—As protests mount across the country against nuclear power plants, the Atomic Energy Commission has discovered itself stuck with a lot of radioactive waste material and no place to safely dispose of it. State governments that gladly welcomed nuclear plants within their borders some years ago have seemingly had second thoughts about harboring the poisons they generate. Eleven states so far have barred nuclear-waste repositories from being established within them, leaving the AEC stuck with nearly 10 billion cubic feet of hot wastes—not to mention millions of gallons more being stored "temporarily" near air-force defense installations.



Rumors that the DEA is breeding a strain of giant dope-sniffing dogs to thwart the \$74-billion dope trade are confirmed by this shot of 25-foot "Nippy" and his trainers.

EXOTIC UNTREATED TRIPPY GARDENING SEEDS

Morningglory Seeds "Heavenly Blues"	9 Grams (270 Seeds)	1/4 Lb. (3460 Seeds)	1/2 Lb.	1 Lb.
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Hops Seeds	4 Gram (100 Seeds)	1 Oz. (7000 Seeds)	Wild Lettuce Seeds	4 Gram (600 Seeds)
(Humulus lupulus)	\$1.50	\$13.50	(Lact. Virosa & Scariola)	\$1.50
Baby Woodrose Seeds	1 Gram (10 Seeds)	1 Oz. (280 Seeds)		2 Oz.
(Argyrea nervosa)	\$1.50	\$24.53		\$40.88

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Temperance Chief Nailed for Bottle Collection

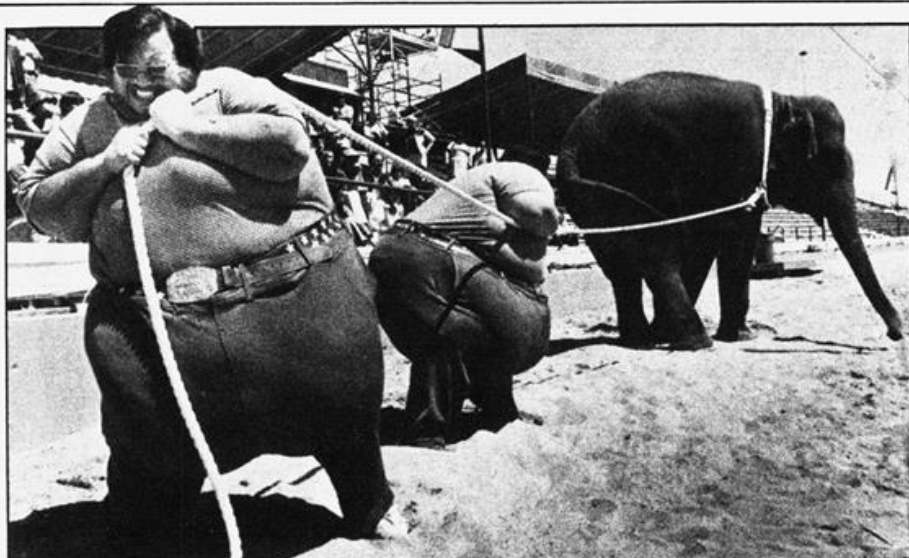
TORONTO, ONTARIO—Walter Hamilton, an executive at the Provincial Liquor Control Board, was recently busted for ripping off the office to the tune of a bottle of Scotch every week for the last ten years. All 520 bottles were recovered from Hamilton's home after the thefts came to light. All were unopened. Hamilton, it seems, does not drink.

Ten Most Ignored Stories Announced

The plight of American blacks has been chosen as the best censored news story of 1977. It was chosen from entries submitted to a media seminar at Sonoma State College in California. For the past two years, the seminar has asked the public to send in important stories that have been largely ignored by the major media outlets. Then the ten "best" of those entries are chosen by a panel of nationally respected journalists.

This year, "The Myth of Black Progress" was chosen as the most important story ignored by the American media. It was followed by the failure of America's billion-dollar cancer-research industry; President Carter's association with the Trilateral Commission; the costs and dangers of decommissioning nuclear-power plants; the infant-formula scandal; the alleged massacre in Cambodia and Vietnam; the cost benefits of a clean environment; the acid rains that are destroying soil, crops and lakes in the northern hemisphere; the rage to exploit mineral deposits on the ocean floor; and the exploitation of illegal aliens by American employers.

By contrast, the most important news stories of 1977, chosen by a poll of American newspaper editors, were the Mideast conflict, the death of Elvis Presley, last year's severe winter and Bert Lance's resignation.



Rogue human twins strain their bulk in a tug-of-war against Tagu, a 6,000-pound elephant at a Redwood City, California, zoo. The pachyderm easily bested the 1,474-pound duo, Billy and Benny McGuire, who hold the dubious distinction of being the world's fattest twins.



Interplanetary smugglers note: Customs security at Mount Rainier Intergalactic Airport is still minimal.

Image Bank

Mt. Rainier Welcomes UFOs

WASHINGTON STATE—Flying-saucer pilots now have an official, guaranteed-safe landing pad at the base of Mount Rainier. Fifteen flat mountain-valley acres have been fenced off and fitted with special landing lights for UFO jockeys by New Age magazine publisher Wayne Aho. Aho claims

to have established telepathic contact in 1957 with UFO extraterrestrials, and was extensively debriefed by the CIA afterward. Aho and other prominent UFO students are convinced that recent aberrations in the Earth's tides and climate presage an imminent visit from extraterrestrials.

Tear-Gas Sales Slump

The world's largest tear-gas manufacturer reports that both its sales and profits are down since the heyday of civil disorder.

Frank MacAloon, editor of Law and Order magazine, explains: "When peace came to the U.S., the tear-gas business pretty much dried up. It's like cockroaches: if you don't have them, you don't need roach killer."

During the peak of the peace protests and civil-rights demonstrations of the '60s, Federal Laboratories Company was selling \$8 million worth of tear-gas devices a year. That figure has now fallen to \$3.5 million. The recent government ban on selling tear-gas to some nations has also cut into sales.

Still, Federal Laboratories vice-president Harry Wells stays on his toes. Each morning he scans the

news in search of riots, demonstrations and other disorders. Then he dispatches a salesperson to the area to drum up new business.

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Brazil Censors Okay Political Satire

RIO DE JANEIRO—Government censors here appear to be relaxing in the area of political humor, though sex still makes their hackles rise. While the mild political sitcom "Planet of the Men" is permitted to shock and titillate viewers with lukewarm satires on the new "democratic" government, top censor Armando Falcao recently pulled the Portuguese translation of *The Hite Report* off book stands after six weeks on the best-seller list.



Wide World

Che Guevara: his brother runs from the family.

"Shy" Guevara Fakes His ID

CORDOBA, ARGENTINA—Juan Guevara was recently busted here on charges of carrying false identification; he was sentenced to three years. He explained to the judge that he had simply become irritated at the way people were forever accusing him of being the brother of the late revolutionary Che Guevara, but the judge refused to accept this as a mitigating factor. Juan really is Che's brother.

The humor on "Planet of the Men" is not particularly probing or acerbic by U.S. standards, but it's unprecedented in modern Brazilian history. In a typical skit, the new head of the Department of Agriculture was shown practicing his cliché-ridden inauguration speech. He learns midway through it that he's been switched to head the Education Ministry; he then repeats his speech verbatim. Substituting educational clichés for agricultural terms. A monologue by standup comic Chico Anisio recounts how he imagined he was abducted by a flying saucer, rising higher and

higher in the sky until, he cracks, "It turned out to be the cost of living." "I guess the censors just decided to acquire a sense of humor," says "Planet of the Men" scripter Haroldo Barbosa.

On the other hand, censor Falcao personally banned *The Hite Report*, after 30,000 copies were sold, as being "against the morals and good customs of Brazil." Author Shere Hite observed, "It is also a break with Brazilian customs for a woman to have an orgasm." The book has also been banned in India, Pakistan, Malaysia and the Republic of South Africa.

Argentina to Build Plutonium Plants

BUENOS AIRES—Argentina is about to start construction of an experimental plutonium-reprocessing plant. The president of Argentina's Atomic Energy Commission, Admiral Raul Castro Madero, said that the reprocessing plant, which will be built at the Ezeiza atomic center just outside of Buenos Aires, probably would be completed in the early 1980s.

This suggests that Argentina, the Latin American leader in nuclear technology, is likely to have its experimental facility in operation at least five years ahead of Brazil, which is scheduled to start building a laboratory-scale plant with West German aid in 1985.

The decision came as a blow to the Carter administration, which has sought to curb the spread of reprocessing plants because the plutonium they produce can be used to make nuclear

weapons. The U.S., which unsuccessfully mounted a major effort to halt the Brazilian deal, is unlikely to have much success in changing Argentina's plans, because Argentina does not intend to seek outside assistance.

"It will be done entirely nationally," Castro said. "It is difficult, but we have a very high level of scientists and professionals, so we think we will be able to build our own without any help."

Informed foreign observers take this contention very seriously because Argentine scientists and engineers built a laboratory-scale reprocessing plant at Ezeiza in the late 1960s.

Reds Fight 'Lombo Birth-Control Scheme

MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA—Profamilia, this country's advanced and highly successful birth-control program, has begun running into more opposition from doctrinaire leftists than it ever got from the Colombian Catholic church. In the 13 years since Profamilia was privately incorporated, the Colombian birth rate has fallen from 46 per thousand women annually to 32; families now average 4.1 children per household, down from 7.1 in 1965.

The formation of an effective national birth-control program was at first regarded impossible in Catholic Colombia. When Profamilia's founder, Dr. Miguel Trias, began working in country villages, however, he found that he was frequently assisted by local nuns and monks. Beginning with family-planning advice and marriage counseling, Dr. Trias's assistants gradually established 46 clinics in 34 towns; over 30,000 people now receive contraceptives and counseling from Profamilia. As the program gains ground and visibility in big cities like Bogota—called "the Calcutta of the Andes"—bigwigs in the Church have begun to grumble about it.

Dr. Trias has found his most voluble opposition, though, from radicals around South Santander and Choco, who continually point out that most of Profamilia's funding comes from U.S. and European foundations. They submit that industrialized nations back birth control in the Third World in order to cut down on consumption of local raw materials. Some activists outrightly support overpopulation as a Maoist political tactic: the misery it causes among the poor, they theorize, "heightens the contradictions" between classes and will bring on world revolution that much sooner. Dr. Trias has suggested that this sort of thinking may not bear very much on real conditions in Colombia today.

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Apparently not content with cornering the dope and coffee markets, Colombia is attempting to become a major cheesecake power.

Colombia Plans Cheesecake Fest

CARTAGENA, COLOMBIA—Next year's Miss Universe contest will be climaxed in this historic Atlantic city, if certain local financiers have their way. Industrialists Edgar Botero and Agosto Calderon

have spearheaded the bidding for the 1980 Miss Universe franchise ever since Margaret Gardiner of the Republic of South Africa was chosen Miss Universe at Acapulco, Mexico, in 1978. Prelimi-

nary elimination ceremonies are already being scheduled for the Colombian cities Bogota, Cali and Medellin, and a new convention center may be established here for the grand finals.

Oil Boom Dooms Mexican Farmers

VILLA HERMOSA, MEXICO—Angry farmers here claim that the development of southern Mexico's new oil reserves may result in their economic ruin and severe health problems. In the Department of

Tabasco, 173,000 acres of banana, orange and cacao-producing land have already been irretrievably poisoned by the uncontrolled operations of the state-owned oil corporation, Petroleos Mexi-

canos (Pemex), located in Samaria. The eeriest aberration is the frequency of "black rain," tropical thundershowers mixed with greasy, sulphurous refinery waste. A 60-mile pipeline stretching from Samaria to Ciudad Pemex was planted only 2.5 feet deep in the ground, and its heat withers the roots of fruit trees for yards to either side of it. Local farmers, who are losing over 80 percent of their crops annually, have been refused compensation by the federal government. According to the departmental governor, Leandro Roviroso, these phenomena are all "natural"—even when the annual rainy season unleashes seas of raw oil for hundreds of acres, turning mud into something resembling tar.

International Weed

British Parliament Bombed by Horseshit

The daughter of Maltese president Dom Mintoff, Yana Mintoff, has been fined £100 for throwing horseshit onto the floor of the London House of Commons from the spectators' gallery. Stool-flinger Mintoff and her boyfriend John McSherry were protesting British imperialism in Northern Ireland.

- Recently the French federal minister for road safety blamed the recent influx of heavy, powerful motorcycles into France as the cause of the spiraling highway accident statistics. In a rage, the powerful Association of Independent Motor Cyclists declared an all-day Parisian street rally to demonstrate the safety of their hogs. Ignoring traffic lights, rights of way and bus lines, the bikers took over the city for several hours, assisted by police, who hustled pedestrians out of their way. However, just as the rally was about to end, scores of bikers were involved in a massive collision on the Bois de Boulogne that injured 25 spectators and bikers.

- In the ancient inland city of Staphurst, Holland, a sect of 10,000 strict Dutch Calvinists still lives by every legal and moral tenet laid down in the Old Testament. Electricity, running water, autos and plumbing are unknown in Staphurst, while games of all sorts, dancing and dinner parties are prohibited. Women are confined for a week every

month during menstruation, and extramarital sex is strictly forbidden.

However, the townspeople follow certain "pagan" Scandinavian traditions that pre-existed Christianity. For example, only pregnant females are allowed to marry; when a woman becomes so, her father nails a copper heart to the door until she's claimed by the expectant father. A young woman wishing to attract a husband leaves open a "courting window" in her bedroom, so that suitors can easily enter and attempt impregnation.

- Forty years ago, a woman in Northampton, England, was directed by her physician to go to bed until she recovered from a bout of influenza. Not being able to tell by herself when she was quite well, the woman stayed in bed until last fall when, at the age of 74, she was finally examined by Dr. Peter Roe. Writing in the Lancet, Dr. Roe claims that the woman's immobility sprang from absolutely no mental or physical cause.

- When a Copenhagen, Denmark, labor clerk turned down John Bennet's application for relocation funds, the 36-year-old Briton bit off the clerk's ear. The four-year resident of Denmark had requested money to move to Norway but was nixed. He then knocked out the clerk, chewed off the organ and laid it atop a piece of paper he had labeled YOUR EAR.

Burn Artist Fined for Pot Fraud

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND—Two local youths have successfully prosecuted a local man, John Cochrane, for burning them in a grass deal. Cochrane admitted in court that he had sold the boys a "month's supply" of powdered hair conditioner,

which he had steam-ironed between sheets of silver paper. Though the resultant product allegedly looked and smelled just like dope, it had no psychoactive effect at all, and Cochrane was fined \$80 for fraud.

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Oppressed Kids Need "Divorce" Rights

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN—The human rights of children are so frequently abused by their parents, a law professor here contends, that they should be given the right to "divorce" their families whenever necessary. "A very large number of 13 to 19 year olds have serious relationship disturbances with at least one parent," points out Dr. Ulla

Jacobsen. Children everywhere are unfairly compelled by their parents to join churches not of their free choosing, to work at jobs with little or no pay and to live in quarters totally without privacy. Many parents also believe, says Jacobsen, that they have the right to open their children's mail, eavesdrop on their private conversations and

restrict their rights of individual expression.

The worst oppression in the home occurs, says Dr. Jacobsen, when parents with personality disorders subject their children to brutalities and injustices of which no one outside the family could be aware. In these cases, Dr. Jacobsen insists, children should be legally permitted to apply for removal from their parents' custody and for reinstatement with a foster couple.



Pete McMama

You can get guns and grenades for the IRA through Irish Customs, but contraceptives are another matter.

Irish Customs Busts Condoms

DUNDALK, IRELAND—The Irish Customs Service has seized over \$8,600 worth of smuggled condoms and spermicide jellies at Dundalk and Dublin. The production and sale of contraceptive devices is illegal in Catholic-dominated Ireland; however they've been imported widely from England since 1974, when an Irish High Court decision ordained that the private use of contraceptives was legal.

Numerous birth-control clinics in Ireland have therefore been disbursing imported contraceptives to couples, providing them "free" in exchange for "donations." However, last year a service called Family Planning Ltd. opened in order to cut the price of Irish contraceptives by importing them in bulk and distributing them to the clinics, who paid for them at wholesale rates.

Charging that this constitutes "sale" of contraceptives, the Irish Revenue Commission has seized all shipments to Family Planning at the docks. Couples using the clinic services will therefore have to go without, while Family Planning contests Ireland's basic anticontraception statute—the 1935 Criminal Act—in High Court.

The Dublin government, however, has indicated that it may expedite this process by formally legalizing the sale of contraceptives in Ireland. Charles Haughey, minister for health, has been conferring with Bishop Cahal Daly, who recently declared that in his ecclesiastical opinion, the government is "not necessarily bound" to prohibit the distribution and sale of condoms and spermicide jellies.

British Post Office Turns Record Profit

LONDON, ENGLAND—Last year, the British Post Office reported a cash profit in excess of \$77 million—in contrast to the United States Post Office, which over the same period lost \$688 million. While postal rates in Britain are fairly equivalent to the USA's, it seems that by cutting out mail collections between midnight and six A.M., and on Sundays, the service saves a phenomenal amount of money. The British Post Office actually uses some of its profits to run TV ads encouraging people to write letters to their friends, and this appears to augment mail volume.

American P.O. spokesmen, smarting at this glaring disparity in profits and performance (one-day delivery is the rule in Britain), point out that Britain's physical dimensions—less than 800 miles by 300 miles—may account for a great deal of the difference.

Italy's "Slob Diet": Loaf the Fat Off

ROME, ITALY—Dieters here claim to be losing as much as nine pounds per week by virtue of a new diet theory that places more emphasis on inertia than exercise. Its promoters hold that stress and anxiety are the main causes of over-eating and recommend that fatties spend as much time as possible at home, avoiding all sources of worry.

Calorie counting, calisthenics and jogging are discouraged by the new diet. One should lie idly in bed after waking and sip tea with a biscuit while reading or talking to friends over the telephone. After lunch—meat and vegetables with water—a brief walk is allowed, but one should be home again in time for a light supper of cheese, vegetables and milk. Most of all, the dieter should sleep as much as possible.

"Kiss of Life" Disgusts Germans

BONN, WEST GERMANY—The German Automobile Association has designed a special sanitary "kiss of life" mask for administering mouth-to-mouth artificial respiration. About half the victims of car accidents require immediate mouth-to-mouth, studies indicate, but Germans are squeamish about the idea of kissing strangers; even 12 percent of med students find it nauseating. The new mask, distributed free to all, minimizes actual flesh contact.

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French Employees Take Over Factories

PARIS, FRANCE—On any given week, between 20 and 30 French factories are taken over by their workers. The occupation of industrial plants is nowadays regarded as a formal and acceptable tactic in French labor-management relations. Up to the late '60s, such takeovers were frequently met with police force, but in recent years French judges have upheld the tactic as legitimate, since it gives the workers a necessary power base from which to negotiate with management.

Most takeovers are launched in order to provide job security for workers faced with layoffs; thus about 90 percent of them fail, since they occur at factories that are already on the economic skids. Still, claims union leader Claude Perrignon of the Confederation Francaise Democratique du Travail, even temporary takeovers provide valuable experience for the workers. "Occupations are undertaken first for jobs and personal survival," he points out. "But they also permit workers to learn about factory management and discover their collective ability."

While factory owners are often eager to dump operations in trouble, before their capital losses become significant, the employees themselves have typically shown more flexibility and determination in keeping the plants afloat. In recent years, Grandin TV and Big Chief clothes were



In the '60s, protesting French workers only picketed their factories; now they inhabit them, years on end.

rescued from bankruptcy by their workers, though only after extensive layoffs. The Chaix print factory in Paris is prospering again after nearly three years of worker occupation.

Such massive national industries as Renault

and Molineux kitchenware have been repeatedly occupied by workers, with several regional plants simultaneously taken over. French civil-service employees have even occupied national defense arsenals on several occasions.

Brits Demand Real Ale

LONDON—British beer drinkers are winning the battle to preserve the brewing of genuine ale.

About ten years ago, modern technology began forcing traditional British ale off the market. "Real ale," as it is called, is difficult to brew and even more difficult to store and transport. As one pub owner explained, real ale "is alive...so it goes off at the slightest thing. Even a storm will upset it."

To cut expenses, British brewers began adding

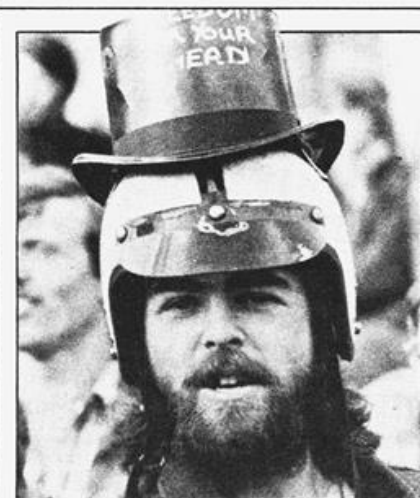
chemicals to preserve their beer, storing it in metal containers and buying up small breweries.

It appeared the traditional brews would totally disappear—until the campaign for real ale appeared on the scene. Ale lovers refused to patronize pubs that sold "chemical beer" and produced leaflets telling others where they could find real ale. Despite massive advertising campaigns by the big breweries, real ale is now in constant demand.

British Denim Fraud Uncovered

LONDON—Nolton Management Services Ltd. has agreed to pay Levi-Strauss & Company of San Francisco \$500,000 for attempting to pirate their jeans, Europe's favorite fashion for the last ten

years. Nolton, which had conspired to distribute denim dungarees with forged leather "Levi" patches, arranged the settlement through a British judge.



Does the Magna Carta give every Briton a right to risk his head? London bikers protesting against compulsory helmet laws in Trafalgar Square think so.

Pirate Broadcasters Blown into Jail

OOSTEREND, HOLLAND—The North Sea's newest pirate radio station, Radio Delmare, was blown straight into the Dutch Coast Guard dock here by a North Sea gale, only a month after it had begun broadcasting. Delmare's illegal transmitter had been broadcasting nonstop rock from a renovated merchant ship with only three disc jockeys aboard, when a howling storm snapped her cables and drove her straight toward shore. The Dutch Coast Guard rescued and busted the disc jockeys, who were charged with illegal private broadcasting, a criminal offense in most European countries. The backers of Radio Delmare pledged to outfit another ship and resume operations.

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NYC's "Mr. Methadone" Helps Hong Kong Create Junkie Profile

HONG KONG—The typical Hong Kong junkie, according to a computer profile programmed by New York City's former methadone czar, is a semiskilled young adult, single or separated, who lives in crowded and substandard housing. Grateful Hong Kong narco authorities have hailed this finding as a new epoch in drug control.

Dr. Robert Newman, who masterminded New

York City's disastrous methadone maintenance program, set up Hong Kong's new junkie computer with a U.S. federal grant. "Addicts" who are treated by government programs are required to fill out a standard 20-question form, which is fed into the computer. Of the 26,000 addicts on file—estimated to be half of Hong Kong's practicing junkies—only 3 percent, it turns out, are under

19. This, authorities claim, represents a great success for recent antismack programs, as does a reported drop in people seeking treatment.

Hong Kong's "advanced" smack-rehab program involves substituting methadone for heroin—Dr. Newman's hobbyhorse, which has failed so abysmally in every American city to which it has been applied.

Jerusalem Was a "Boom Town"—in 1000 B.C.



JERUSALEM, ISRAEL—Beginning with its conquest by King David exactly 3,000 years ago, this city was the richest in the Middle East for 300 years, according to startling new archaeological evidence. During its heyday under David, Solomon and their royal Israelite successors, Jerusalem was accorded a dazzling surplus of material wealth in the Bible—a wealth that has always been regarded with skepticism by modern historians.

New excavations of the original Israelite city, circa 950 B.C., just south of the Old City walls

beneath the site of Solomon's temple, have confirmed however that Jerusalem was even richer than Babylon at the time. Hebrew University archaeologist Yigal Shiloh has found evidence of luxury items imported from all over the Mediter-

anean, indicating that Jerusalem's citizens were the prime consumers of goods imported through the Phoenician cities of Sidon and Tyre—previously considered the richest cities of the Palestinian Iron Age.

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DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED



The Dalai Lama made one of his rare public appearances at the World Buddhist Convention in Tokyo last year. Top Chinese boss Teng hsaio-Peng unexpectedly turned up at the meeting, sparking rumors that a reconciliation between the exiled Tibetan potentate and the Red Chinese may be in the offing.

Wide World

China Declares Smog War

An ecologically minded Red Chinese government has announced plans to clean up Peking, which after 30 years of industrial development is one of the most polluted cities in the world. Within a few years, officials have pledged, "Someone standing on the dagoba temple in Peihai Park may have a clear view of the western hills, 15 miles away."

Big factories are gradually being relocated in the countryside, while new smog controls are imposed in Peking itself, along with extensive cleaning and reclamation projects. According to

the New China News Agency, "Industries relating to the needs of the city population and which are not environmentally harmful, such as food, arts and crafts, radio and printing, will remain in the capital... and will be modernized to provide a clean-working environment."

As the factories move out of the city, leisure houses, hotels and restaurants have been springing up in record numbers on their sites. Peking, many suspect, may become China's number-one tourist trap by the mid 1980s.



Ex-Beatle John Lennon hexes a Customs body searcher at Japan's Narita Airport, the target of massive terrorist attacks.

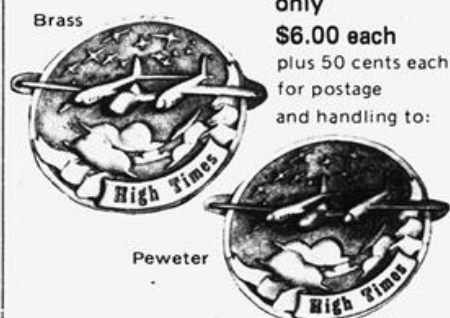


Young Thai Communists celebrate the 13th anniversary of their revolution—"Gunburst Day"—with an act of armed struggle.

Peking Woos Punks

PEKING, CHINA—Cultural representatives from the People's Republic of China are currently seeking to establish an exchange of young Chinese musicians with Western rock 'n' roll artists. Two new-wave British rock groups, Roxy Music and Generation X, have been asked to undertake a concert tour of major Chinese cities.

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Pro-Fat Lobby Gets Rolling

TOKYO, JAPAN—Obesity, like the Japanese Gross National Product, is busting out all over here nowadays, and the controversial Great Japan Fat People's League ("Daipiren") is solidly in favor of it. The modern "slimness fetish" is an importation of Western tastes to Japan, Daipiren charges, and may not really have anything to do with health. "Each person has his own background," points out Daipiren's founder, 240-pound pop singer Asei Kubayashi: "For some it is unhealthy to be fat, for others it is fine."

Daipiren's 500-strong membership is bringing heavy pressure on Tokyo-Yokohama department stores to open fashionable clothes displays for fat people and holds its own annual "Mr. and Miss Fat" beauty pageant to present the ideal of portly attractiveness. They hold regular counseling sessions for fat people, teaching them how to accept

and even embrace their excess avoirdupois. Chubby "good" world leaders like Teddy Roosevelt, Mao and Churchill are regularly contrasted with "evil" ones like Hitler and Tojo. "In olden days in Japan," points out Kubayashi, "fat people were regarded as more beautiful than slim people. Even in Kabuki the lead player was fat, the good characters were all fat, and the gods and goddesses were all fat."

Elvis Presley's early death is cited as an instance of the intolerable bias society has toward fat people: "Presley became sensitive about being fat, and so he became sick," claims Kubayashi. "Doctors say obesity is bad for health. The pressure on fat people is so great that they often suffer mental anguish and breakdowns. We believe people should live a happy and joyful life whether they are fat or not."

Police Raid Afternoon Love Nest

Police in Tripoli, Libya, unceremoniously dragged a man out of bed recently and charged him with the crime of making love to his wife in the daytime. A nosy, religious neighbor had turned him in.

The incident occurred during the holy month

of Ramadan, when Moslems must fast and abstain from sex from dawn to dusk. The man told the cops, "It was our wedding day, and my wife didn't want to wait until sunset." He spent the day in jail, while his wife got off with a severe warning.

Hole in Sahara Seen as Key to Egypt's Power



Before N-bombs can blast a water channel through Qatara, the territory has to be cleared of World War II land mines.

EL ALAMEIN, EGYPT—International resource developers are proposing to use nuclear devices to blast a 50-mile irrigation channel that would reach deep into the Sahara Desert.

The energy venture would connect the Qatara Depression, an enormous hollow in the desert that is actually below sea level, with the Mediterranean Sea. In 1912, German scientists speculated that Qatara could be irrigated to support orchards and grain fields. However, sea water was found impractical for long-term irrigation projects, since

brine salt progressively poisons growing soil. Developments in hydroelectrical engineering have lately drawn scientists back to the idea.

West German engineer Dr. Friedrich Bassler has projected that Mediterranean water passing into Qatara through a narrow channel could actually generate more electric power than the Aswan Dam, making it the biggest hydroelectric development in the world. The flow would be continuous, too: the extreme heat of Qatara would evaporate the water faster than it poured in,

facilitating continual flow for a thousand years at least. This evaporation would also increase the rainfall in the northern Nile delta.

No one would be displaced by the Qatara development, because even the desert nomads have shunned the area since it was heavily mined during World War II. So far, Bassler's surveyors have mapped nine separate minefields between El Alamein and Qatara and are continually coming across unexploded missiles—one of which, ironically, blew up a water truck not long ago.



An anarchistic python in Kruger Park, South Africa, abandoned its natural habitat to brazenly occupy a tourist's two-door. The car's owner exposed himself to the danger of a rhino charge when he coaxed the snake out of the engine compartment with a camera tripod.



Black Star

Bakshesh flows in buckets through the artificially maimed fingers of the Cairo Necropolis "lepers."

Cairo's Crypt City Spawns "Beggar Army"

CAIRO, EGYPT—Sightseers here are frequently accosted for alms by a young woman who begs in broken foreign phrases for enough to feed her feverish, dirt-streaked baby—which she has actually rented for the day. This woman, in reality a college graduate who speaks excellent French, English and German, rents her touchingly hollow-eyed prop babies from married neighbors in Cairo's Necropolis, a squalid cemetery town east of the city where some 250,000 squatters subsist on the proceeds from professional alms seekers.

In Necropolis, children are cosmetically made up to look gaunt or diseased and are rented out for the day to enterprising beggars: \$1 for a boy, \$1.50 for a girl. Adult beggars also hire traditional artisans to fit them with dramatic scars, scabs, boils and bloody bandages, so as to make a profitably impressive spectacle of need in Cairo's tourist centers.

Actual crippled beggars abound in Cairo, but their ranks are swelled by clever imposters, many of whom make a very decent living. The Cairo vice squad recently busted an emaciated 90-year old "leper," Wahba Menhail, who was carrying \$2,300 in his tattered loincloth; he also had \$1,400 in a bank and owned \$7,000 in property. Another man, Ali Osman, had for years worn the same filthy arm cast for begging purposes, in which, at the time of his arrest, cops found \$300 and commuter train tickets to his 20-acre farm some miles up the Nile.

Professional begging can be hazardous, how-

ever. A syndicate of extortionists also works out of the Necropolis, abstracting a fixed percentage of every donation given to a beggar by compassionate tourists or Muslim pilgrims en route to Mecca. Cairo vice cops, under the direction of Colonel Muhammad Abu Rayya, have been unable to infiltrate the racket, which has existed since the Middle Ages and still practices such professional atrocities as cripple making.

Cripple makers are mainly unaccredited "surgeons" who systematically maim or deform likely looking beggars, so as to augment their alms-bucket profits. Some can riddle the flesh of a person's face so that he or she appears to have had yawns since infancy, while one surgeon is said to specialize in making eyeballs appear to be blind, though preserving their sight.

Several years ago, a reporter named Abdel Hamed infiltrated the begging racket from the bottom up. For three weeks he begged in an Alexandria suburb, becoming so adept at it that the subchief whom he paid off (as did 80 other beggars) offered to give him a much-coveted promotion. Hamed agreed and was taken at night to a Necropolis tomb, which turned out to be a cripplemaker's "infirmary." According to Hamed, he was forced to watch "three huge men holding a poor man on a sofa while a fourth took out his eye." Hamed was then given an opportunity to lose a hand and a leg—considered a highly lucrative mutilation—but gained a delay to clear up some personal matters first and escaped.

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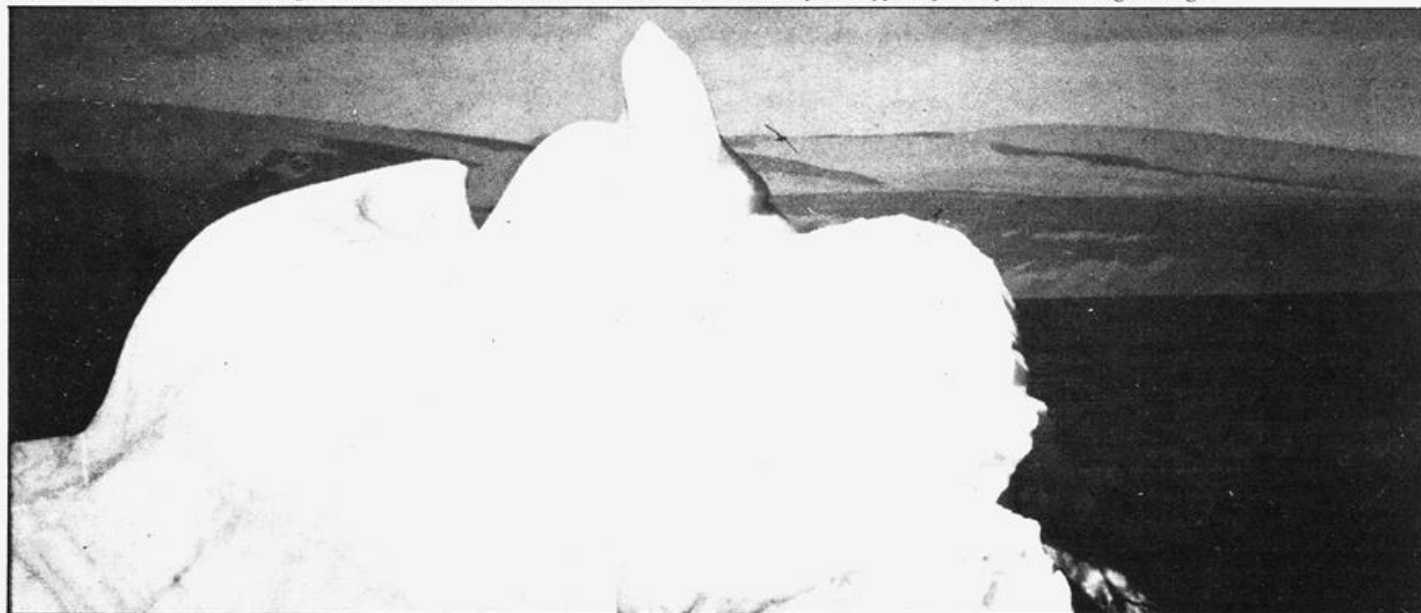
Antarctica

Science Bigs Studying Southern Ice Ages

WALGREEN COAST, ANTARCTICA—Over 300 scientists from America, Germany and Japan are setting up camps on the Darwin and Byrd glaciers here to study the extent of glaciation that occurred in the southern hemisphere during the last Ice Age. While much is known of the glaciation's extent

and effect on the northern continents, not much is yet known about the southern ice sheets during the same period. The new project, "Deep Freeze '79," has been timed to coincide with the peak of the 11-year sunspot cycle; when sunspot activity is most violent, the southern hemisphere typically

suffers droughts and atmospheric storms, all conducive to increased glaciation. Under partial funding from the U.S. National Science Foundation, the researchers will try to determine how it is that Antarctic glacier expansion seems to be halted by free-floating icebergs.



Twelve thousand years ago, ice sheets two miles high covered New York and Paris. Puzzled scientists are now asking why the same wasn't true of Capetown and Canberra.

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BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA—Yves. St. Laurent's new "Opium" perfume has been banned by the Queensland health department—on grounds of misleading labeling. Although it sells for \$100 an ounce, the perfume contains no opium.

Diamond Fever Strikes "Down Under"

DERBY, AUSTRALIA—Last spring the country's top mining company, Conzinc Riotinto of Australia, announced that it had found diamonds in the Northwest Territory near Kimberly Hills, and now the rush is on. Every week dozens of miners stake new claims in the desolate, viper-infested wilderness, paying only 58¢ per tract of land. Many prospectors have gained extensive backing from investors in Sydney and Brisbane, so that the territory is alive with jeeps, vans, helicopters, small planes and rock-breaking pile drivers.

So far no new diamonds have turned up, though. Conzinc Riotinto had sifted over 2,000 tons of dirt before collecting 173 carats of diamonds—1.5 ounces altogether—in fine, sandlike crystal particles. The stock-market "boom" in diamonds, many feel, will most probably duplicate the bogus "nickel boom" of 1971, when thousands of investors lost their shirts in precisely the same way. But with over 3,000 claims already filed in the Kimberly Hills, diamond fever appears to be here to stay for a while.

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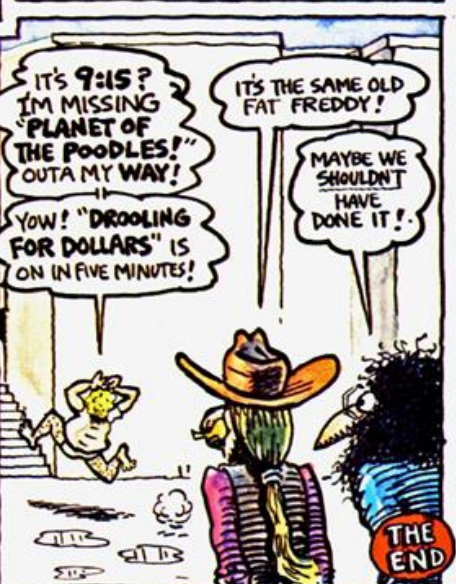
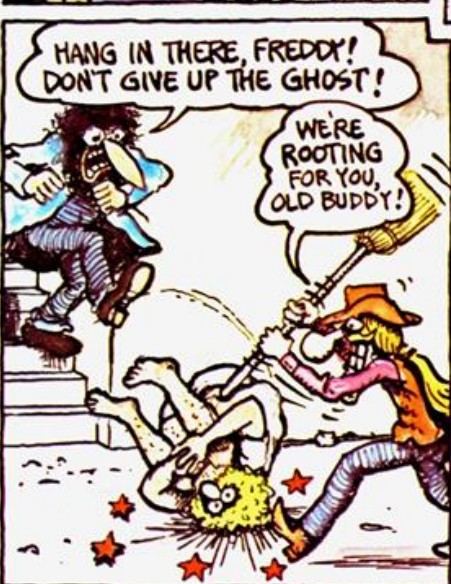
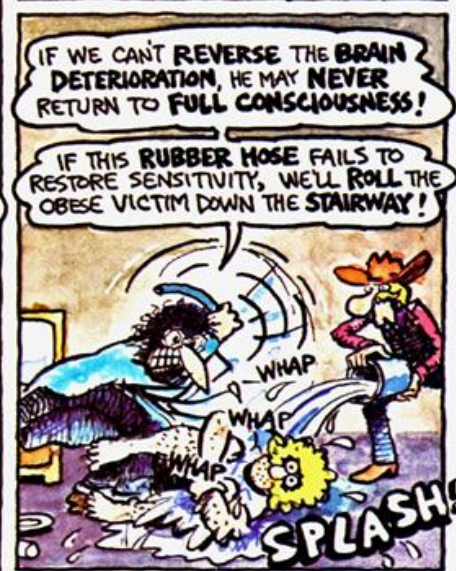
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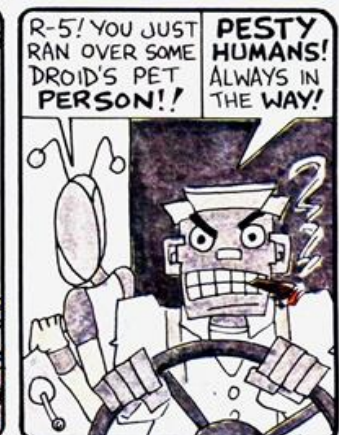
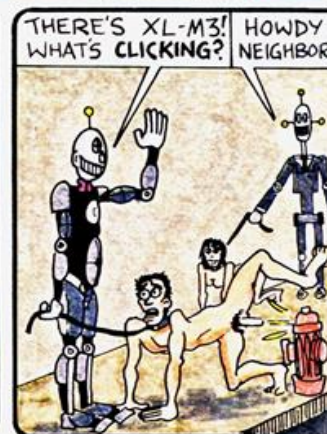
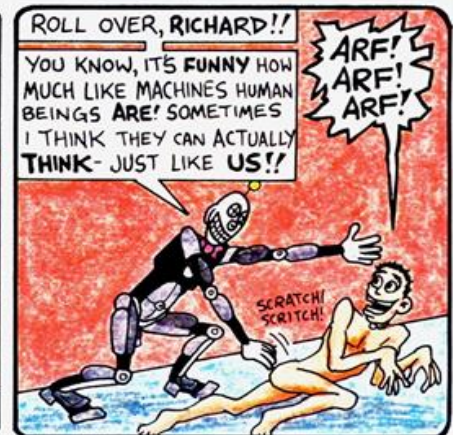
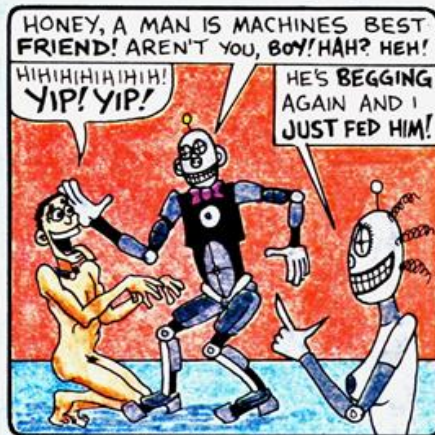
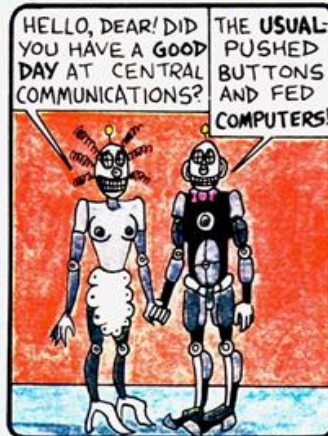
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Legionnaire's Disease from Outer Space?

Noted astronomer Fred Hoyle, studying global and historical patterns of influenza epidemics, says there is a distinct possibility that many flus may be caused by viruses from outer space. With epidemiologist Chandra Wickramasinghe, Hoyle presented statistics from a flu epidemic that swept schoolchildren in Wales and England last year, indicating that most of the students actually caught the disease while in the open air and not from other students in schools or dormitories.

Hoyle and many other leading astronomers have claimed that complex organic molecules, which have been abundantly detected in clouds of interstellar gas, may also pervade the solar system. If this is so, some may be carried to the earth's surface intact by showers of meteor dust, where they could conceivably trigger infective epidemics after contacting human hosts. Last year's British school epidemic, it was noted, coincided with unusual atmospheric activity locally, which may have been caused by meteoroid showers.

Fewer Stoned Drivers in California

The number of California drivers found to have cannabis in their bloodstreams along with alcohol is declining, says Gerrit van Oldenbeck of the Office of Traffic Safety. Only 18.5 percent of drivers tested for suspicion of drunken driving turned up pot in their blood tests this year, a significant decline from the 1977 figure. Routine testing for cannabis along with alcohol began in the early '70s, says van Oldenbeck, because many drivers had been exhibiting "all the symptoms of drunken driving with very low blood alcohol." He says the testing has continued in order "to see what we're up against."

Male Sex Hormone Cures Female Frigidity

Many women who have an unusually strong aversion to sexual intercourse may be suffering, paradoxically, from a deficiency of the male sex hormone testosterone, researchers in Oxford, England, suggest. After investigating the records of several local marriage-counseling

bureaus, the Oxford researchers contacted 32 couples whose marriages were stable and secure, although the wife was reluctant to have sex more often than once a month. Sixteen of the wives were then administered daily doses of testosterone, while the other 16 were given placebos, for four months; the experiment was "double blind," in that the researchers themselves didn't know which women received which preparation.

For four months the couples filled out weekly questionnaires. They were asked if they enjoyed sex more often and if the wife's anxiety about sex was diminishing. At the end of this period the information was computer correlated, with astonishing results. "All but two or three of the



Women on testosterone—hardy and horny.

women taking the drug," declared research chief Dr. Patrick Carney, "reported a remarkable change in their attitude toward sex. They were getting far greater satisfaction. They found that they were enjoying it, that they looked forward to making love to their husbands." Frequency of intercourse typically changed from once per month to three times per week.

Similar testosterone studies are currently proceeding at Edinburgh and London. Previous studies, mostly on women Olympic athletes who were administered testosterone to augment muscle volume, have noted that the common side effects were an increase in body hair, a deepening of the voice... and an increase in sex drive.

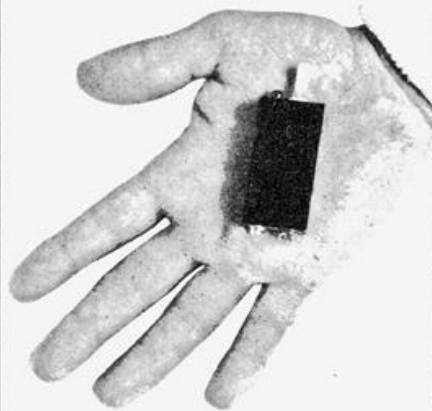
Brits Try Extreme Alky Cure

Britain is providing its alcoholics with a "last-ditch measure" to help them go on the wagon. It's a chemical compound surgically implanted in the patient's stomach that for six months will make the drinker vomit if he or she takes so much as a few sips of beer.

Several hundred people in Britain have already had the operation. And according to the director of the Greater Manchester Council on Alcoholism, the majority of the operations were successful.

But extreme reactions have occurred. The director said that in their frustration some "people have been known to slit their stomachs to get [the implant] out, others have committed suicide." ■

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Marijuana Stems Declared Legal

The Florida supreme court has confirmed that marijuana stems are not illegal under law and therefore cannot be counted as part of the weigh-out of a confiscated amount of grass. Police are therefore required to clean small stashes of evidence grass for stems before officially weighing them. Under Florida law, said the court, the state must "prove that the weight of



Poughkeepsie Journal

Judge Rosenblatt to cops: Clean it.

the contraband matter alone does not exceed the statutory limit of five grams"—below which a person can't be busted for possession.

Almost simultaneously with the Florida stems decision, New York State judge Albert Rosenblatt, of Dutchess County Court in Poughkeepsie, reaffirmed that grass seeds may be taken into account as part of dope weigh-outs; seeds, which are nonpsychoactive but can be planted, still qualify as "narcotic" material under law.

Ohio Decrim Ruled Retroactive

The Ohio supreme court has upheld the provision of the state's 1975 decrim statute that allows that people who were convicted under the older, tougher grass laws may now have their penalties reduced to the present law's easier provisions. This has been a source of legal controversy in most states that have lately reduced penalties for pot possession. Since in many cases this provision would automatically pardon many previous grass convicts, or commute the sentences of those now serving time, it is seen as a legislative infringement on the powers of the executive branch—particularly the governor—to do so.

In Ohio, though, the state constitution specifically confers pardon powers on the legislature, so the statute was upheld, after three years of stiff opposition in court.

1868 Navajo Tax Rights Upheld by Arizona Court

The Navajo Tribal Council, under the terms of an 1868 treaty with Washington, may now tax power-utility corporations and other "non-Indian" users of their lands, after an historic Arizona federal district court decision. Challenging the proposed tribal taxes, a consortium of six power companies who run a \$600-million coal-generating unit on Navajo land contended that they already paid "royalties" to the tribe, until a tribal attorney revealed that the royalties amounted to 15 cents per ton of coal produced annually, barely 2 percent of its market value.

The Navajo Tribal Tax Commission estimates that the companies will begin shelling out about \$28 million in tax revenues this year alone.

Con Visitors Can't Go Braless

Women visiting state prisons in Hawaii must wear bras, the Hawaii state supreme court has ruled. The case originated last year when the American Civil Liberties Union's executive officer, Scharlette Holdman, was denied permission to visit



Ray Stanyard

Attorney Holdstrom: Hawaiian eyeful.

a client in a Hawaiian state jail on the grounds that she wasn't wearing a bra. Charging sex discrimination, Holdman brought a class-action suit against prison officials, claiming \$60,000 damages.

The case came before Circuit Court Judge Arthur Fong, who dismissed the ACLU suit. The Honolulu court upheld Fong's decision in the interests of "prison security." According to the state court, "Omission of a brassiere as a conventional article of women's clothing has been controversial and been regarded by some members of society as sexually provocative." The court intimated that prisoners might become unruly after viewing a braless woman in the visiting tanks. ■

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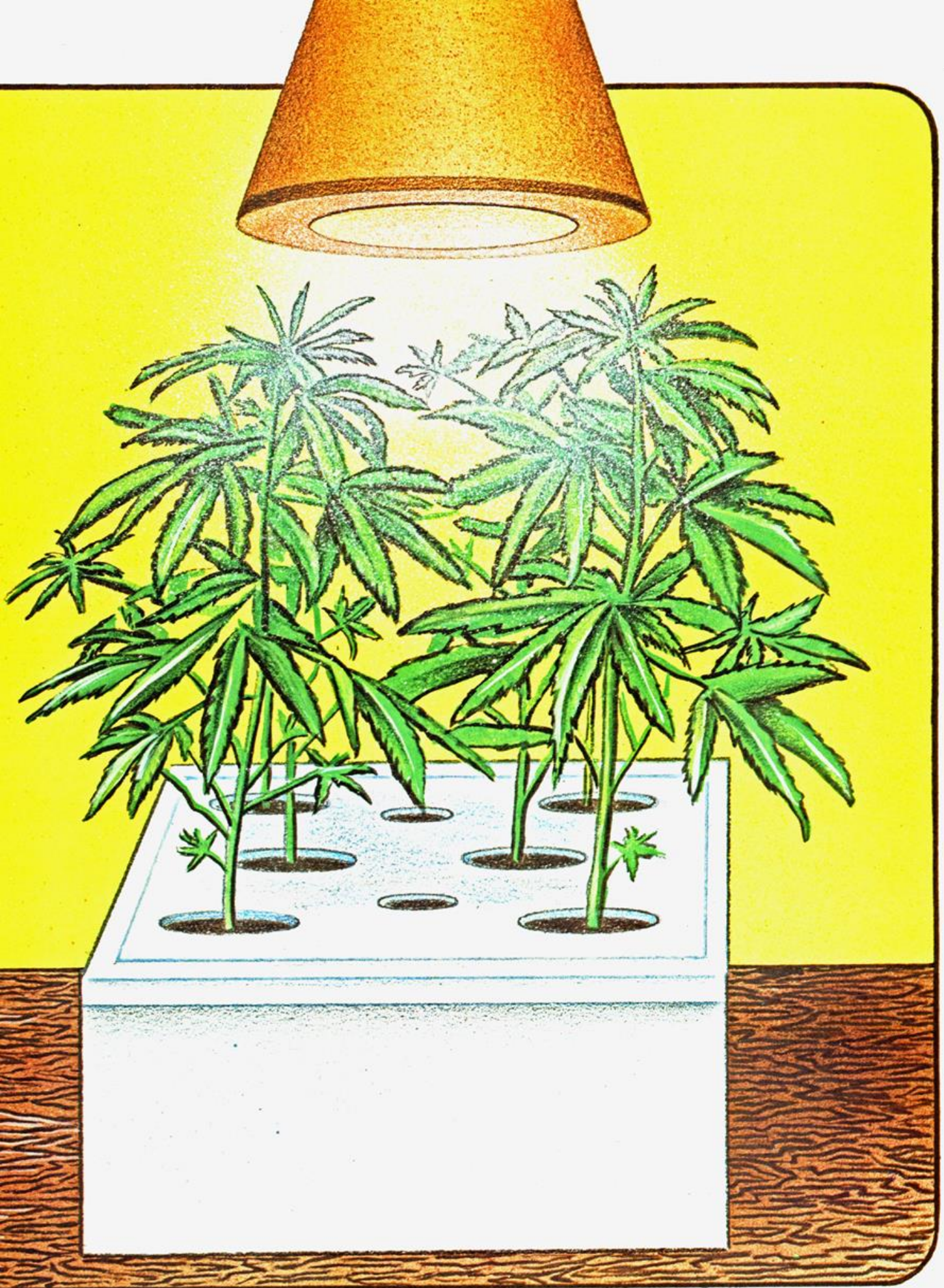
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Hendrix Lives

There is no doubt in most people's minds that Jimi Hendrix was the all-time numero-uno rock guitar player. To those who knew him and knew what was behind his legend he was the one who had the deepest understanding and most bionically complete connection to the transdimensional magic of the electric guitar. The cat had heavy power in his hands, and though he was misunderstood here in the States (he was billed second to the Monkees) the European rockers welcomed him with open arms upon his return from an acid-inspired psychic tour of the intergalactic universe. A new collection, *The Essential Jimi Hendrix* (Warner 2RS2246), is a double-album set with more vibes than just your ordinary run of the mill dead rock star collection of greatest hits. It is a vital, vibrational and alive audio history mapping the musical and psychic trails that he blazed.

The material starts off with his first psychedelic album, *Are You Experienced* ("Purple Haze" and "Third Stone from the Sun"), then travels down the time tunnel to the Chas Chandler-produced *Axis Bold as Love* ("Castles Made of Sand," "Little Wing" and "If 6 Were 9"), passing through the *Smash Hits* album and coming to rest with the incredibly prophetic exploration of distant worlds, the *Electric Ladyland* album ("Gypsy Eyes," "Voodoo Chile," "Have You Ever Been to Electric Ladyland"). Other material covered includes "Freedom," "Drifting" and "E-Z Rider" from *Cry of Love*, "Izabella" and "Steppin' Stone" from *War Heroes* and "Dolly Dag-



Ravan and Reed tear it up at New York's Bottom Line.

Genya: Ravan Mad

Raven-haired Genya Ravan wasn't always the hottest, raunchiest, balls-bustin'est barroom blues rocker on the sleaze-chic circuit. After a tumultuous late-'70s comeback as producer of the Dead Boys' debut platter, *Young, Loud and Snotty*, she has reemerged as the hard-living, street-wise, gravel-throated heiress apparent to Janis Joplin. At 35, she sings, "I know I'm older/It don't mean I'm colder." But unlike Janis, Genya's a survivor.

On *Urban Desire* (20th Century Fox T-562), she sings about surviving a street life of black pimps, Puerto Rican pushers, two-bit whores and a slew of other urban night crawlers, surviving by occasionally snorting "a couple of lines" and "showing off my tracks." She sings she'd "rather be back in my sack in my shack than try to make it on the street, I said I'd rather be stuck with a monk kickin' junk... Hey, I'd rather be a commie out in Tulsa, Oklahoma, than to try to be the sweetest one." These gritty rockers are penned by guys like John Cale and Joe Droukas.

For the first time Genya's doing the production herself the way she always wanted to, and the finished product gleams. The hottest cut, "Jerry's Pigeons," sounds like Springsteen at his best. Lou Reed himself, the original New York street punk, accompanies Genya on "Aye, Colorado" with his smoothest, most cynically insinuating Peter Lorre vocals since "Walk on the Wild Side." Ten times tougher than Ronstadt, Slick and Nicks, light-years less gassy than Patti Smith—Genya Ravan is a once and future rock queen.

—Harry Wasserman

Hendrix's bionically complete connection to the transdimensional magic of electric guitar makes him numero uno.

ger" and "Room Full of Mirrors" from the *Rainbow Bridge* soundtrack.

The liner notes contain some of the secrets and electronic techniques that helped build Jimi's legend. There is an amazingly comprehensive listing of every guitar, amp, special-effect and studio trick and unknown electronic modification that was used to give Jimi his seven-league musical boots. In a series of interviews with former equipment specialists Eric Barrett and Jerry Stuckell, engineer Eddie Kramer and technician Roger Mayer, the secrets behind that distinctive Hendrix sound come to the surface. But in Kramer's words, "The mystique should remain."

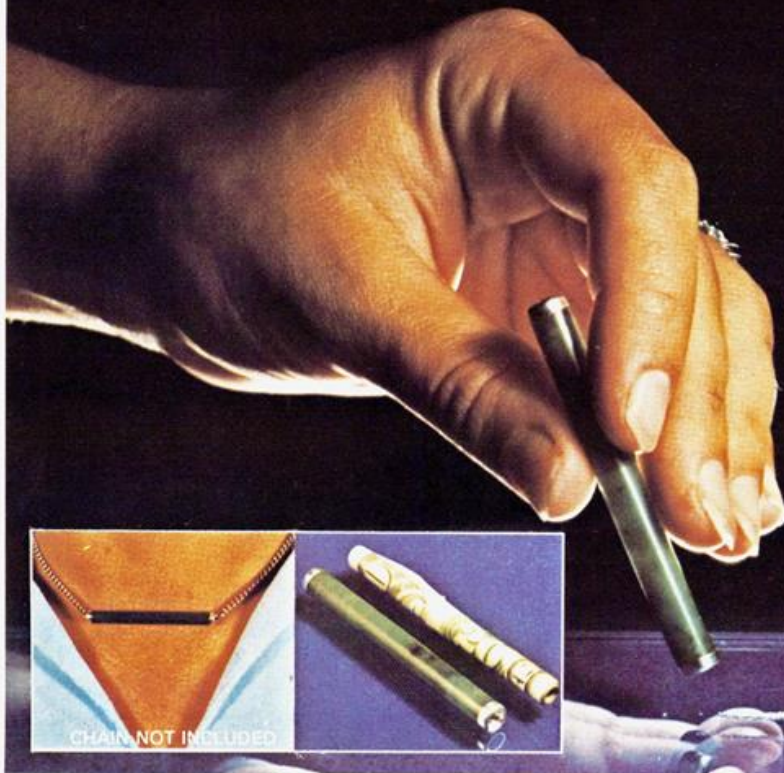
—Charlie Frick

Ramones: Road to Ruin

If you haven't heard of the Ramones but like good rock 'n' roll, then *Road to Ruin* (Sire SRK6063) is the album for you, because it's more pop oriented and, yes folks, mellow than any of the band's previous three releases. There's even a country-and-western number, "Questioningly," with beautiful guitar work by Johnny Ramone that is easily comparable to George Harrison in his rip-off days.

Obviously the Ramones released *Road to Ruin* to try to broaden their audience and prove once and for all that they can play more than three chords. To all you diehard Ramones fans: Don't worry, those

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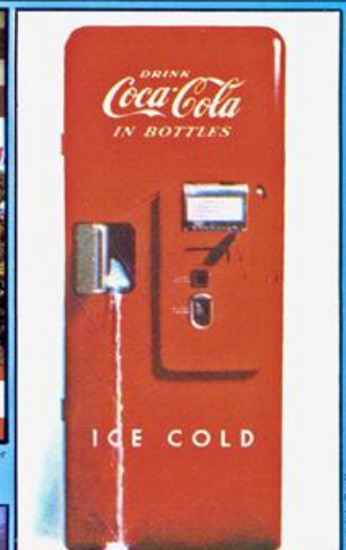
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"I don't like Jesus freaks, I don't like circus freaks, I don't like water bugs, I don't like sex and drugs, I don't care about poverty. All I care about is me."—Joey Ramone



Lynn Goldsmith

Joey Ramone: The torch remembers.

four lovable black-leathered jokers from Forest Hills, New York, haven't sold you out (not yet), they've just put out a mainstream album that is true to hard-rocking roots and their zany, madcap sense of humor. With a song like "I'm Against It," how can they be going wrong? ("I don't like Jesus freaks, I don't like circus freaks. I don't like summer and spring, I don't like anything. I don't like sex and drugs, I don't like waterbugs. I don't care about poverty, all I care about is me!")

They do a really great cover version of the classic Sonny Bono-Jack Nietzsche '60s AM hit "Needles and Pins." Tommy James, Ohio Express, 1910 Fruit Gum Company and Bay City Rollers, better move outta da way, 'cause here are the Ramones.

—Legs McNeil

Hit and Run

Well, this might happen to you all the time—but to me almost never. Usually a



Chip Rock

The Cars: Rock in overdrive.

band that's got musical originality, the power to make you listen, the depth not to bore you, has got something pressing to say. But with the Cars, on their debut album *The Cars* (Elektra 135), it seems like they really want to play good and say pretty nice, pretty cool things to go along with the "flow" of the music, and make money. Now this is okay with me. This is not wrong. And it would be misleading for me to say that the Cars are shallow and/or have nothing to say. It's just that they don't say *much*. And when they say it, it's sometimes things like "She's my best friend's girl, but she used to be mine." You're not going to catch me putting anyone down for singing that line. Someone has to do it.

Aside from that problem, this is one great rock band. They've got really great pop sensibility and manage to sound like five great bands, including the Beatles, all wrapped up into each song—sort of like the old Raspberries but with Ivy League taste patterns. Taste plays an important part in this band's sound but may also create the problem of them sometimes sounding like Roxy Music jamming with Abba. But don't get me wrong. This is a great record, man.

—Glenn O'Brien

Kenny and the Kasuals

In the mid '60s, the high tide of the rock scene may have been happening on the banks of the Mersey, but in the Apartment Club in Dallas, Kenny and the Kasuals, a local band of fresh young teens, were holding their own with vital versions of the pop hits of the time. *Impact Live at the Studio Club* (Mark Records, P.O. Box 57093, Dallas, Tex. 75207) contains some of the rawest covers ever of that era's classics—"Gloria," "It's All Right," "Money," "Empty Heart" and "Baby Please Don't Go"—done with such hard-rock intensity as to put to shame any of the many well-known imitators and dedicated followers of fashion who came later. This album stands as a historical testament to the fact that it wasn't only the Brit rockers who could get down fast and furious behind a simple three-chord rock progression.

Kenny and the Kasuals play in the unadorned style of the early Stones, Who and Kinks, but their sound comes closest to Eric Burdon and the Animals, with squeaky Farfisa organ solos and loose-string twangy electric guitars a la "Louie, Louie." The band is now enjoying a revival of sorts—they've always been regional favorites in the Texas-Louisiana-Oklahoma area, but now their

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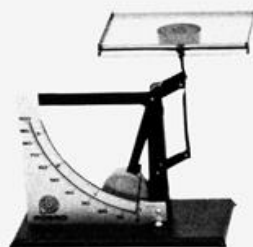
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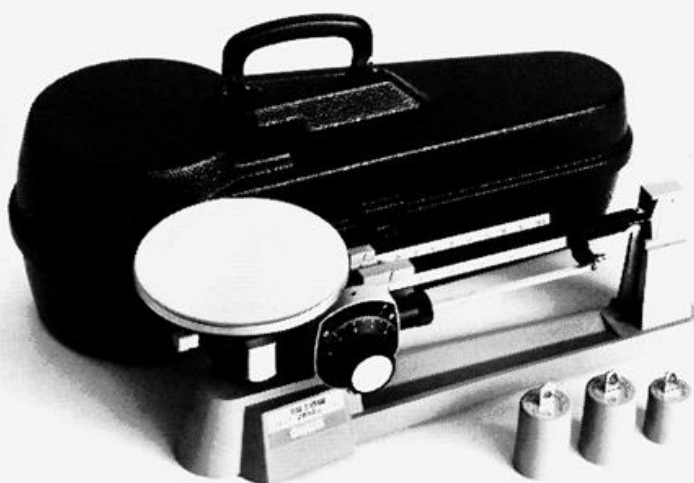
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legend has spread to the rock under-
grounds of England, France, Germany and
northern Italy. On the heels of their new-
found fame, they're in the studio working
on a forthcoming album called *Teen
Dream*, and they expect to release other
material from the golden-oldie vaults of
the early '60s. —Charlie Frick

Sex! You can't talk about the group Blondie without talking about sex. Lead vocalist Debbie Harry, the beautiful, blond, Marilyn Monroe clone, knows she's a sex symbol and isn't bothered by it, because she 'fesses up to the fact. She can parody a sex symbol and taunt and tease with it by singing funny sexy songs that remind me of the first time I ever copped a feel.

Lynn Goldsmith

Debbie screaming a rough, raw and determined "getcha getcha getcha." There's a hard-core rejection vibe on "Hanging on the Telephone" ("I'm in the phone booth, the one across the hall/If you don't answer, I'll just ring it off the wall"). Most of the songs set out to destroy, with the exception of the foggy ode to apathy and indecision "I Know But I Just Don't Know," which is an intangible statement roughly equivalent to trying to describe human emotion to a pea-brained Martian.

"Pretty Baby," a cute little song about teen sex queen Brooke Shields, should have been titled "Ode to Innocence" ("Eyes that tell me incense and peppermints, your looks are larger than life, long live innocence"). This record is fun because when you start to sing along with the catchy tunes or start to beat off to the disco-flavored ones, Debbie knows that you will be singing them to her "one way or another, oh baby oooooohh baby."

Sonny Rollins has traveled to the other side of the conceptual mountains. Over the past years he has distinguished himself among the members of the jazz community by traveling to India to pick up on their music and to Japan to study the way



Phil Bray

of Zen. He was also the mysterious lone figure who for a couple of years was spotted playing his sax out in the middle of the darkened span of the Williamsburg Bridge in the dead of night, serenading the seagulls and garbage barges as they floated down the East River on their way to sea.

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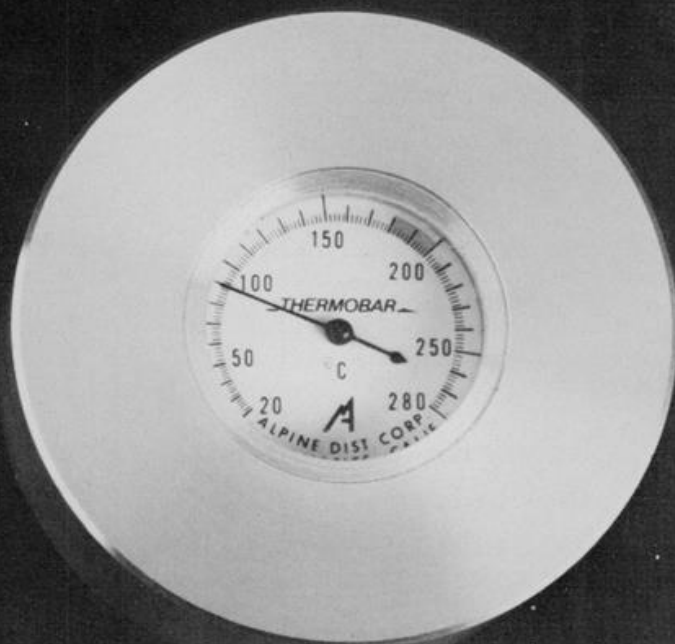
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planned a second reunion to be recorded for release. The date took place at the San Francisco Music Hall and ran for a four-session stint. *Don't Stop the Carnival* (Milestone M-5505) is the result.

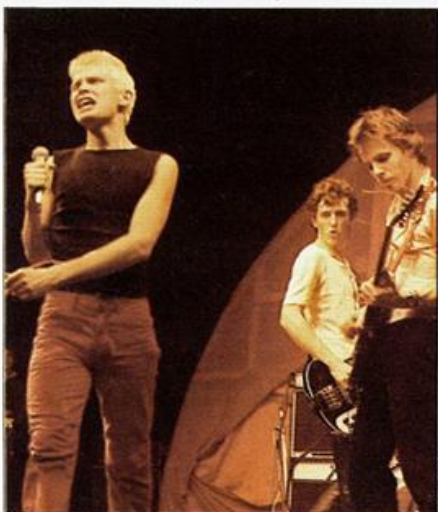
The first disk features Sonny's compositions. On "Don't Stop the Carnival," a samba riff, Sonny throws a lot of lip meat into the sax and blows a fat, really oversized juicy honk of a tone. On "Autumn Nocturne," he steps away from the rest of the group to blow a *cappella* for close to seven minutes, carrying his own break-neck rhythm laced with lightning finger runs connecting the changes.

For sides three and four, Byrd joins the ensemble, and they come together in a regrooving of their common, primary inspirations. On the Oscar Hammerstein-Jerome Kern standard "Nobody Else But Me," Donald smolders lyrically across the melody line until Williams takes off on an extended percussive expression before returning to the unison wail of the main theme. Fine.

—Charlie Frick

Generation X

Generation X is the first of the second-generation mutation new-wave bands to come from England. On their debut album *Generation X* (Chrysalis CHR 1169), they steal, or rather are heavily influenced by, the mod-style rock music of the '60s. "Ready Steady" is a tribute to



Kate Simon

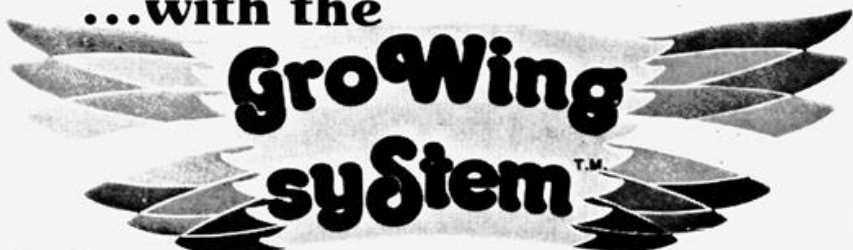
Billy Idol's last stand.

the British TV rock show of the same name and lead singer Billy Idol's tribute to the big three—Dylan, the Stones and the Beatles. "Promises, Promises" is about all the promises that rock bands and politicians make on their rise to the top and that they break once they have reached their goals. "Day by Day" is a political rocker about the sad state of the British economy. The band's Jamaican dub consciousness is evident on "Wild Dub" and "Wild Youth," showing that these new-wave rockers will appropriate anything they can get their hands on. *Generation X* is the best thing that's happened to the new wave in quite a while.

—Timothy Schreck

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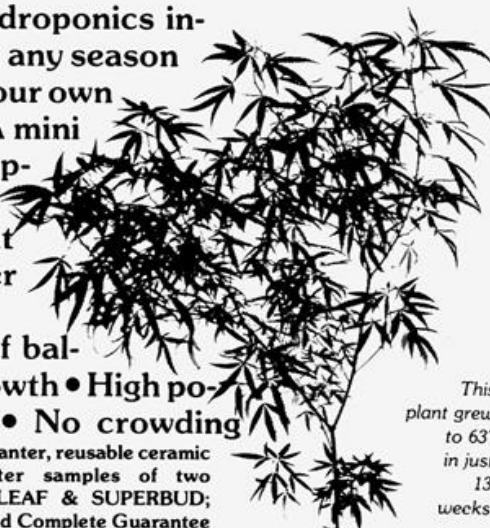
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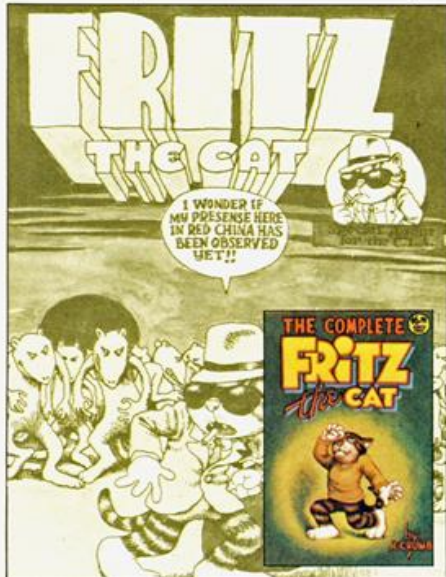
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The Bedside Crumb

THE COMPLETE FRITZ THE CAT, by R. Crumb (Belier Press, POB "C," Gracie Station, New York, N.Y. 10028, \$6).

For anyone five years or so on either side of 30, this book is a most superb bedside companion. The archetypal adventures of the archetypal Fritz will mechanically trip off memory associations of what you



were doing in '67, '70, '73—at whatever point in the book you fell asleep, that is—and *that's* what you'll wind up dreaming about. Works like a charm: the buxom, booted, micro-skirted hippopotamus on Fritz's motorbike will turn into that zaftig, hopeless Jewish campus nympho who used to hang around the Strike for Peace headquarters in '69, bloody revolution and rock-star semen, mingled in her breath.

Listen, I said it was a great put-to-sleep book, and it is; but in that sleep of Crumb what dreams may come, well, depend on how seriously you were taking yourself back then. I for one found something to be privately embarrassed about in every sixth panel here.

There's no commenting on the art or plot, of course; whatever Crumb does, no matter what, it's necessarily the best he's ever done, of its kind. All these Fritz strips in one place, though, do invite comparison with another cuddly cartoon quasi-hero: namely, Pogo Possum. Now, Walt Kelly was just as heavy as Crumb, though

the heaviness wasn't nearly so sledgehammer heavy. And you don't think, reading *I Go Pogo*, "Sure, that's what those old dummies were doing in the '50s." What kids today must think of Fritz! Jeez, I get even more embarrassed.

So to sleep on it the way I did, start reading it 20 minutes after dropping a couple Sominex; the anticholinergic scopolamine effect will allow you to enjoy it immensely, but next morning all you'll remember is that you *did* enjoy it.

—Dean Latimer

**The buxom, booted,
micro-skirted
hippopotamus turns into
that zaftig, hopeless,
Jewish campus nympho.**

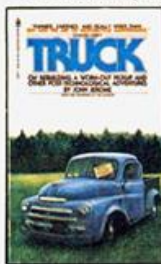
THE IRON SUN: Crossing the Universe in Black Holes, by Adrian Berry (New York: Dutton, \$7.95).

WHITE HOLES: Cosmic Gushers in the Universe, by John Gribbin (New York: Delta, \$4.95).

If you can conceive of a place where time and space reverse properties, if you can imagine something the size of the Earth condensed to the size of Newton's apple, or Adam's, then maybe you're ready for black holes, the gravitational model of the Huns. The trouble with these figments of reality is their implication that all matter is shit being flushed down the nuclear sump, a depressing and anal cosmogony. Either the monsters must be harnessed till the bitter end, or there must be yet another concept to resolve their nihilistic portent.

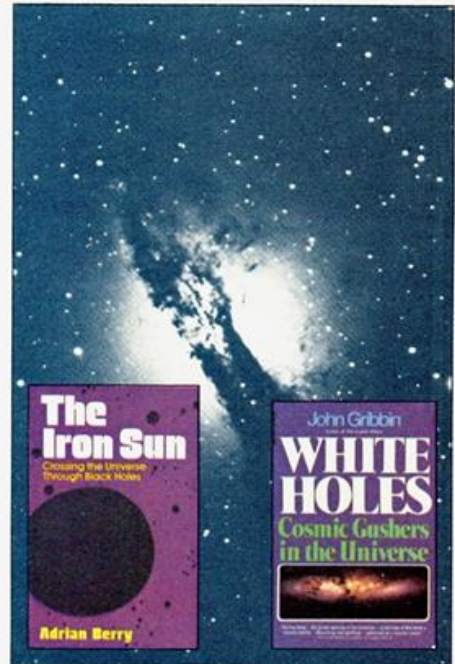
From London Daily Telegraph science correspondent Adrian Berry comes the first alternative, *The Iron Sun*, an intriguing scenario in which black holes are

TRUCK: On Rebuilding a Worn-out Pickup and Other Post-Technological Adventures, by John Jerome (New York: Bantam Books, \$2.25). John Jerome is a full-fledged,



big-city, former-intellectual dropout and ex-editor of *Car and Driver* who, while barricaded on a remote farm in the hills of Vermont, wrote one of the most lucid, emotional, action-packed and adventuresome diatribes delving into the deepest realms of "American Gear-Head Consciousness."

"The problem was hauling the horse shit from the barn one wheelbarrowful at a time," says Jerome. "The solution was to build a truck. Maybe I was just lonesome for a lovable machine. If I could rebuild a truck, I would be beyond all Freudian worminess, demonstrably an adult."



caused to happen near Earth, whereupon rockets are shot into them, thereupon to appear elsewhere. Pie in the sky? Imperialist? Racist? Who cares, this is fun. But who will be the first to navigate a rocket into one of these carnivortices—Obiwan Kenobi? Someone, to be sure, with enough faith in conceptual art to believe that his smithereens are going to re-form on the other side of the sidereal hymen.

If black holes are the ultimate gobble, then white holes are the cosmic come. These galactic "gushers," asserts John Gribbin in *White Holes*, more than compensate for their cannibal cousins: For every particle there's an antiparticle, so for every black vortex there must be a white cornucopia. Does that mean that for every Hitler, we get one Christ? Or that for every Christ, one Hitler? Sooner or later one of these turkeys will come up with the answer. —Michael Newman

Truck is the mechanical, metaphysical and psychological diary of this man's quest for the ultimate gear-head thrill. The real story, far removed from the camshafts, brake linings, rusted bolts, grimy gears and body cancer, is revealed through the thrill of mechanical victory and the agony of human defeat he experienced during countless hours spent under the chassis on the cold floor of the barn. Jerome takes on triplike dream sequences, breathing noxious and hallucinogenic fumes from a variety of petroleum-based inhalants including industrial-strength body primer, oxynitrous-acetylene welding tanks, and the open vats of kerosene and solvent used to remove the accumulated layers of oil, trans fluid and years of encrusted New England road grunge. You taste the pain of the busted knuckles, smashed fingernails, scraped limbs, frozen toes and ears and abused muscles as Jerome discovers the real romance in

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The love affair between Mario Puzo and the crap tables began in his childhood and lasted until he had nothing left to lose.

getting to know (in the true biblical sense) a two-ton, 1950-vintage Dodge mountain of steel named "the Harry S. Truman, a jaunty little pickup of a president," bought for \$200.

Like making love to his woman, Jerome goes to bed in the makeshift lube bay, with the assorted assemblages and the dozens of coffee cans full of the rusted parts of his real-life Erector Set, until he finally coaxes new life and inspiration into an otherwise doomed piece of American motoring history. *Truck* is a thousand times more intimate and revealing than *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, with all of the color and diversification of a vintage Sears, Roebuck tool catalog. For gear heads, low riders, Saturday-afternoon grease monkeys and Zen adepts of the new-age variety.

—Charlie Frick

STAR FIRE, by Ingo Swann (New York: Dell, \$1.95). A psychic-warfare scenario



with two endings is the frame of this fast-paced science-fiction-leaning-to-science-fiction novel. The Soviets and the Pentagon are in their final top-secret race for inner space, researching monstrous weapons, satellite monitored, of massive control and destruction of the human mind. Problem is they both face a super-psychic with total control of such paranormal powers as remote viewing and long-distance psychokinesis, which allows him to sneak into maximum-security-clearance government labs and clog and manipulate global computerized network systems.

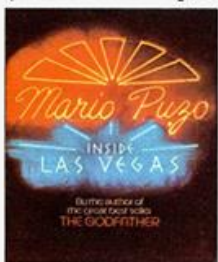
A celebrity in normal life, rock superstar Dan Merriweather, our mystic hero, code-named Sirius by the Pentagon investigators, is pursuing his own disarmament project by blackmailing the U.S. and Russian intelligence to expose their ultimate dirty toys. With a total commitment to saving the planet through the unlimited psychic power at his disposal, Sirius views himself as "not a random freakish example of psychic development" but as "a genetic response in humanity, the pooled awareness of the race itself striving to avert worldwide doom."

Star Fire author Ingo Swann is himself a psychic who has demonstrated quite remarkable feats. Not long ago, Swann was tested by physicists Targ and Puthoff at the 30-percent-Pentagon-funded think tank, the Stanford Research Institute. By knowing only the coordinates of the target in the global map, Swann was able to

identify with full details the carefully selected location: a tiny Pacific island used as a meteorological station. Which is precisely the kind of power Sirius has. Whether the rest of his mystical force exists dormant in Swann or somebody else remains to be seen, but for one thing, *Star Fire* keeps you going in a rush until you find out if its end will be boom or bliss.

—Antonio Huneeus

INSIDE LAS VEGAS, by Mario Puzo (Grosset & Dunlap, \$9.95). The first impres-



sion I got while reading Mario Puzo's latest book, *Inside Las Vegas*, was that it was much more than a history of gambling or an insider's peek at the intricate structure of Las Vegas.

It is the culmination of a love affair between Puzo and crap tables that began in his childhood and lasted until he no longer had anything left to lose. The author looks back upon his gambling years from a fond, almost remorseful point of view, and one gets the distinct impression that he never regretted a minute of it, although as a young man he often gambled away entire paychecks.

Puzo never attempts to justify the age-old vice, but he does try to shed some light on the reasoning that goes on in the mind of the compulsive gambler. According to Puzo, the instinct to gamble is a primitive one, which is peculiar to man and shall forever burn in his heart.

He cites that the first and biggest crap game was between Zeus, Poseidon and Hades, in which they rolled for shares of the universe way back in the beginning of time. So you see, gambling actually had a rather heavenly beginning.

Puzo gives a fascinating account of the dice-throwing, straw-drawing maniacs who gambled away kingdoms and lost wars in their gaming frenzies. The list of notorious degenerate gamblers contains many illustrious names found in any history book. Henry the Eighth of England not only had a difficult time keeping wives but also managed to lose the Jesus Bells, which hung in St. Paul's, during a particularly hot crap game. What never is mentioned in any account of the Crusades is that Richard the Lion-Hearted lost the war because his troops were too busy throwing dice to have time to fight. According to Puzo, Nero wasn't fiddling while Rome burned but losing at craps. Gambling buff or not, one can't help but be intrigued by this fascinating gallery of gambling rogues.

—Legs McNeil

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Jack Abraham

Time Fries

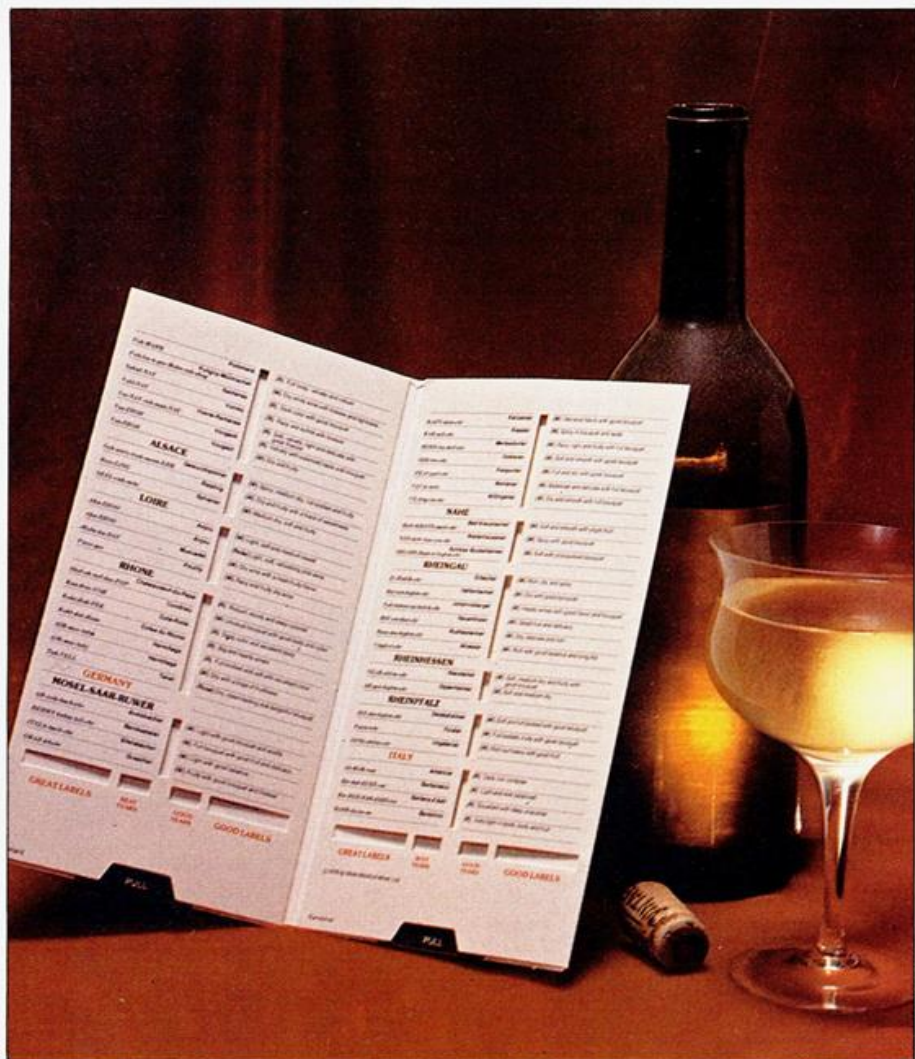
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Jack Abraham

What's a Conductor of Electricity? Why...er...

Correct! Now, for \$50, who invented the wired roach clip? In fact, the courts are still trying to decide the case between American Dream, makers of wired papers, and Instaroach, the instant roach people, as to which deserves the credit, the plaudits and the profits for having invented the rolling paper with the gummed-in wire that leaves you with a built-in roach holder. One thing's for sure: the goddamn commies couldn't come up with a baby like this in a million years. Chalk one up for American know-how, wherever fine paraphernalia is sold.



Jack Abraham

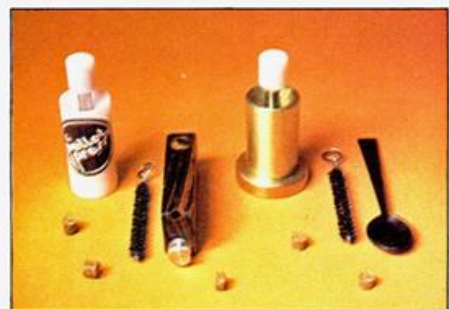
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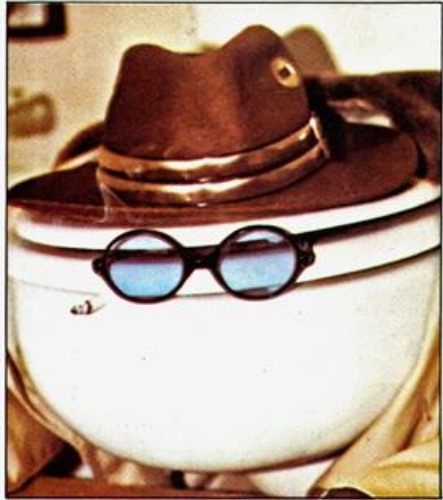
Jack Abraham

"Flash" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the Flash editor. ☐



GAMBLER MAN

by Philip Visco
Feel lucky tonight?



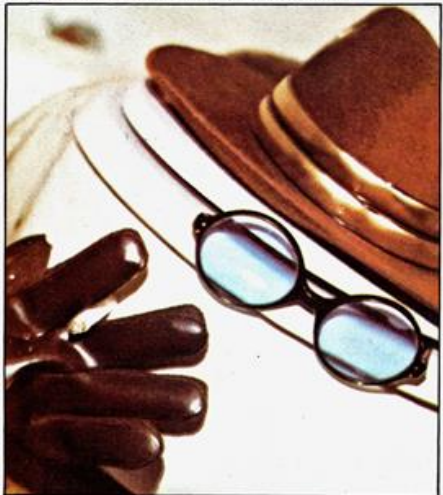
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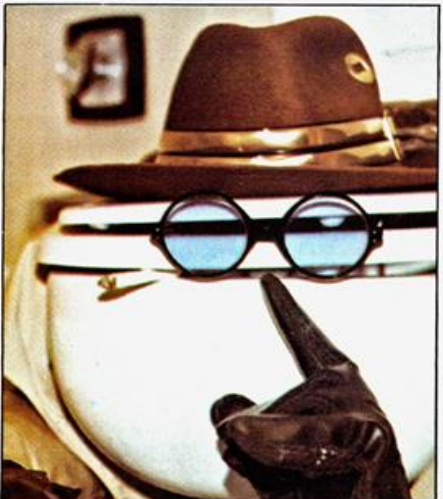
How about giving me a chance to break even?



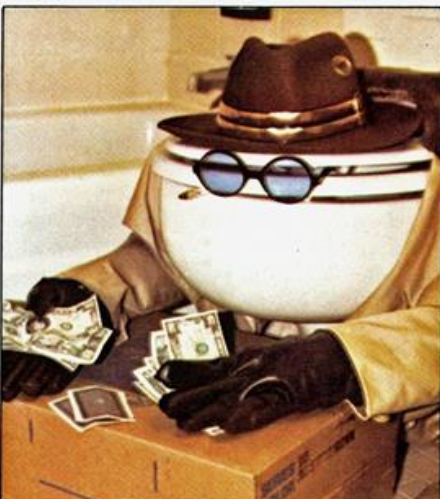
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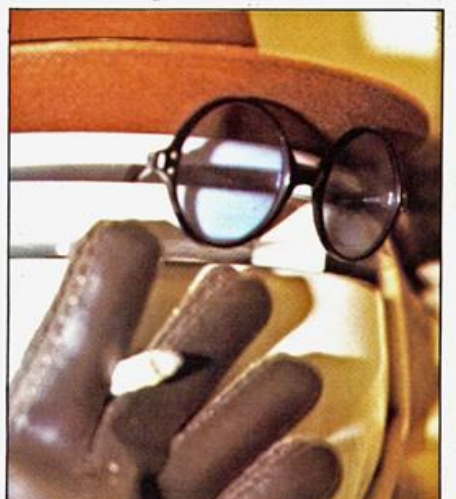
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